

William Shakspere

Presented to
The Maharaja's College
Dramatic Club

with sincere wishes to the
budding amateur actors.

Nanakumar

18th Oct 1932.

SHAKESPEARE

LONDON & GLASGOW
COLLINS' CLEAR-TYPE PRESS

TO

SIR HENRY IRVING,

WHO, BY HIS

FINE INTELLECT AND SPLENDID ACCOMPLISHMENT

HAS, FOR MANY YEARS,

ILLUMINED SEVERAL OF THE GREAT PLAYS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

THROUGHOUT THE STAGES OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA,

THIS VOLUME IS, BY PERMISSION, AND AS A TOKEN OF APPRECIAT

OF HIS MAGNIFICENT INTERPRETATION OF

ENGLAND'S GREATEST DRAMATIST,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

CONTENTS.

POEMS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

COLOURED PICTURES

BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

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appeared at least once every ten years a fresh edition. Among others may be named Rowe's in 1709, Pope's in 1725, Theobald's in 1733, Sir Thomas Hanmer's in 1744, Warburton's in 1747, Johnson's in 1765, Capell's in 1767, Johnson and Steevens' in 1773, and Malone's in 1790. During the present century, in which a taste for general literature has been so largely cultivated, there have been editions and editors without number. Beginning with Boydell in 1802, who was followed by Chalmers, Bowdler, and Boswell, we come down to Singer, Campbell, Knight, B. Cornwall, Collier, Halliwell, Dyce, Staunton and Clark, Glover and Wright, besides American and German editors of various degrees of eminence. Shakespeare's fame has broadened, and his genius has been more universally felt as centuries have rolled on, but he took his place among England's foremost poets even in his own lifetime, and there never has been a period when that place was *forgotten by his countrymen.*

Whilst Shakespeare's mind thus endures, and its creations are a portion of our intellectual possessions ever present to our daily thoughts,—Shakespeare, the individual man,—Shakespeare "in his habit as he lived," seems destined to remain little more than a *nominis umbra.* It is little more than two hundred and fifty years since he died; we have full biographies of many who lived centuries before him; but all that we know definitely concerning the details of his life can be stated in a few lines. No private letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, scarcely any authentic personal reminiscence of him by contemporaries remain. Laborious enthusiasts, who have raked up every possible scrap of information, have been delighted to "fringe an inch of fact with acres of conjecture," many of which are self-evidently false. Most men who have written so much have furnished some clue to themselves in their own writings, but Shakespeare is the least egotistical of all great thinkers. In creating others he forgot himself. His mind appears to us in his works in isolation from his person. He suppresses individual consciousness that he may the better bring before us the broad features of universal humanity. In his sonnets alone, which were written for the most part when he was a young man, we are able to find some slight indications of personal history or feelings, but these are meagre and uncertain. We discover occasional touches of sadness, occasional intimations that his state or way of life was not what he could have wished; but we also find in them a wonderful delight in the strength of friendship, and a noble scorn of all base desires and unworthy deeds. We trace, on the whole, a modest, cheerful, and contented spirit, little affected by the outward show of things, but prone to dwell upon their inward and essential virtues.

Like all truly great men, Shakespeare was more disposed to use and enjoy his own powers than to think of turning them to worldly account. He was unvexed by any craving after success, setting probably no high value on what is familiarly understood by success. It seems extremely likely, as Guizot has well remarked, that he "retained, even at the end of his career, some remains of ingenuous ignorance of the marvellous riches which he scattered so lavishly in every direction." Yet there were moments when a presage of immortality stirred within him, and he knew that he uttered truth when he wrote—

"Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme;"

or again,

"Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live,—such virtue has my pen,—
Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths of men."

Large books professing to be biographies of Shakespeare have been written; but if we separate their chaff from their wheat, we shall find that the former is in larger proportion to the latter than Falstaff's sack was to his bread. Steevens has said truly that when we have told that Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, that he married and had children there, that he went to London when he was twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, that he became an actor and wrote plays, that he returned to Stratford when he was approaching the age of fifty, resided there two or three years, made his will, died, and was buried, we have told all that can be told with certainty. One reason, perhaps, why so many records of him which must have existed have

Jonson, was also burned. It is by no means improbable that many papers bearing reference to Shakespeare were thus destroyed.

stood out for Shakespeare, and was followed by Steevens, Drake, De Quincey, [illegible] and others

personal friends.

Shakespeare's birthday is uncertain. He was baptised, as the Parish Register instructs, on the 26th April, 1564; but there is noth [illegible]

sooner. The error, however, if it be one, which has popularly fixed on the 23rd, St. George's Day, is very innocent, and it is better perhaps not to disturb it.

John Shakespeare, the poet's father, was a burgess of Stratford [illegible]
another matter of [illegible]
authentic opinion [illegible]
regarded as in som [illegible]
poses of his trade, [illegible]
show that he was [illegible]
he rose to the dign [illegible] and in 1571 to that of Chief Alderman. He was a yeoman, and held some landed property, which he had inherited from his father in Snitterfield.

become *the mother of Shakespeare*: "how august a title," says De Quincey, "to the reverence of infinite generations, and of centuries beyond the vision of prophecy!" She bore her husband eight children, four sons and four daughters. The two first were daughters, Jone or Joan, and Margaret; the third was *William*; then followed Gilbert, another Joan, Anne, Richard, and Edmond, who was born in 1580, and was therefore sixteen years younger than William. With the exception of the second Joan, all the poet's sisters died in childhood; but his brothers attained to mature age.

William, being the eldest son, and born when his father's fortunes were in the ascendant, was no doubt looked carefully after. The year of his birth was one of terror and of woe in Stratford; for the plague which desolated London in 1563, and still continued there, spread over other parts of England in 1564, and the red cross was seen on many a door in quiet country towns, and was nowhere more alarmingly frequent than in Stratford. But, fortunately for mankind, the plague spared the house of Shakespeare. He lay, like Horace—

"Sacrâ
Lauroque, collataque myrto,
Non sine Dis animosus infans.'

They show the room still in which he was born,—a low-roofed, antique apartment, but yet possessing an air of comfort, the walls of which are, in the words of Washington Irving, "covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature."

And when, in happy boyhood, he opened his eyes upon the world, and wandered out into the scenes that surrounded his home, he found them not only full of romantic beauty, but ennobled by old associations and poetical traditions. The immediate neighbourhood of Stratford is undulating and varied, with a picturesque variety of hill and dale, wood and meadowland, through which the Avon flows in silver links. Dear was that river to the young poet—dear no doubt it was to every boy in Stratford; but thoughts came to Shakespeare by its green bank destined to shine as long as its waters run:—

"Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream."

He had "an eye for all he saw." Under the hedgerow, through the meadows, on the uplands, and in the beautiful bosom of the country, he noted every weed and wildflower. In after years, when buried in the heart of London, he could see, when he listed,

"The winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;"

or,

—— "Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

or else,

—— "A bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine."

In the dingiest room, darkened by a city's smoke, he could return at will to the umbrageous oaks and elms beneath whose shadows he had so often lain, and warble, as of old,—

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,

> And tune his merry throat
> Unto the sweet bird's note,
> Come hither, come hither, come hither;
> Here shall he see
> No enemy
> But winter and rough weather!"

more than probable that Shakespeare was one of the spectators, and that his imagination may have been there for the first time fired with a love of gorgeous spectacle, and all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of that great pageantry.

languages. The more advanced scholars were afforded an opportunity of becoming familiar with such authors as Terence, Sallust, Cicero, Pliny, Horace, and Virgil. How many years Shakespeare attended this school we do not know, nor what figure he made at it. But we do know that he had a quick and ready wit, a keen perception, and an admirable faculty in the acquisition of knowledge. Admitting, therefore, as some have surmised, that all his schooling took place between his eighth and his sixteenth years, that was time enough for a youth of his ... learning. Shakespeare's first poems, the

fire of the grandest of the Roman poets, historians, and orators; "Love's Labour's Lost," one

linguist were is not perhaps a matter of great consequence, because he had that within him

I should

Latin;

he was not wholly ignorant of Greek; he had a knowledge of the French, so as to read it with ease; and, I believe, not less of the Italian. He was habitually conversant in the chronicles of his country. He lived with wise and highly cultivated men, with Jonson, Essex, and Southampton, in familiar friendship.

How far Shakespeare was ignorant of the latter I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much *reading* at least, if they will not call it learning: nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning, and mythology; and that he was very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity."

Learning and the classics were much cultivated in Queen Elizabeth's reign, she herself setting an example of predilection for them. Previously these studies had been mainly confined to the clergy and a few scholars by profession; but now a general enthusiasm sprang up in the cause of letters. The Queen, with the aid of her tutor, Roger Ascham, wrote a commentary on Plato, and translated from the Greek two of the Orations of Isocrates, a Play of Euripides, and portions of Xenophon and Plutarch; and from the Latin, Sallust's *History of the Jugurthine War*, Horace's *De Arte Poetica*, Boethius' *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, and several of Cicero's and Seneca's Epistles. She was also the founder of Westminster School, and of Jesus College, Oxford; whilst her successor James, who loved to be called the British Solomon, before ascending the English throne, had given a charter to the University of Edinburgh. The whole court circle, both male and female, and the upper classes generally, felt themselves constrained to follow in the wake of royalty; and the erudition which diffused itself during Elizabeth's reign deepened into pedantry in that of James. About this time also, and even a little earlier, the modern languages—Spanish, French, and Italian—came much into vogue. Italian, in particular, was so much affected that the devotion to it almost rivalled the classical mania of the day. Wyatt and Surrey took Petrarch for their model; and Sir Philip Sidney, who died about the time that Shakespeare went to London, and who may be said to have introduced pastoral poetry into England, was, in his "Arcadia," an open imitator of Sannazaro. Most of the lyric poems of the time are tinctured with an Italian style. It is traceable in several of Shakespeare's miscellaneous pieces, and particularly in the subtleties and ingenuities with which his Sonnets abound. His acquaintance with the stores of Italian fiction supplied him with the plots of some of his finest plays; and Italy may well be proud of our great bard's ardent attachment to her soil, and just appreciation of her national and individual character.

As yet, however, he was but a schoolboy at Stratford, on whose young life some shadow was ut to fall. His father's fortunes declined. The cause has not been ascertained, but the fact ems indisputable. His property was mortgaged; debt pressed upon him; he withdrew from is municipal honours; and the general belief seems to be that, finding himself in straitened circumstances, he took his son William from school about the year 1578, and apprenticed him to his own business. But here again we get upon debateable ground. No one knows as a fact that Shakespeare ever dabbled in the wool-stapling business. Rowe and Malone, on no better data apparently than the acquaintance which the poet has shown with legal terms, have fancied that he must have been in an attorney's office. They might as well have fancied that he had been bred a druggist, or a goldsmith, or a farrier, or an ornithologist, or a sailor, or a watchman, or any other trade under the sun; for there is no trade under the sun with the technicalities of which he does not seem familiar. The probability is (and we have nothing better than probabilities to go upon), that till within a year or two of his marriage in 1582, when he was eighteen years of age, he was at his studies; and that, if his father then "needed him at home," he gave his father such aid in his failing circumstances as he could.

An event happened in 1580 which was calculated to make a greater impression on the poet's mind than all the entries in the Glover's Ledger. The Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," when speaking to Lady Capulet of Juliet's age, says,—

> "'Tis since the *earthquake* now eleven years.

This play was written somewhere about eleven years after 1580, and on the 6th of April of that year there occurred one of the severest earthquakes ever known in England. Holinshed, whose historical writings Shakespeare apparently knew by heart, thus writes of it,—"On the 6th of April (1580), being Wednesday in Easter weeke, about six of the clocke, toward evening, a sudden earthquake happening in London, and almost generallie throughout all England, caused such an amazedness among the people as was wonderfull for the time, and caused them to make

fell down, the houses were so shaken. A part of the castell at Bishop Stratford, in Essex, fell down. This earthquake indured in or about London not passing one minute of an houre, and was no more felt. But afterward in Kent, and on the sea-coast, it was felt three times; and at Sandwich, at six of the clocke, the land not only quaked, but the sea also foamed, so that the ships tottered. At Dover also, the same houre, was the like, so that a piece of the cliffe fell into the sea, with also a piece of the castell wall there."

Shakespeare had probably not lost his impression of this earthquake when he made Othello exclaim, after the murder of Desdemona,—

> "Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
> Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
> Should yawn at alteration."

Or when he put into Hotspur's mouth, in "King Henry IV.," the words,—

> "Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
> In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
> Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd,
> . . . which, for enlargement striving,
> Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
> Steeples and moss-grown towers."

Or when Lennox, the morning after the murder of Duncan, utters these graphic lines,—

> "The night has been unruly; where we lay
> Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
> [illegible] th,

Manhood was now dawning, and the mightiest though the tenderest of human passions was waiting in the dawn for Shakespeare.

> "As on the sweetest buds
> The eating canker dwells, so eating love
> Inhabits in the finest wits of all."

Shottery is a picturesque hamlet about a mile distant from Stratford. In a cottage there [illegible]

path by the fields. Whether Anne was in reality beautiful we know not; but she was to be our Shakespeare's wife, and therefore she has an interest for all ages. Unfortunately, however, in the sober and unromantic matter of the lady's age *surgit aliquid amari*. She was eight years older than Shakespeare, for she was born in 1556, so that in the year of their marriage (1582) she was twenty-six, and he was only eighteen. Yet let no fault be imputed to either. He was no doubt older for his years, both in physical and mental development, than any of the youth of Stratford; that he possessed great manly beauty is a tradition handed down by Aubrey, and corroborated by the fact of his *early success* on the stage, and the lineaments of the most authentic likenesses of him that remain. The first love of a glowing and intelligent youth, who suddenly feels himself a man, is commonly older than himself. The girls with whom he has romped as a boy are to him still girls; but, impressed with the necessity of bestowing his affections somewhere, he experiences a glow of pride in finding them accepted by a full-grown woman. And how should any woman have shut her heart to Shakespeare if he chose to woo her?

They were married at the end of November or in December, 1582; and we need not suppose that the alliance was against the wishes of either of the families, or that it was prompted by any but disinterested motives and mutual attachment. His perfect understanding of the holiness and the virtue of a well-assorted marriage appears from many passages of his works. How finely Suffolk says, in the first part of "King Henry VI.,"—

"A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace."

And how pure and noble is that 116th Sonnet, in which he writes—

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
  Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
  Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
  That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
  Whose worth's unknown although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
  Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
  But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd."

The course of Shakespeare's after-life took him much away from Stratford; but, for aught that is known to the contrary, he generally left his wife and children there, being unwilling, perhaps, to expose them to the perils of that society in which he was obliged to mingle in London. We are not entitled to suppose that he had any cause to complain of domestic unhappiness. He paid regular visits to Stratford, and "the wife of his youth was the companion of his latest years." He had three children—Susannah, Hamnet, and Judith—the two last being twins. Susannah was born in May, 1583, and the other two in January, 1585. The date of the birth of the first child being within seven months of the date of the marriage, has led to some scandalous gossip. But an error of some months may have crept into the dates; and if it has not, we at all events know that Shakespeare behaved with honour, and kept the troth he had plighted. His [illegible] Hamnet died in 1596, when he was eleven years and six

months old. The two daughters grew up to womanhood, married, and survived their father a number of years. They must have been well educated and well brought up; for they both obtained good husbands, and lived in the respect and esteem of those who knew them. Susannah married, in 1607, John Hall, a physician of considerable repute; and when she died, in 1649, it was recorded on her tombstone, apparently with truth, that she was "witty above her sex," and "wise to salvation." She was the mother of only one child, Elizabeth, who was born in February, 1608,—so that the poet became a grandfather at forty-five. His granddaughter married, in 1626, Mr. Thomas Nash, a country gentleman of independent fortune. On his death, in 1647, she again married, in 1649, Sir John Barnard, Knight, of Abington.

[illegible] s. Judith, Shakespeare's younger [illegible] merchant at Stratford, a month or [illegible] en; but they all died young; and [illegible] th, therefore, of Lady Barnard, in [illegible] he collateral kindred, through his [illegible] to an end about forty years ago. Joan married, in 1599, William Hart, an honest tradesman, to whom she bore children; and they and their descendants continued to live at Stratford for two hundred and thirty years.

[illegible]

Shakespeare knew every nook and corner, every [illegible] dingle and romantic recess of those [illegible]

need doubt. But that Shakespeare ever crossed the green paths as a vulgar stealer of deer, was ever convicted of theft, and personally chastised for it, is a base and idle tale, to be treated with the "summary indignation" which De Quincey has so well bestowed upon it. In the first place, it seems to be ascertained, through the researches of Malone, that though Sir Thomas Lucy had noble and extensive grounds, he had no deer park. In the next place, if it is neces-

[illegible]

than the story. They were produced for the first time so late as 1778, by Steevens, from the manuscript of the antiquary Oldys, who died in 1761. They are stupid and vulgar, beginning with the lines,—

"A parliamente member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse;"

which, as De Quincey remarks, resemble more a production of Charles II.'s reign, and were no doubt levelled by an irritated poetaster at some other and later Lucy. It was contrary to Shakespeare's whole nature to write epigrams or lampoons against anyone. The epithet "gentle" has been indissolubly united with his name. He was full of a gracious benignity. He gave wilful offence to no man. He had, assuredly, no unpleasant reminiscence of any incident in his own life connected with the "poor sequestered stag" when he penned that exquisite description of the wounded deer that came to languish

"Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;"

or when he made the Duke say, in the Forest of Ardennes,—

"Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gor'd."

It may be—although of this there is no substantial evidence—that some youthful adventure, prompted by no ignoble motive, but by the simple love of adventure, in which Shakespeare did not keep altogether on the windy side of the law, was one of the causes which led to his leaving Stratford. The truth, however, more probably is, that the hour had arrived when his expanding mind began to aspire after greater things than the narrow sphere of a small provincial town, —when he felt the "wild pulsation" which genius so often feels before the tumult of life begins,—

"Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,
And at night, along the dusky highway, near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men."

So he bade farewell, doubtless with a throbbing heart, and not without some "natural tears," to Anne Hathaway, Susannah, Hamnet, and Judith, making such arrangements for their comfort as his means afforded: and, with the dauntless resolution of the soldier who is ever ready to exclaim,—

"Why, then, the world's mine oyster
Which I with sword will open,"

he turned his back upon the humble houses of Stratford, and all the scenes of his earlier days, and plunged with a vague hope into the great Babel "among the throngs of men," as so many thousands and thousands of youthful pilgrims have done from generation to generation.

Whether he had any direct and immediate intention of going upon the stage cannot now be known. His first poetical pieces did not take a dramatic shape, but were rather didactic and lyrical; and there was no occasion to go to London to write them. Old Aubrey, however, saw no mystery in the matter. He simply says,—"This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London." It is possible that the visits of the players to Stratford between the years 1579 and 1587 had some influence upon his resolution. Whatever was the inducing cause, he became an actor; and continued in that profession for eighteen or twenty years—namely, from 1586 to 1606, or thereby. Yet it would appear that there were moments when he regretted he had ever condescended to tread the boards. In his 91st Sonnet he touchingly says,—

"O, for my sake, do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Hence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost then my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

And again, in the 110th Sonnet,—

"Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view."

[illegible]

"Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
[illegible]

[illegible]

"Sweet swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee on our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James."

Whatever his powers as an actor were, one thing is clear, that no man ever understood better the correct theory of acting, or had a profounder appreciation of what constitute its defects and its excellences; witness Hamlet's address to the players, and other passages, full of the soundest precepts and most correct practical rules.

It is provoking that we are here obliged to notice another idle and trumpery legend about Shakespeare, to which Dr. Samuel [illegible] ported himself, on first going to L[illegible] The great lexicographer's version [illegible] follows:—"In the time of Elizab[illegible] all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play, and when Shakespeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those who had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. [illegible] readiness that in a short [illegible] scarcely any other waiter [illegible] was the first dawn of [illegible]

[illegible]

the play; and if they had, it is ridiculous to suppose that they would have entrusted their horses to be held in the street in all weathers for a period of three or four hours. It is a contemptible calumny that Shakespeare ever sunk so low as to stand shivering night after night holding a horse, or, as the Doctor would have us believe, half-a-dozen horses, for the sake of a few pence haughtily bestowed by town gallants who had been sitting at their ease witnessing some play of Greene or of Marlowe, while Shakespeare, forsooth, already a man of two-and-twenty, brimming over with the highest fancies, consorted as a stable-boy with the lowest dregs of the street. This precious *canard* first appeared in a worthless book entitled *The Lives of the Poets*, published as the work of Theophilus Cibber, but said to be written by a Scotchman of the name of Shiels, who was an amanuensis of Dr. Johnson. Even Rowe rejected the story, and there is not a shadow of foundation for it.

A theatre, considered merely in its aspect as a place of amusement, was a very different thing in the time of Shakespeare from what it has become since. With the increase of wealth, civilisation, and luxury, gorgeous theatres sprang up a century later in every populous city of Europe. Architecture lent its most elaborate graces; decorative art was exhausted to furnish the richest embellishments; every new mechanical appliance was made available to enhance the delusion and increase the interest of the scene; skilfully painted canvas realized the locality in which the action was laid; lights, unknown to our ancestors, brilliant as the day, yet capable of being tempered to any strength, illuminated the scene; music, instrumental and vocal, of the most perfect kind,—marbles, mirrors, gildings, draperies,—every conceivable adjunct was present calculated to add to sensuous delight; and, finally, "fair women and brave men," in every variety of attractive and picturesque costume, seemed to tread enchanted ground in presence of a rapt and breathless audience. Such is what a theatre,—a San Carlo or La Scala,—latterly became. When Shakespeare went to London it was a circular wooden booth, in many instances open to the sky, except over the stage and gallery, where it was roofed in from the weather. Some lanterns shed a dim light through the body of the house, and a few branches, with candles stuck into them, hung over the stage. The orchestra, if so it might be called, was composed of several trumpets, cornets, and hautboys. The stage itself was generally strewed with rushes, except on extraordinary occasions, when it was matted. It had a fixed roof, painted blue to represent the sky; and when tragedies were performed it was generally hung with black. There was little or no movable painted scenery. A board was hung up containing the name of the place where the action was supposed to be. The stage properties were of the humblest description. The exhibition of a bedstead indicated a bedchamber; a table with pen and ink, a sitting-room. A few rude models or drawings of towers, walls, trees, tombs, and animals, were sometimes introduced. No such phenomenon as a female actress existed, or would have been tolerated. All female parts were played by boys or young men, who frequently wore masks or visards. The performance was often by daylight, beginning at three o'clock P.M. The prices of admission varied from a shilling (or rather more) to a penny. At the conclusion of each performance the actors knelt on the stage and offered up a prayer for the Queen.

Sir Philip Sidney, in a treatise published in 1583, graphically alludes to the rough and simple condition of the stage. He says,—"In most pieces the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies" (that is, boys in female attire) "walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden; by and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?" Shakespeare himself, in his prologue to "King Henry the Fifth," asks pardon for the spirit

"that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

arp.

"A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death,
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light"

If there be one thing more wonderful than another in [illegible]

ears.

About the time when Shakespeare came to London, the taste for stage representations had so much increased that there were already several—probably six—distinct companies of players in London, besides two of children. [illegible]

[illegible] companies of Lords Leicester, Warwick, Howard, Essex, Derby, and Arundel (afterwards the Lord Admiral's), and others

The company which Shak[illegible]
was, however, [illegible]
afterwards. It [illegible]
Lord Chamber[illegible]

have been early [illegible]
to their theatre [illegible]
readily if know [illegible]

dramatic poetry and histrionic art. It was indeed almost an understood thing that the dramatist should aid in the representation of his own pieces. Such men as Greene, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Heywood, Webster, and others, united both arts.

Richard Burbage, the son of James, who was born three years later than Shakespeare, and died three years after him, was a devoted friend of the poet, and, according to all tradition, as fine a Shakespearian actor as the stage has ever seen. It is said that his just and truthful representation of almost all Shakespeare's leading characters first riveted public attention on them. He was not of large stature, but, in the words of one of his admiring contemporaries, he was "beauty to the eye and music to the ear." He did not appear in comic parts; but he had a wide range of histrionic talent; for it is recorded of him that he was equally delightful in the youthful Pericles and the aged Lear, and that he achieved great success in Hamlet, Richard III., Shylock, Romeo, Brutus, Othello, Macbeth, and Coriolanus. An old writer says,—"One of his chief parts wherein, beyond the rest, he moved the heart, was the *grieved* Moor,"—a well-chosen epithet, and indicative that the actor had a delicate appreciation of the character. It may readily be believed that dearer to the heart of Richard Burbage than all contemporary praise were the four words in Shakespeare's last will, bequeathing to him a ring in token of the poet's loving remembrance.

By the time James I. ascended the throne, Shakespeare's company was, as we have seen, in possession of both the Globe and Blackfriars' theatres. James adopted the company as his own, and its members were then for the first time designated His Majesty's servants. He granted in their favour a royal license in the year 1603, in which he licenses and authorizes Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, John Hemings, and the rest of their associates, "freely to use and exercise the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morals, pastorals, stage plays, and such like other as they have already studied, or hereafter shall use or study, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure when we shall think good to see them." This license was the more valuable that it was not limited to "their now usual house, called the Globe," but entitled them "to show and exercise publicly, to their best commodity, within any townhall or moute-halls, or other convenient places within the liberties and freedom of any other city, university town, or burgh whatsoever, within our said realms and dominions."

Shakespeare held shares possibly in the Blackfriars, certainly in the Globe, the one being principally used as a summer and the other as a winter theatre. It is worthy of remark that the brothers Burbage mention him before their other fellow-shareholders in a document referring to the Globe theatre, and that, in the King's license in 1603, his name stands second. Laurence Fletcher, who is mentioned before Shakespeare, and had succeeded James Burbage in the management, had performed before King James in Scotland, where he was with his company from October, 1599, to December, 1601. Fletcher must have taken the company to different towns in Scotland, and must have conducted himself in a creditable manner, for the municipal records of Aberdeen instruct that he was presented with the freedom of the city on October 22nd, 1601, and was entered as a burgess under the designation of "Comedian to His Majesty." This suggests the interesting inquiry, whether Shakespeare did not also visit Scotland as one of Fletcher's associates. Sir John Sinclair, in his statistical account, when referring to the local traditions respecting Macbeth's castle at Dunsinnan, infers from their coincidence with the drama that Shakespeare, "in his capacity of actor, travelled in Scotland in 1599, and collected on the spot materials for the exercise of his imagination." A subsequent writer objects that Shakespeare could not have heard the country people pronounce the word Dunsinnan, as they always put the accent on the second syllable, whereas he throws it on the last. It is true that he does so frequently, but not always, as witness the lines,—

> "Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
> Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinnan hill
> Shall come against him."

Mr. Charles Knight argues strongly in favour of the probability of Shakespeare having been in Scotland. He contends that the company which James patronized in Scotland, and the manager of which is there recognized as "His Majesty's Comedian," was the same to which

he granted the letters patent in 1603. If so, Shakespeare was a leading member of it as well in 1601 as in 1603, and could not be spared when an expedition was undertaken to Scotland. [illegible] ancient tongue, inquired concerning their national superstitions, and listened, not unmoved, to some of their old-world stories of witches and weird women—

"Posters of the sea and land."

[illegible] England and Scotland. In a sermon which Bishop Jewel preached before Elizabeth, he beseeched Her Grace to understand that witches and sorcerers had marvellously increased within the realm, and that through their [illegible] there was a thunderstorm or a gale of wind one or two witches were seized and burned as a preventative for the future. This popular frenzy was much encouraged by the publication, at [illegible] *gie*, by no less an author than King James [illegible] d, to a discovery which the King had made, [illegible] was a conspiracy of two hundred witches to [illegible] out of the grave, or the skin, bone, or other part of any dead person, to be employed in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in body; such offenders, on being duly convicted, shall suffer death. The persons suspected of witchcraft were for the most part old, lame, blear-eyed, and wrinkled women, who led sullen and solitary lives. They were credited with the power of inducing on whom they chose, apoplexies, epilepsies, convulsions, fevers, and all the other ills "that flesh is heir to." They could also raise spirits, dry up springs, turn the course of running waters, go in and out without the aid of doors, and sail in shells and cockboats through and under tempestuous seas. James informs us in his book that they likewise made images in wax or clay, which they wasted before a slow fire, giving them the names of particular persons, who forthwith melted or dried away without knowing the cause of their sickness. Spenser, in his great poem, describes the abode of a witch:—

"There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of sticks and reeds
In homely wise, and wall'd with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell in loathly weeds
And wilful want, all careless of her needs;
So choosing solitary to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her devilish deeds
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off, unknown, whomever she envied."

Shakespeare, with higher power, invests the witches in "Macbeth" with a sort of mysterious grandeur, whilst he at the same time strictly conforms to the current superstitions regarding them:—

> "What are these,
> So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
> That look not like the inhabitants of earth,
> And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
> That man may question? You seem to [illegible] me,
> By [illegible]
> Upon [illegible],
> And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
> That you are so."

The caldron scene in the fourth act is of the wildest and most imaginative description, and though frequently adulterated on the modern stage by the introduction of sheer buffoonery, must have thrilled with awe the unsceptical spectators to whom it was originally presented. Macbeth himself, like his successor King James, believed in the "unknown power":—

> "I conjure you, by that which you profess,—
> Howe'er you come to know it,—answer me:
> Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
> Against the churches; though the yesty waves
> Confound and swallow navigation up;
> Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown down;
> Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
> Though palaces and pyramids do slope
> Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
> Of nature's germins tumble all together,—
> Even till destruction sicken,—answer me
> To what I ask."

Shakespeare found another,—a gentler and more loveable superstition,—in the fairy mythology, which he turned to such delightful account, especially in his "Midsummer Night's Dream." The popular creed concerning fairies seems to have been of Scandinavian origin, and was more pagan in character than those other beliefs in the supernatural, for which some warrant was found in Scripture. Shakespeare added a new grace to fairy lore; he almost remodelled and re-invented it. The places to which fairies were supposed to be most attached,—the green knoll, the opening in the wood, the crystal fountain; the ornaments and costume they most affected, the playful pranks in which they revelled, their dancing on the sands "with printless foot," their making of "midnight mushrooms," their gathering of dewdrops, and hanging "a pearl in every cowslip's ear," their creeping into acorn cups, their killing of "cankers in the musk rosebuds," their keeping back the "clamorous owl" that nightly wondered at them, their singing their Queen Titania asleep, their stealing the honey-bags from the humble bees, and plucking the wings from painted butterflies, their bringing "jewels from the deep" for the bewildered Bottom, and feeding him with dew-berries, their putting a girdle "round about the earth in forty minutes,"—all these, and many other traits of fairy life and customs, we learn from him, and are indebted for the knowledge to the captivating enthusiasm with which he entered into this ideal world, and sported with those favourite children of his fancy. The very names he gave his fairies carry a charm with them,—Oberon, Titania, Puck or Robin Goodfellow, Peasblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, Cricket, Queen Mab; to which let us add Ariel, who slept in a cowslip's bell, and lived so merrily "under the blossom that hangs on the bough." He, like Prospero, was known to you all, and was your familiar friend—

> "Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
> And ye that on the sands with printless foot
> Do chase the ebbing Neptune!"

A graver superstition, if so it must be called, which takes the form of a belief in ghosts and apparitions, and the reappearance of the spirits of the departed, was and is too deeply enwoven with human nature to have been overlooked by Shakespeare. He dealt with it sparingly, but with wonderful power, not unmixed with reverence. The supernatural visitation to Hamlet is

conducted with a solemn grandeur and air of reality throughout that has never been equalled in poetry. It is impossible to read the scene in which the ghost of the dead king appears, without feeling convinced that it all happened as described. If ever a ghost was permitted to walk the earth, and to hold communion with human beings, we cannot conceive of more perfectly appropriate action and language than Shakespeare has used. Nor in any after-scene of the play can it be forgot that Hamlet has gone through the ordeal of receiving that terrible

"Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art
Ghost Thy evil spirit, Brutus
Bru Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru Well,
Then I shall see thee again
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Exit* Ghost.

Whether we take this as a reality, or as a spectral illusion visible only to a diseased and overwrought brain, no pale Nemesis ever made a ghastlier annunciation of approaching disaster and death

Dramatic literature in England before Shakespeare was in its infancy, and it was not an Herculean infancy The first original play regularly divided into acts and scenes, and making pretension to a consistent action and a poetical delineation of character, was the tragedy of "Gorboduc," or "Ferrex and Porrex," by Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, produced in 1561, just three years before Shakespeare was born. Prior to that period there were no plays properly so called There were itinerant jesters, who amused the common people with the recitation of vulgar dialogue, there were interludes, as they were called, of a rather more advanced kind, and there were a few rude farces, such as "Ralph Roister Doister," hardly any of which have come down to us "Gammer Gurton's Needle," which made a slight advance

persons.

When the ice, however, was at length broken, and a play, bearing some remote resemblance to the ancient models of C

and something like a nat

Pythias" and "Palamon

and Gismond;" Thomas

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persons.

Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine !"

He had also his annual, if not more frequent, visits to Stratford, round which all his early associations centred, and where his family lived. His father did not die till 1601, and his mother survived for seven years later, having reached the ripe age of seventy. His brother Gilbert had grown into manhood; his sister Joan was passing through her teens; Richard was at school: and Edmond, his youngest brother, was still so young as to be a playmate for his daughter Susannah. Anne Hathaway watched over his two girls and his son Hamnet till the sad year 1596, when the dark shadow crossed their threshold, and the boy was taken from them on the 11th August. Shakespeare no doubt attended the funeral with a saddened heart: but in general his visits must have been occasions of great happiness to himself and his relatives. He was rising in the world; he had gained a handsome independence; his name was becoming famous. Rumours had reached Stratford that he was beloved by great nobles, and that the Queen herself had smiled upon him. Sentiments of wonder and admiration would mingle with the affection of his old friends: in him, however, they would find no change,—no lofty airs, no paltry affectation,—the same simplicity, the same gentle earnestness. How should the passing breath of popular applause excite any complacent vanity in one who was too great to be conscious of effort, too full of immortality to be dependent on the "ignorant present!"

Some striking historical events happened during Shakespeare's residence in London. There were, or had been immediately before, religious wars in France and the Netherlands; conquests in the West Indies; discoveries in most quarters of the globe; Drake's voyage round the world; a firmer establishment of English dominion in Ireland; and the overthrow of the ancient form of faith, and of the youthful Queen who was at its head, in Scotland. He witnessed the cruelties which attended the execution of Babington and his thirteen fellow-conspirators. He heard the proclamation of the sentence of death against Mary Queen of Scots; and he must have shuddered over the details of the remorseless execution at Fotheringay on the 8th of February, 1587. He beheld the gorgeous pageant at the public funeral of Sir Philip Sydney, the brightest star of English chivalry. He mingled in all the excitement of the threatened invasion of the land by Philip of Spain. He saw the camp formed at Tilbury, and the thousands of citizens who flocked to it as volunteers in aid of the regular army; for neither then nor ever did Great Britain acquiesce in the possibility of a foreign invader taking possession of one acre of her soil. The news of the approach of the mighty armament sounded in his ears; but the God of battles fought on the side of England, and the foe was scattered to the winds. Was our Shakespeare in St. Paul's when Elizabeth gave thanks on her bended knees, surrounded by Raleigh, and Hawkins, and Frobisher, and Drake, and Howard of Effingham? By and by, he perhaps followed the body of Elizabeth herself, "covered with purple velvet, and borne in a chariot," to her last resting-place in Westminster Abbey. And in other lands, agitated with their own events, Tasso was, during the same period, weaving his epic song; Cervantes was composing his deathless story; Lope de Vega was filling the stage of Spain with his romantic dramas; and Galileo was fathoming the scheme of the universe. It is somewhat marvellous that to not one of these great contemporary incidents is there any direct allusion in the writings of Shakespeare. The explanation must be, that he so entirely threw himself into the scenes and characters he selected for his own themes, that his mind, intensifying itself upon them, shut out for the time all that was foreign to them.

The order in which Shakespeare's plays were written, and the precise dates at which they successively appeared, have given rise to much ingenious discussion. His ability as a dramatist gradually matured itself: he did not start up, full-armed, at once. The satirical writer, Greene, in his book entitled *A Greatsworth of Witte bought with a Million of Repentance*, which was published in 1592, falls foul of some of Shakespeare's earlier attempts, and says maliciously,—"There is an upstart crowe beautified with our feathers, that with 'his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide'" (a parody of a line in the Third Part of "King Henry the Sixth") "supposes he is as well able to bombaste out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Joannes factotum, is in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a countrey." We are entitled

"'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously performed."

It has been clearly ascertained that in his "Henry the Sixth," which is the feeblest of all his

how well the interest is sustained throughout!

If Shakespeare did not know the full strength of his wing till he had made so[illegible] flights, it was *not long ere*

"None that beheld him but, like lesser lights
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy."

Between 1589 and 1613 he poured out upon the astonished world the following works:—

COMEDIES.—"The Two Gentlemen of Verona;" "The Comedy of Errors;" "T"

f the Shrew;" "Love's Labour's Lost;" "All's Well that Ends Well;" "Midsummer Night's Dream;" "Much Ado about Nothing;" "Merry Wives of Windsor;" "Twelfth Night."

TRAGI-COMEDIES.—"Merchant of Venice;" "Measure for Measure;" "Troilus and Cressida;" "Timon of Athens."

HISTORICAL PLAYS.—First, Second, and Third Parts of "King Henry the Sixth;" "King John;" "Richard the Second;" "Richard the Third;" First and Second Parts of "King Henry the Fourth;" "King Henry the Fifth;" "King Henry the Eighth."

ROMANTIC DRAMAS.—"Pericles;" "Cymbeline;" "As You Like It;" "Winter's Tale;" "The Tempest."

TRAGEDIES.—"Titus Andronicus;" "Romeo and Juliet;" "Hamlet;" "Othello;" "Lear;" "Macbeth;" and *the Roman Tragedies*,—"Coriolanus;" "Julius Cæsar;" "Antony and Cleopatra."

The precise order in which these thirty-seven plays appeared is not, after all, of much consequence, and no two writers have exactly agreed regarding it. A collected edition of his works was not issued during his lifetime, but a good many of his plays were published separately. It has been ascertained that these came out in the following order, which, however, is no certain indication of the order in which they were written, since the title-page frequently bears that the piece had been acted for some time before it was printed:—1st, "Titus Andronicus," 1593; 2nd, "Richard the Third," 1594; 3rd, "Romeo and Juliet," 1596; 4th, "Love's Labour's Lost," 1598; 5th, "Henry the Fifth," 1600; 6th, First Part of "King Henry the Fourth," 1598; 7th, Second Part of "King Henry the Fourth," 1600; 8th, "The Merchant of Venice," 1600; 9th, "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600; 10th, "Much Ado about Nothing," 1600; 11th, "Merry Wives of Windsor," 1602; 12th, "Hamlet," 1603; 13th, "King Lear," 1608; 14th, "Pericles," 1609; and 15th, "Troilus and Cressida," 1609. It is not known that any of the remaining twenty-two plays appeared in print till six years after his death. But such was the prestige which already attached to his name, that numerous attempts were made to impose upon the public spurious plays as his. The deception partially succeeded for a time; but until lately almost all critics, with the single exception of Schlegel, have given their verdict against the genuineness of any of these productions. The names of the most prominent are "Edward the Third;" "Arden of Feversham;" "Locrine;" the First Part of "Sir John Oldcastle;" "The Life and Death of Thomas, Lord Cromwell;" "The Merry Devil of Edmonton;" and "The Yorkshire Tragedy." Shakespeare may have had some slight hand in several of these,—y have sketched in a scene or a character; but that he was, in the proper sense, the author y of them cannot be credited. Others are "Macedorrus;" "The London Prodigal;" ne Puritan;" and "Fair Em." There is better reason for believing that he took a less nconsiderable part in the composition of the "Two Noble Kinsmen," though that play is commonly attributed to Fletcher, and was probably written mainly by him.

There are two ways in which the Shakespearian student may read his historical plays. He may take them either in the order in which they were probably written, with the view of tracing the development of the poet's style and manner; or he may peruse them in chronological sequence as illustrative of the successive periods with which they deal. In the first case they would be read in the following order:—The First, Second, and Third P... of "King Henry the Sixth;" "King John;" "King Richard the Second;" "King Ri... Third;" The First and Second Parts of "King Henry the Fourth;" "King He... " and "King Henry the Eighth." In the order of history, on the other hand, ... es first, his period being from 1199 to 1216; then "Richard the Second," ... Henr... ourth, 1399 to 1413; "Henry the Fifth," 1413 to 1422; "Hen... the Third," 1483 to 1485; and "Henry the Eighth," 1...

Shakespeare wrote on an average a ... six ... variety is infinite; the multi... the broadest humour, the m... passion, the truest philosop... academical rule, that Shake... school; he felt that no other... general conception. The ...

ıt the first and now, was and ıs, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her

the special characteristics of the Elizabethan era are not to be found in them. They suit all ages; they are universal, not national. It is the boast of sculpture that in producing the perfection of ideal form it links itself with no particular time or place. So it is with Shakespeare; he grasps the essential, and cares little for the adventitious His men and women are human beings; it matters not whether they wear the Greek peplos or the Roman toga,—the ruff and stomacher of Elizabeth, or the jerkin and collar of James Yet he ever takes care not to generalise too much, or to forget in the typical the special features of character. His portraits are not shadowy abstractions; they are intensely individual; but they present to us what is inherent and permanent, not what is superficial and transitory.

No poet ever more entirely sunk himself in his own conceptions. He comes before us as Hamlet or Falstaff, Macbeth or Malvolio, Othello or Launcelot Gobbo,—never as Shakespeare He is whatever he chooses to be, from Coriolanus to Caliban. He finds a heap of dry bones, and infuses vitality into them. He rarely or never takes the trouble of inventing a plot; but when

touch

trage

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The precise order in which these thirty-seven plays appeared is not, after all, of much consequence, and no two writers have exactly agreed regarding it. A collected edition of his works was not issued during his lifetime, but a good many of his plays were published separately. It has been ascertained that these came out in the following order, which, however, is no certain indication of the order in which they were written, since the title-page frequently bears that the piece had been acted for some time before it was printed:—1st, "Titus Andronicus," 1593; 2nd, "Richard the Third," 1594; 3rd, "Romeo and Juliet," 1596; 4th, "Love's Labour's Lost," 1598; 5th, "Henry the Fifth," 1600; 6th, First Part of "King Henry the Fourth," 1598; 7th, Second Part of "King Henry the Fourth," 1600; 8th, "The Merchant of Venice," 1600; 9th, "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600; 10th, "Much Ado about Nothing," 1600; 11th, "Merry Wives of Windsor," 1602; 12th, "Hamlet," 1603; 13th, "King Lear," 1608; 14th, "Pericles," 1609; and 15th, "Troilus and Cressida," 1609. It is not known that any of the remaining twenty-two plays appeared in print till six years after his death. But such was the prestige which already attached to his name, that numerous attempts were made to impose upon the public spurious plays as his. The deception partially succeeded for a time; but until lately almost all critics, with the single exception of Schlegel, have given their verdict against the genuineness of any of these productions. The names of the most prominent are "Edward the Third;" "Arden of Feversham;" "Locrine;" the First Part of "Sir John Oldcastle;" "The Life and Death of Thomas, Lord Cromwell;" "The Merry Devil of Edmonton;" and "The Yorkshire Tragedy." Shakespeare may have had some slight hand in several of these,—may have sketched in a scene or a character; but that he was, in the proper sense, the author any of them cannot be credited. Others are "Macedorrus;" "The London Prodigal;" The Puritan;" and "Fair Em." There is better reason for believing that he took a less inconsiderable part in the composition of the "Two Noble Kinsmen," though that play is commonly attributed to Fletcher, and was probably written mainly by him.

There are two ways in which the Shakespearian student may read his historical plays. He may take them either in the order in which they were probably written, with the view of tracing the development of the poet's style and manner; or he may peruse them in chronological sequence as illustrative of the successive periods with which they deal. In the first case they would be read in the following order:—The First, Second, and Third Parts of "King Henry the Sixth;" "King John;" "King Richard the Second;" "King Richard the Third;" The First and Second Parts of "King Henry the Fourth;" "King Henry the Fifth;" and "King Henry the Eighth." In the order of history, on the other hand, "King John" comes first, his period being from 1199 to 1216; then "Richard the Second," 1377 to 1399; "Henry the Fourth, 1399 to 1413; "Henry the Fifth," 1413 to 1422; "Henry the Sixth," 1422 to 1461; "Richard the Third," 1483 to 1485; and "Henry the Eighth," 1509 to 1547.

Shakespeare wrote on an average a play every six months for nearly twenty years. The variety is infinite; the multiplication of human portraiture is unparalleled. The gayest fancy, the broadest humour, the most piercing wit, alternate with the deepest pathos, the strongest passion, the truest philosophy. It was human life, not a stilted conventionality, not an academical rule, that Shakespeare cared for. He refused to be bound by the dogmas of a school; he felt that no other unity was essential if there was unity of impression—harmony of general conception. The Attic severity of the Greek drama repelled him; he may have

own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time her form and pr
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that his writings were a reflex of his own age. High literature and high art rarely or nev reflect their own age. Just because Shakespeare's are the finest plays the world has ever see the special characteristics of the Elizabethan era are not to be found in them. They suit ages; they are universal, not national. It is the boast of sculpture that in producing the pe fection of ideal form it links itself with no particular time or place So it is with Shakespear he grasps the essential, and cares little for the adventitious. His men and women are hum beings; it matters not whether they wear the Greek peplos or the Roman toga,—the ruff a stomacher of Elizabeth, or the jerkin and collar of James. Yet he ever takes care not generalise too much, or to forget in the typical the special features of character. His portra are not shadowy abstractions; they are intensely individual; but they present to us what

gotten legend, it was he alone who supplied the scene with thought and action, filled it wi *breath*, and peopled it with living beings, whom once to know is to remember for ever.

Another fault is imputed to him, traceable to the imitation of the manner of the Italian poets, so prevalent in the latter half of the sixteenth century. It consists in a playful twisting of the meaning of words, suggested sometimes by their sound, and sometimes by their juxtaposition. Shakespeare evidently found pleasure in these *concetti*, or what Dr. Johnson calls "idle conceits and contemptible equivocations." "A quibble," says the Doctor, who had somewhat ponderous notions of humour, "is to Shakespeare what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be arousing attention with incidents or enchaining it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight that he was content to purchase it by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth." They who choose may agree with this Johnsonian criticism; but do not let them forget that Shakespeare, being himself

"A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,"

one who was "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men," cared as little for "quibbles" as Dr. Johnson. They suited the times, and he therefore gave them "as thick as Tewkesbury mustard;" but he fails not to say, through Lorenzo, in the "Merchant of Venice,"—"How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots."

In Germany, Shakespeare's supremacy as a dramatic poet has long been admitted. Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Schlegel, Tieck, Gervinus, Ulrici, and others, have done much to naturalise him among their countrymen, and to kindle enthusiasm for his genius. In France, on the other hand, it is comparatively recently that he has met with a reception worthy of the intellect of that country. Before Shakespeare could be thoroughly understood in France a system had to be overturned,—the battle of the orders had to be fought, Aristotle and the unities had to be weighed in the balance. Voltaire allowed Shakespeare the praise only of a clever "barbarian;" and La Harpe dragged him by the heels behind the triumphal car of Racine. The French poets were unable to conceive of a tragic drama not founded on the Greek model, of which ...y produced highly successful imitations; but, as was likely to happen with imitations, they ... colder and more pompous than the originals. In ancient Greece, where there were fewer ... and diversities of character than there came to be as the world got older, there was a ... grandeur, which to a certain extent atoned for its monotony, in the scenic representation ... illustrious house contending in vain against the inexorable decrees of destiny. But when ...e same stateliness and severity of artistic rule was transferred on the French stage to the halls of the Cid and the courts of Bajazet and Mahomet, it was certain that human nature would sooner or later rebel, and that, as hair-powder and furbelows went out, Shakespeare and real life would come in. The film fell from the eyes of Le Mercier, Madame De Staei, and Guizot; and France at length owns that Voltaire, who said of Shakespeare that "he was without the least spark of good taste, and without the slightest knowledge of rules," must "pale his uneffectual fire" before the author of "Hamlet."

If taste consists in a quick and accurate appreciation of all that is graceful and harmonious, not in artificial life alone, but in the world as God made it, no Frenchman, great or small, had ever half the taste of Shakespeare. Taste is, indeed, too low and technical a term for his intuitive perception of the true and the beautiful, and his exquisite delight in them. In reading a play by Voltaire we imagine of a man "who has lived for a long time in apartments lighted only by wax candles, chandeliers, or coloured glasses—who has only breathed in the faint, suffocating atmosphere of drawing-rooms—who has seen only the cascades at the opera, calico mountains, and garlands of artificial flowers." In reading a play by Shakespeare we imagine of a man who was ever in the pure air that encompasses the sights and sounds of external nature, and who found at will—

———"Tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Of his fellow-beings his thoughts were,—

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

In the starry wilderness of space he recognised the music of eternity,—

"Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."

In the changing seasons his feeling was but of one description of beauty passing into another,—

"Hoary headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyem's chin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set."

In the works of man, no less than in the works of God, he took deep delight,—the "cloud-capp'd towers," the "gorgeous palaces," the "solemn temples." Of the Fine Arts he was an earnest votary. Music, in particular, was a never-ending delight to him. His eloquent denunciation of those who "are not moved with concord of sweet sounds" is written in a thousand hearts. To his ear music was "the food of love"; he claims for it the distinction of having been "ordained to refresh the mind of man." In that most exquisite scene at Belmont, in the Fifth Act of the "Merchant of Venice," music intensifies the happiness of the youthful lovers,—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears, soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

And Jessica only deepens into tenderness when she breathes into the ear of Lorenzo,—

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

With what truth of feeling the Duke, in "The Twelfth Night," asks for a repetition of the music he has just heard!—

"That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

And again,—

"That old and antique song we heard last night!
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected tunes
Of these most brisk and giddy paced times."

Such examples could be largely multiplied; but take as the only other the lines put into the lips of Oberon,—

"My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music."

Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for that had an allowance so large that he spent at the rate of £1,000 a year."

Some events which took place in the Shakespearian circle early in the seventeenth century must have occasioned alternate pain and pleasure. In September, 1601, his father died; in June, 1607, his daughter Susannah married Dr. John Hall; on the last day of the same year he buried, at the Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, his youngest brother Edmond, who died at the early age of twenty-seven, after a brief career as an actor; in February, 1608, he became a grandfather by the birth of a daughter to Mrs. Hall; in the September following he lost his mother, Mary Arden or Shakespeare; on 3rd February, 1612, his brother Gilbert, and on 4th February, 1613, his brother Richard, were buried at Stratford.

Among the plays which Shakespeare wrote between the years 1605 and 1613 are generally included "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," "Troilus and Cressida," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," "Othello," and "The Tempest." It was believed by Thomas Campbell, De Quincey, and others, that "The Tempest" was his last play; and this would, as Campbell says, give it "a sort of sacredness." Campbell further suggests that Shakespeare may be regarded as in some sort typified in Prospero, the potent and benevolent magician; and De Quincey, following up the same idea, conjectures that it was with a prophetic feeling of the end that Shakespeare makes Prospero "solemnly and for ever renounce his mysterious functions, symbolically break his enchanter's wand, and declare that he will bury his books, his science, and his secrets

'Deeper than did ever plummet sound.'"

It is not within the scope of the present biographical sketch to enter into any critical analysis of Shakespeare's separate plays; but if "The Tempest" was written in his forty-ninth year, it affords the completest evidence that his fancy retained all its freshness. None of his creations are more original than Caliban and Ariel, none more beautiful than Miranda, none more lofty than Prospero. It is difficult to say that "The Tempest" is finer, as a romantic drama, than "As You Like It," "Cymbeline," or "The Winter's Tale," but it takes rank with these, and is as luminous with poetry as any of them.

The last eight or nine years of Shakespeare's life were probably among the happiest which he spent on this "bank and shoal of time." His mind was matured, his passions were softened, fever of expectation was over; he had won his position, he had fulfilled the mission which Almighty had assigned to him. And with how much tranquil earnestness had he done his work! He had involved himself in no hatreds; stood aloof from all brawls and cavillings. Party spirit was unknown to him; polemics were distasteful. His works betray neither political nor religious bias; yet they teach, with the force almost of inspiration, the duties we owe to society, and the homage that is due to religion. The advantages and the disadvantages of the democratic, the aristocratic, and the monarchical elements, both in a state and in men, are treated by him with the utmost impartiality. He fights a noble battle against class prejudices. He delights in showing sympathy for the poor and the destitute, and "he makes the mighty of the earth, who have forgotten poverty, remember it in their own adversity." His patriotic love for "our sea-walled garden,"—

"This precious stone set in the silver sea,"—

and the grand words in which he has given expression to the sentiment, have quickened the pulses of hundreds of thousands of his countrymen. His religion is catholic, not sectarian. He teaches that the service of God is above the service of all lords and princes. He never alludes to the great truths of Christianity except with the most profound reverence. When Angelo says to Isabella—

"Your brother is a forfeit of the law,"

the answer is,—

"Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once,
And He that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be
If He which is the top of judgment should

But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made."

"Shakespeare contented himself," says his loving and intelligent commentator, Mr. Cowden Clarke, "with the simple mission of teaching mankind a cheerful reliance upon the mercy and benevolence of our good God; to be just and kind to all men; to seek out the good in things [illegible]

"Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy!"

In such scenes as these may we not fancy him asking himself the question,—

"Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?"

Or saying to some pleasant neighbour,—

"So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
[illegible]

During the four last years of Shakespeare's life few traces of him can be discovered. In 1614 there was a great fire in Stratford, which, aided by a strong wind, consumed, in less than two hours, fifty-four dwelling-houses; but New Place was not one of them. On the 10th of February, 1616, which was to be the year in which he was to be withdrawn from the world, his younger daughter, Judith, was married to Mr. Thomas Quiney. This event, with other considerations, probably led to his making his Will, which was executed on the 25th March following; he being then "in perfect health and memory."

His Will is one of the very few private and personal writings of Shakespeare which have come down. The following particulars of the document are worthy of note:—*First*, The devout spirit in which it commences,—"I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made." *Second*, The bequest of a handsome [illegible]
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Or saying to some pleasant neighbour,—

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And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies?"

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His Will is one of [illegible] down. The followi[illegible] spirit in which it com[illegible] ing and assuredly belie[illegible] partaker of life everlas[illegible] is made. *Second*, The bequest of a handsome marriage portion to his daughter Judith, and a further bequest of the like amount in the event of her surviving three years from the date of the Will, which she did. *Third*, A legacy of [illegible] to his sister Joan [illegible] *Fourth*, Small [illegible] broad silver and [illegible] of money to the [illegible] enty-seventh [illegible] and was the son of an old acquaintance, Jo[illegible] he; an [illegible] to ten intimate friends, "to buy them rings," [illegible] whi[illegible] Hamlet or

Shakespeare had himself been godfather,—Anthony Nash, the father of Mr. Thomas Nash, who afterwards married the poet's granddaughter,—and "my fellows," that is, his brother actors, John Hemings, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell. *Seventh*, A bequest to his daughter Susannah Hall of "that capital messuage or tenement" called the New Place, together with other two tenements in Henley Street, and "all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever," in Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, and the messuage or tenement "in the Blackfriars in London, near the Wardrobe," and to the oldest lawful son of her body, whom failing, the next oldest in regular succession; whom all failing, to his granddaughter Elizabeth Hall, and the heirs male of her body; whom failing, to his daughter Judith, and the heirs male of her body; whom failing, to his heirs whatsoever. *Eighth*, A legacy to his wife of his "second-best bed with the furniture." *Ninth*, A legacy of his "broad silver gilt bowl" to his daughter Judith; and, *Tenth*, A bequest of all the rest of his "goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever," after payment of his debts, and legacies, and funeral expenses, to his son-in-law, John Hall, who along with his wife Susannah, are appointed executors.

The leading feature of this Will is the desire manifested in it to found a family by a strict entail of almost the whole real estate in favour, first, of the heirs male of his elder, and, next, of his younger daughter, his only son having predeceased. This desire, however, was frustrated by the death of Susannah Hall with no issue except Elizabeth, who died childless, and by all Judith Quiney's children predeceasing her, so that the estates were scattered after the second generation.—There is another peculiarity of the Will which has attracted even more attention—namely, that it bequeathes to his wife only a second-best bed, and that, as originally written out, she was not mentioned in it at all, the bequest being introduced by an *ex post facto* interlineation. Malone drew unpleasant conclusions from this, which, however, seem groundless. Mr. Charles Knight has pointed out that the wife was entitled to *dower*, and was thus amply provided for by the ordinary operation of the law. Her provision would be all the greater from the fact that, with a single exception, Shakespeare's estates were not copyhold, but freehold. A handsome life-interest thus accrued to his widow, which rendered any testamentary bequest unnecessary. It was therefore solely from an affectionate desire to show that she was not out of the testator's mind that she was put down as a legatee. The best bed was one of those chattels which the law gives to the heir along with the mansion-house; but the second-best bed could be disponed as the owner desired. And who knows, as Steevens suggests, but that it was far more valued by Shakespeare and Anne than the newer heirloom? Who knows but that thirty years before it had been their bridal bed? Both Knight and Halliwell have shown that in the Wills of many men of substance executed about the same period, nothing but a very trifling legacy was bequeathed to their wives, it being notorious that they were well and richly provided for otherwise. Had Anne Hathaway been little regarded either by her husband or her children—had she dwelt "but in the suburbs of their good pleasure," she would not have been buried beside Shakespeare when she died, seven years after him, nor would a loving inscription, in which she is specially designed as the "wife of William Shakespeare," been placed upon her tombstone by her daughters. We may fairly, therefore, cherish the belief that he who wrote "Julius Cæsar" could say with Brutus,—

> "You are my true and honourable wife;
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart."

Shakespeare had no old age. He had barely reached his fifty-third year when he died. Within a month of his decease he had declared himself to be "in perfect health and memory, God be praised!" What his last illness was, or how it was contracted, remains unknown. There is an apocryphal tradition that his friends Ben Jonson and the poet Drayton, who was afterwards deemed worthy of a tomb in Westminster Abbey, had come upon a visit, and that Shakespeare's hospitality so overflowed that a fever supervened, which ran a short course to a fatal termination. This may or may not be true. Had the world known then, so well as it knows now, whom it was losing, a thousand chroniclers would have recorded the minutest particulars of the parting scene. As matters are, all that we know is the bare fact that he expired

at New Place on the 23rd April, 1616, and was interred on the 25th in the chancel of Stratford Church. "That church," says Washington Irving, "stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. The

t of the churchyard, and
ar bosom. Small birds
nd keep up a continual
gray spire." It is there

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Whether these lines were or were not Shakespeare's, they are at all events of an ancient date; for Dugdale quotes them in 1656 as his epitaph, cut on "a plain free-stone, underneath which his body is buried." Some writers have
Sketch Book says they "have n
the quiet of the grave which s
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porary of Shakespeare. The late Sir Francis Chantrey was of opinion that Johnson had probably modelled the features from a cast of Shakespeare's face taken after death. Such a cast may have been procured by his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, who was in London within a few

Shakespeare, and that is
The original engraving
was poorly executed; and as impressions were taken from the plate for three subsequent editions, the copies now commonly met with are much deteriorated. Considerable interest however, attaches to them, when it is recollected that the print was brought out by and for persons who had seen Shakespeare, and who would have rejected it if altogether unlike. Ben Jonson so far attests its accuracy in some lines which were printed under it, beginning,—

"This figure that thou here seest put
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to outdo the life"

There is a good deal of resemblance between this engraving and the bust, a fac
rates the authenticity of both.—Various other Shakespearian portraits have fr

been brought forward as genuine; but these have in no instance been proved to have been executed from the life, and their value is consequently extremely problematical.

Cervantes and Shakespeare were taken from the world within ten days of each other—the former on the 23d of April, *new style*, and the latter on the same date, *old style*. The greatest genius whom the authors of Don Quixote and King Lear left behind them was John Milton; but he was only seven years of age when they passed away. Another remarkable man was approaching maturity, through whose instrumentality events, involving both good and evil, were preparing for England. The long succession of her kings was to be broken, her constitutional monarchy was to be overthrown, and a commonwealth was to be set up on its ruins. Oliver Cromwell, however, was entering at college on the very day of Shakespeare's death; and no dream of coming regicide and civil war disturbed the poet's dying hours, or mingled with the grief of those who surrounded his deathbed, and in whose breasts the predominant sentiment must have been,—

> "This was the noblest Roman of them all.
> His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mix'd in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, '*This was a man!*'

Let us not think that he died "an untimely death." Who had ever done so much in fifty-two years? He gave expression to as many high and remarkable thoughts in that time as would have graced and dignified a hundred ordinary lives, protracted to the longest span. No fruit could have been expected from "the golden autumn of such a mind" superior to what its spring and summer had produced. If wisdom be often found under "the silver livery of advised age," it was equally found in Shakespeare's unblanched manhood. It was better that he sank beneath the horizon at once, like the broad-orbed sun, than that he should have waned into gradual dimness. If the spirits of the departed are cognizant, as we fondly trust they are, of the sentiments which animate the "breathers of this world," Shakespeare's may well be filled with profoundest love and gratitude in the perception of how much it was permitted to contribute towards the elevation and refinement of the world.

To the young, who may yet be unacquainted with his works, this Volume will be as a newly-discovered mine, filled with inconceivable riches. To the more advanced it will afford the means of reverting again and again to old-established loves and friendships, which only grow the stronger with every fresh opportunity of renewed intercourse. The absence of notes and commentaries need not be regretted. These, if wanted, can be found elsewhere in super-abundance; but Samuel Johnson, erroneous as many of his own commentaries were, never gave sounder advice than when he recommended that they who wished to become fully acquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desired to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, should read every play from the first scene to the last, "with utter negligence of all his commentators." When fancy is once on the wing, as the Doctor truly says, it should not stoop at correction or explanation: when the attention is strongly engaged with Shakespeare, let it not turn aside to the name of Theobald or of Pope. Particular passages may be cleared by notes; but the general effect is weakened by the interruption. Obscurities and niceties may be investigated when time permits and inclination prompts; but in the beginning and in the end it is best and safest to allow Shakespeare to speak for himself.

SHAKESPEARE AND BACON.

It has occurred to me that the opinion of a player (for Shakespeare was both player and play- [illegible]

[illegible] even the semblance of reason to the assumption that Bacon [illegible] the whole world of plays [illegible]

for which he had the credit and the profit, and to keep the secret so close that nobody breathed a word of it, nobody kept any memorandum of it, and everybody carried it to the grave? Shakespeare was a man whose rapid advancement had excited bitter jealousies. He was stig[illegible]

wri[illegible]

jea[illegible]

the[illegible]

Young Shakespeare was called in to revise these works, and Greene cried aloud to all the supplanted that such presumption was not to be borne; and why was it not proclaimed then, that Shakespe[illegible]

[illegible]

people in t[illegible] no money even for his own [illegible] Although he was the [illegible] ot the sm[illegible]

"Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?
Half a share.
A whole one, I."

of paying players not by fixed sums, but in ... Even if Bacon had been acquainted with such a ... for him? Why should he have introduced it ... operties ... should ... —"the ... re often

"There are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure."

Again in the same play:

"'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease
And sleep an act or two; but those we fear
We have frighted with our trumpets."

to an actor-manager; but is it ... or remarked the kindred spirits ...?" Would he have rebuked the

"There is, sir, an eyrie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of the question, and are most tyrannically clapped for it: these are now the fashion."

Here are topics of the theatre in theatrical parlance; but in the so-called parallels of thought and expression between Shakespeare and Bacon they make no figure. There is not the smallest reason to suppose that Bacon ever heard of them. The interests of the theatrical profession had no concern for him. He was not the man to write—

"Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live."

It is this constant pre-occupation with the ... which run through Shakespeare's imagery. ... a man as the player who "struts and frets his ... and the men and women merely players."

Hecuba, and asks what he would do "had he the motive and the cue for passion that I have." The cue is a perpetual symbol in Shakespeare, but not in Bacon:

"Had you not come upon your cue, my lord."

"Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial."

"'Deceiving me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now."

"You speak all your part at once, cues and all."

Who but an actor-playwright would harp upon the cue like this?

"When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer."

Assuredly Bacon does not answer. Look where you will, these theatrical allusions spring to the eye. Take "Coriolanus":

"It is a part that I shall blush in acting."

"You have put me now to such a part, which
Never I shall discharge to the life."

"Come, come, we'll prompt you."

"Like a dull actor now
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace."

In "King Richard II." we have this signal tribute to the actor who is not dull:

"As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on gentle Richard."

Bacon was a historian. Is this the kind of parallel that would be likely to strike his mind in commemorating the misfortunes of a king?

In the technicalities of the stage Shakespeare is always accurate; but when he employs legal terms, he is often wrong. In geography he gave Bohemia a coast, much to the distress of Ben Jonson. In navigation, he starts a ship from the gates of Milan. His knowledge of law was supposed to be wonderful by Lord Campbell, but does not commend itself to Judge Allen. I understand that the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice" bears no resemblance to any judicial procedure that ever was recorded in legal annals. It is evident that Shakespeare did not care a jot for judicial procedure, and that the law which authorized Shylock to cut his pound of Antonio's flesh, but forbade him to shed one drop of blood, was not sanctioned by the judgment of Bacon. Campbell was not at the pains to discover how much law was known to Shakespeare's contemporaries in playwriting. Judge Allen shows that legal terms abounded in all the Elizabethan plays, and that Shakespeare's contemporaries used them even more freely than he did. Ben Jonson, Middleton, Chapman, Massinger, Peele, Wilkins, Webster, Sir Thomas Wyat, Dekker, Barry, and Spenser, all made use of legal phraseology that is not to be found in Shakespeare. Are these writers to be taken simply as emanations of Bacon's prodigal genius? If not, what becomes of the hypothesis that Bacon must have written Shakespeare because Shakespeare so often quoted the jargon of lawyers? There is no more reason for the contention that Shakespeare's mind must be Bacon's because they have ideas and expressions in common. Shakespeare was an original genius, but he was also a chartered borrower. He was the microcosm of his time. He held Goethe's large views about plagiarism. Goethe said that Scott borrowed from him, and that he borrowed from Scott, and he applauded both transactions. Shakespeare seldom invented a plot, and it is impossible to measure the whole of his indebtedness to old plays. Sometimes he quoted Marlowe with acknowledgment, and sometimes the acknowledgment was omitted. It is clear that he had a great respect for Marlowe, who was his model in several ways. If the Baconian enthusiasts explain this by assuming that Bacon wrote both Shakespeare and Marlowe, they must produce something more rational than the cipher story to account for the incredible connivance at Bacon's protean secrecy. In the first of Bacon's

essays, he uses the expression, "discoursing wits, for people of giddy minds." Ford writes "discoursing brains" in exactly the same connection. Must Ford be added to the list of Bacon's conquests? I am told that because Bacon uses the word "eager" in the sense employed by

human character. An oracle lately dismissed the idea that a great poet could have been a *poacher in his youth and could have consorted with topers.* Where, then, did he study the tavern company who flourish at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap? What gave him his relish for ... Why did ... -tamined ... " never ... pathetic ... mine of ... names, ... Audrey, Bardolph, Peto, were all among the patronymics of Stratford. Is it pretended that Bacon,

could not write a decent verse. Shakespeare was the supreme creator of dramatic character, and Bacon has given us no more reason to suppose that he could create a character than that he could construct a play. Shakespeare is mentioned in every contemporary list of poets, and Bacon is mentioned as a poet only once. It is clear from this that he must have made some poetical

with the inspiration of the "Sonnets," somebody would have been rude enough to give Bacon "a purge." And how do the people who tell us glibly that Shakespeare was illiterate explain this evidence that he was regarded as the master of the playwright's craft?

Still more noteworthy is the absence of any plausible excuse for Bacon's fond preservation of his worthless rhymes, and his neglect of the masterpieces that went by Shakespeare's name. He gave the most minute directions for the publication of his literary remains. His secretary, Dr. Rawley, was intrusted with this responsibility, and faithfully discharged it. Thirty years after Bacon's death, Rawley published the first biography of his early patron, but said never a word of Bacon's creation of Shakespeare. Why not? As so many people were privy to the glorious secret, Rawley must have known it. After thirty years there could have been no motive for concealing it. Why was not Rawley instructed to make it known, an obviously surer way of establishing Bacon's fame than burying it in a cipher? And where are the manuscripts? Shakespeare left none, and this circumstance is pleaded against him by persons who do not take the trouble to note that no other dramatic writer of the period left any manuscripts of plays. Beaumont and Fletcher died in serene indifference to the fate of their works, which were not published until they had been dead many years. Heywood left on record the reluctance with which he consented to the publication of his own works. And we should remember there was no Dramatic Authors' Society in those days for the protection of playwrights. The Elizabethan dramatists could not see what they had to gain by publication. This may seem odd to us, but it was an oddity clearly not confined to Shakespeare. Bacon, on the other hand, had an eye on posterity. Hence his scrupulous care to secure a literary executor. Hence the certainty that if he had written Shakespeare, he would have preserved the manuscripts. Hence the certainty that he was not Shakespeare.

Bacon died in 1626, and the First Folio of Shakespeare was published in 1623. Now it is in the First Folio that we have the blessed cipher. The theory is that Bacon edited the Folio in order to introduce the cipher into the printing, but I ask any man who has ever written a book whether he really believes that any author, in revising his proofs, would allow all the obscure passages to go uncorrected? The First Folio, as Judge Allen says, is "a badly and carelessly printed book;" it is much more imperfect than some of the quartos that preceded it; and yet we are called upon to believe that Bacon either did not notice this, or did not care about it! The translations from the Psalms were accurately printed; but the First Folio might go down to posterity with all its imperfections on its head! And it never occurred to Bacon to instruct his faithful executor to prepare a revised edition!

To any intelligent mind, unprejudiced by the nonsense about Shakespeare's illiteracy, it is plain that the First Folio was not edited by its author, for the simple reason that the author was dead. The players, Heminge and Condell, were not experts in editing, and they lamented that Shakespeare had not lived for that task. That their testimony to the authorship is to be overthrown by the grotesque gabble of the cipher is not, I fancy, a contingency that will occupy any serious historical student. When some historian like Mr. Morley or Mr. Gardiner, when some accomplished scholar like Major Martin Hume, who has made the secret archives of the Elizabethan period his special study, when some authority like the late beloved John Fiske, whose contempt for the Baconian figment did not lack explicitness—when a writer of this distinction and calibre thinks it worth while to consider whether Bacon, whose family history is as well known to us as that of Abraham Lincoln, was the "legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth," then I shall humbly await his judgment. Until that happens, we need not pay much attention to the higgledy-piggledy of lettering by which the Donnellys and the Gallups construct the wonderful cipher. Nothing could be easier than to make an equally impressive cipher which would show that Darwin wrote Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, and Harrison Ainsworth. But it would be more to the purpose if the Baconians would tell us why on earth Bacon could not let the world know in his lifetime that he had written Shakespeare. If it was beneath the dignity of a rising lawyer to acknowledge that he was the first poet and dramatist of his time, why was it beneath the dignity of a fallen Lord Chancellor? If men of good family like Surrey and Wyat could publish romantic poetry without shame, why not Francis Bacon? If Bacon could write a masque for the Court (and he appears to have tried his hand in this line of theatricals), why should his dignity forbid him to claim credit for the humours of Falstaff, for all

"Those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James"?

[illegible]

Shakespeare inspired the warmest admiration and personal affection. Ben Jonson's witness on that score is emphatic. I fear that the desire to drag down Shakespeare from his pedestal, and to treat the testimony of his personal friends as that of lying rogues, is due to that antipathy to the actor's calling which has its eccentric manifestations even to this day. Some people, I believe, are spiritually comforted by the notion that the plays which they misread at home, but [illegible]

HENRY IRVING.

THE TEMPEST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*
PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to* PROSPERO.

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, *Nymphs, Reapers,* } *Spirits.*

Other Spirits attending on PROSPERO.

SCENE,—*The Sea, with a Ship: afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea.—A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter a Shipmaster *and a* Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain,—

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Master. Good: Speak to the mari
to't yarely, or we run ourselves
bestir, bestir.

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly
my hearts; yare, yare: take in the
Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou
burst thy wind, if room enough!

— SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO,

the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

comfort from this fellow:

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-
[*A cry within.*] A plague upon this
They are louder than the weather,
fice.—

SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

n? what do you here? Shall we give
drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

A

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold: set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chapp'd rascal;—Would thou mightst lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within.*]—Mercy on us! We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!—

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island; before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast [not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it, [else
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou mayst.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess; no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we that we came from thence;
Or blessed was't, we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl;
By foul play as thou say'st, were we heaved
thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Mira. O, my he
To think o' the teen that I have tur
Which is from my remembrance !
further.
Pro. My brother, and thy u
Antonio—

I pray thee, mark me.
Mira. O good sir, I do.
Pro. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all [dedicate

lorded,

He was the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,

With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost hear?
Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
Pro. To have no screen between this part he
play'd

Mira.
Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then
If this might be a brother. [tell me,
Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:

rther,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this
Were most impertinent. [story
Mira. Wherefore did they not,
y us?
Well demanded, wench;
s that question. Dear, they
t;
my people bore me) nor set
on the business; but
r painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;

To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold: set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

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I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
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Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

Pro. The hour's now come;
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A time before we came unto this cell? [not
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it for, he needs will be

Mira.
Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.
Mira I should sin

extirpate me and mine

ck, for pity!
ried out then,
a hint,

fear a little further,
the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mira. Wherefore did they not,
ar, destroy us?
Well demanded, wench;
provokes that question. Dear, they
durst not;
the love my people bore me) nor set
so bloody on the business, but

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mira. How came we ashore?
Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions,
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.
[MIRANDA *sleeps*.
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul,
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair),
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here!
Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,

Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? No more!

promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st
It much to tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot he
Ari. No, sir.
Pro. Thou hast: Where was s born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pro. Oh, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,

to act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand 'hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born,) not honour'd with

Yes: Caliban her son.
ng, I say so; he, that Caliban,
ep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts

The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, master.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master:

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?
Pro. Go, make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;

[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pro. Shake it off; Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

ness for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er.

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have used thee, [thee
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour [savage,
One thing or other: when thou didst not,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race, [good natures
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse; the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!
[*Exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist,)
Foot it featly here and there;
And sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Bur, *Bowgh, wowgh,* [*Dispersedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
Bur, *Bowgh, wowgh.* [*Dispersedly.*
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[Burden, *ding-dong.*
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father :—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes :—I hear it now above me.

[illegible]

As we have, such : This gallant, which thou

[illegible]

And strays about to find them.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine ; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. It goes on, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it :—Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure the goddess
On whom these airs attend !—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island ;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here : My prime request,

[illegible]

I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How ! the best ?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

[illegible]

Alack, for mercy !
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords : the Duke of

[illegible]

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This

Is the third man that e'er I saw ; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for : pity move my father
To be inclined my way !
Fer. O, if a virgin,

[illegible]

thee,

[illegible]

[*To* FERD.
Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :
Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled : Follow.
Fer. No ;
I will resist such entertainment, till
[*He draws.*
[illegible] father,

[illegible] I say,
My foot my tutor ! Put thy sword up, traitor ;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward;

[illegible] her !
[illegible] ty ;
I'll be his surety.
Pro. Silence ! one word more
[illegible] if not hate thee.
[illegible] hush !
[illegible] more such shapes
(wench !
[illegible] Caliban : Foolish
[illegible] Caliban,
[illegible] My affections
Are then most humble ; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*To* FERD.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.
Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To* FERD. *and* MIR.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To* ARIEL.
Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir,—
Seb. One:—Tell.
Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—
Seb. A dollar.
Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.
Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
Gon. Therefore, my lord,—
Ant. Fye, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
Alon. I pr'ythee spare.
Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?
Seb. The old cock.
Ant. The cockrel.
Seb. Done: the wager?
Ant. A laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—
Seb. Ha, ha, ha!
Ant. So, you've paid.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
Seb. Yet,—
Adr. Yet,—
Ant. He could not miss it.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in't.
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—
Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dyed, than stained with salt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?
Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.
Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.
Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.
Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas

Adr. Carthage?

Gon.

Ant.

Seb.

Ant.

eary next?

Seb. I think he will carry his pocket, and give it his so

Ant. And, sowing the k sea, bring forth more islands

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon.

The stom

I saw him beat the surges under him,

great loss; [daughter,
That would not bless our Europe with your
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd

self

dience, at

We have lost your son,

Gon. My lord Sebastian,

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic

And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,

...ho are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL *invisible, playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALON. SEB. *and* ANT.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: [I find
They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy.—

[ALONSO *sleeps. Exit* ARIEL.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink! I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No [more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open, standing, speaking, mov- [ing,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; [wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only)
The king, his son's alive: 'tis as impossible
That he's undrown'd as he that sleeps here [swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born [chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And, by that, destined to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis:
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*
Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience—
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feel not
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like; whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Seb. O, but one word.
[*They converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep the king.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They wake.*
Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done: [*Aside.*
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*
A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,

And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind; yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, *Go, hang:*
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort.

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh! [*Drinks.*

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs: who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon; I know it by thy trembling;
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be—But he is drowned; and these are devils: Oh! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed: How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for f

And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano
two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me

Ste. How did
thou hither? sw
cam'st hither.
which the sailor
bottle! which I
with mine own hands,

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy

canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore
thee;
My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog and
bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book. I

good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the
island;
And kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god 's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I

Ste. C

Trin.

puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink; An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll
pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

bring thee where

Ste. I pr'ythee now lead the way, without

[*Sings drunkenly.*

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;
'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and
their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

And makes my labours pleasures Oh, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;

baseness
Had never like executor. I forget: [labours;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
Most busy, least when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

Mira. Alas, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours against.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your 'hest to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
ndeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women: never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex! no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,—
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,—
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my sou
speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to thi
sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grac
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not off
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is triflin
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cu
ning;
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: a
now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousan

[*Exeunt* FERD. *and* MIR

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Ex*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO; CALIBA
following with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out,
will drink water; not a drop before: therefo
bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monst
drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of t
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were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard. [standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list;

thou

lick

thy shoe.

ar

de

coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a

will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a

Ste. Mum, then, and no more.—[*To* CALIBAN.] Proceed.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed?

patch!—

Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger; interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

, what did I? I did nothing. off.

thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them

As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
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Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no

thy shoe.
I'll not serve him; he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I today? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a should be such a natural!

pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stan

Cal.
tyrant;
cheated

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;

patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger; interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,

As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen;—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me: that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster, we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find: and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope. [*Aside to* SEB.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly. [*Aside to* ANT.

Ant. [*Aside to* SEB.] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to* ANT.] I say to-night; no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange* Shapes, *bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation, and inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? My good friends hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery: now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*

Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them

ministers

The powers, delaying, not forgetting have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures.
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,

and mows, and carry out the table.

Pro [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,

May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austerely punished you.

Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit, then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: *go, bring the rabble,*
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come* and *go,*
And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so;*
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow:
Do you love me, master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir.
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel: bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,
Which spongy April at thy 'hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid. I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Jun.—Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer.—Earth's increase, and foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you
Ceres' blessing

Fer. This is a most
Harmonious charming
To think these spirits
Pro.
I have from their con
My present fancies.
Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise.
[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*
Pro. Sweet now, silence,

A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,

Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pro. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

we wish your peace.
[*Exeunt.*
Pro. Come, with a thought:—I thank you;
—Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy

drinking:

ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted u ses

hey smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
t, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
th'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
ich enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
he filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
ere dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
rstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
y shape invisible retain thou still:
e trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
r stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
rture can never stick; on whom my pains,
imanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost:
id as, with age, his body uglier grows,
his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

ven to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

ROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* ALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Iear a footfall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a armless fairy, has done little better than layed the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I hould take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good, my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore speak softly,
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery.—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, *in shape of hounds, and hunt them about.* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

Ari. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

Pro. *Fury, Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!
[CAL., STE., *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes; and* ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human

tian,— [strong,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive
thee, [ing

And
Do
Wh
By r
Wh

[*Exit* ARIEL.
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In the cowslip's bell I lie.
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on th

ro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;
yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
ere shalt thou find the mariners asleep
der the hatches; the master and the boatswain
ng awake, enforce them to this place;
d presently, I pr'ythee.
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
habits here. Some heavenly power guide us
t of this fearful country!
Pro. Behold, sir king,
e wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
r more assurance that a living prince
oes now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
nd to thee and thy company I bid
hearty welcome.
Alon. Whether thou beest he or no,
r some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
s late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
eats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
he affliction of my mind amends, with which,
fear, a madness held me: this must crave,—
n if this be at all,—a most strange story.
hy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
hou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?
Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.
Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.
Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends, all:— [*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT.
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.
Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*
Pro. No:——
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pro. I am woe for't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss?
Pro. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter!
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these [lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely [landed,
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing:
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discover
FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have cursed them without cause.
[FERD. *kneels to* ALON.

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise and say how thou cam'st here.
Mira. O, wonder!

wast at play?

I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,

But O, how oddly will it sound !
Must ask my child forgiveness
Pro.
Let us not burden our rememb
With a heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue

[*Aside.*

fares

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphe

That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely

Ari. Sir, all this service

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And,—how, we know not,—all clapp'd under hatches, [noises

Ari. Was't well done?
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free. } *Aside.*
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my liege,

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.
Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord Antonio!
Will money buy them?
Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robb'd me: and this demi-devil,—
For he's a bastard one,—had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?
Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.
Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?
Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah!
Ste. I should have been a sore one then.
Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to* CALIBAN.
Pro. He is as disproportioned in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!
Pro. Go to; away!
Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
Seb. Or stole it, rather.
[*Exeunt* CAL., STE., *and* TRIN
Pro. Sir, I invite your highness and your trai
To my poor cell: where you shall take your res
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll wast
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shal make it
Go quick away,—the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belovèd solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet afar off.—My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*Aside.*] Pleas you, draw near. [*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,—
Which is most faint: now 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair
Unless I be relieved by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to* SILVIA.
VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen of Verona.*
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, *Father to* PROTEUS.
THURIO, *a foolish Rival to* VALENTINE.
EGLAMOUR, *Agent for* SILVIA *in her escape.*
SPEED, *a clownish Servant to* VALENTINE.
LAUNCE, *Servant to* PROTEUS.
PANTHINO, *Servant to* ANTONIO.

Host, where JULIA *lodges in Milan.*
Outlaws.

JULIA, *a Lady of Verona, beloved by* PROTEUS.
SILVIA, *the Duke's daughter, beloved by* VALENTINE.
LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to* JULIA.

Servants. Musicians.

SCENE,—*Sometimes in* VERONA; *sometimes in* MILAN; *and on the frontiers of* MANTUA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open place in* VERONA.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Prote
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet yo
Pro. Ov
bo
Val. No :
Pro.
Val. To
w

Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading

Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought:
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you. Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then, my horns are his horns whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay; that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour!

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged you were best stick her?

Pro. Nay; in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir; less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, [your lover.
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?

Speed. [*Nodding.*] Ay.

Pro. Nod—Ay—why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, Ay.

Pro. And that set together is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly: having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: what said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—*Take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master. [wreck,

Pro. Go, go; begone, to save your ship from
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Garden of* JULIA'S *House.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. C
That ev
In thy c

Luc.
Accordi

Jul

Luc.
But, we

Jul.

Luc.

Jul.

Luc.

Jul.

Luc.
That I, unworthy body as I am,

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul.

Luc.

Jul.
moved me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that is closest kept burns most of all

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
[*Gives a letter.*

Jul. [*reads*] '*To Julia,*'—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

... trust me, tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place
There, take the paper; see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

What is 't you took up

Nothing.

Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul And is that paper nothing?

rhyme.

sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul Let's see your song.—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sh

Jul. You, minion, are too

Luc. Nay, now you are t

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant;
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
And here is writ—*kind Julia*;—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus*:—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss,
But twice or thrice was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia; that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What! shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;
Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.

Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come; wilt please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me to impórtune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest execution
I will dispatch him to the emperor' court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go.
And—in good time;—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O that our fathers would applaud our loves,

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-beloved

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers no.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—MILAN. *An apartment in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed [*Picking up a glove.*] Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

this

it's

via I

dam

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair [illegible]

Speed.

Val

Speed. [illegible]
favoured.

Val. I mean that her beau[illegible] but
her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love: for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them;—
Peace; here she comes.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, give you good even!—Here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him. [*Aside.*

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant; 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet;—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them. [*Gives back the letter.*

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over;
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.
And so good morrow, servant. [*Exit* SILVIA.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weather-cock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia?

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.
Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.
Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.
Val. I would it w
Speed. I'll warran
For often you have
modesty,
Or else for want of
reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her

moved, be moved.

SCENE II.—VERONA. *A Room in* *House.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Julia, farewell.—What! gone wit

SCENE III.—*The same.* *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog*

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my

more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grand-

is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing;*—now

Pan. Launce, away, away aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter! why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide if you

Pan. In thy tail?
Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service? The tide! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am a[illegible] fill it

with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—MILAN. *An Apartment in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus—for that's his name—
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word,—for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,—
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wished a thing it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth;
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:
I'll send him hither to you presently.
[*Exit* DUKE.

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchised them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.



Photo L. Caswall Smith London.

Prospero in "The Tempest" (Mr William Haviland).

"Now does my project gather to a head"

Act V., Sc. I, p 20



[illegible]

Julia in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" (Miss Thirza Norman).

"But shall I hear him speak?"

Act IV., Sc. II., p. 42.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro

Ser.

Sil.

Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome.
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done we look to hear from you.

Pro.

Val.

Pro.
Val.
Pro.
Val.

Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world; why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel

Pro. I will— [*Exit* VAL.

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will:
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you madcap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of fivepence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How, then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What! are they broken?

Laun. No; they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do, too; look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed. [one

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is al

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; i he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and sa nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secre from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. Bu Launce, how say'st thou—that my master i become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber as thou reporte him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mi takest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee, I mea thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee I care not though l burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with n to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebre a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christiar

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much chari in thee as to go to the ale with a Christia Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeu*

SCENE VI.—*The same. An Apartment i the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forswo
To love fair Silvia shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forswo
And even that power which gave me first my o
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswe
O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty-thousand-soul-confirming oaths
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should lov
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.

SCENE VII.—VERONA. *A Room in* JULIA'S *House.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. C

Pity the

Luc.
But qu
Lest it s
Jul.

The cur
Thou k

But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge

piece, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deserve my love by loving him,

d presently go with me to my chamber,
take a note of what I stand in need of
furnish me upon my longing journey.
l that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
y goods, my lands, my reputation;
nly, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
ome, answer not, but to it presently;
am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—MILAN. *An Ante-room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
Ve have some secrets to confer about.
[*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would [discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from [me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.
Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,—
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be conveyed away.
Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a [mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.
Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.
Duke. Nay, then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentle- [man
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherished by her child-like duty,
I am now full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possession she esteems not.
Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?
Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,—
For long agone I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;—
How and which way I may bestow myself.
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Val. A woman sometimes sec
Send her another; never give he
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,

Advise me where I may have such a ladder
Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
ling, that thither them impor-
re that with such grace hath
em,
do want my servants' fortune:
r they are sent by me,
I harbour where their lord
e.

But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit* DUKE.
Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?

And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

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That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherished by her child-like duty,
I am now full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possession she esteems not.
Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?
Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,—
For long agone I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;—
How and which way I may bestow myself.
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse whatever she doth say:

Duke. But she I mean is promised by her

O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
do want my servants' fortune:
r they are sent by me,
I harbour where their lord
e.

What's here?

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.
Laun. So-ho! so-ho!
Pro. What seest thou?
Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine.
Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing. [strike?
Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I
Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?
Laun. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear. [you,—
Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray
Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word. [good news,
Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine. [me!—
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn
What is your news?
Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd. [news;
Pro. That thou art banished; O, that's the
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,—
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force,—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.
Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour. [help
Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst no
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here though thou art hence
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.
Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see my boy, [gat
Bid him make haste and meet me at the nort
Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Com Valentine.
Val. O my dear Silvia, hapless Valentine!
[*Exeunt* VAL. *and* PR

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet have the wit to think my master is a kind knave: but that's all one if he be but one knav He lives not now that knows me to be in love yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall n pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, an yet 'tis a woman: but what woman I will n tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet ' not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 'tis maid, for she is her master's maid, and serv for wages. She hath more qualities than water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Chris tian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a pape* of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch an carry.* Why, a horse can do no more: nay, horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk* look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clea hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce? what new with your mastership?
Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at se
Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake th word.
What news, then, in your paper? [heard's
Laun. The blackest news that ever tho
Speed. Why, man, how black?
Laun. Why, as black as ink.
Speed. Let me read them. [rea
Laun. Fie on thee, jolthead; thou canst n
Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed.

Laun.

thy grand

not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed.

Laun.

when she

Speed.

Laun.

virtues;

Laun.

a breakfa

Speed.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*—

Laun More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed.—*And more faults than hairs,*—

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Laun. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO; PROTEUS *behind.*

Duke Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company and rail'd at me,

nw, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
ng to our proclamation, gone?
Gone, my good lord.
. My daughter takes his going grievously.
A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
;, the good conceit I hold of thee.—
u hast shown some sign of good desert,—
me the better to confer with thee.
Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
not live to look upon your grace. [effect
e. Thou know'st, how willingly I would
atch between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
I do, my lord.
ke. And also I think, thou art not ignorant
she opposes her against my will.
. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
ke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
might we do to make the girl forget
ove of Valentine and love Sir Thurio?
. The best way is to slander Valentine
falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
things that women highly hold in hate.
ke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
efore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
ne whom she esteemeth as his friend. [him.
ke. Then you must undertake to slander
. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
an ill office for a gentleman;
cially against his very friend. [tage him
ke. Where your good word cannot advan-
slander never can endamage him;
efore, the office is indifferent,
g entreated to it by your friend. [it
. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do
ught that I can speak in his dispraise,
shall not long continue love to him.
say this weed her love from Valentine,
llows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
u. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him.
it should ravel, and be good to none,
must provide to bottom it on me:
ch must be done by praising me as much
ou in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
ke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
use we know, on Valentine's report,
are already love's firm votary,
cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
n this warrant shall you have access
re you with Silvia may confer at large;
she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her by your persuasi
To hate young Valentine and love my friend
Pro. As much as I can do I will effect:—
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows
Duke. Ay, much the force of heaven-b poesy.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beaut
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your he
Write till your ink be dry; and with your te
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sine
Whose golden touch could soften steel stones.
Make tigers tame and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands
After your dire lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert: to their instrume
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead sile
Will well become such sweet complaining gr ance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
Duke. This discipline shows thou hast b in love. [practi
Thu. And thy advice this night I'll pu
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giv
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in mus
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen. [sup
Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon
[*Exe*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest near* MANTUA.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passen
2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but d with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
1 *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enen
2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man. [lose;

1 *Out.* What! were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence? [hearse;
Val. For that which now torments me to re-
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;

For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
1 *Out.* And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults
That they may hold excused our lawless lives,—

man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consórt?

SCENE II.—MILAN. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,

before us? [love
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that
Will creep in service where it cannot go. [here.
Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Whom? Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia—for your sake. [men,
Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentle-
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter HOST, *at a distance, and* JULIA, *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
Host. Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring

you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
  That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
  The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
  For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia, let us sing,
  That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
  Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, man! the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How! out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music.

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I'll tell you what, Launce, his man, told me he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* THURIO *and Musicians.*

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed,
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seducèd by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried. [*Aside.*

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betrothed. And art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. [*Aside.*

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdúrate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love;
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow:
And to your shadow I will make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PRO.; *and* SIL., *from above.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

[illegible]

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

[illegible]

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,

[illegible]

d with

[illegible] plagues.

[illegible]

As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,

[illegible]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, *with his dog.*

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy: one that I saved [illegible]

knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffer'd for't. thou thinkest not of [illegible]

woman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.
Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I can.
Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant? [*To* LAUNCE.
Where have you been these two days loitering?
Laun. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.
Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?
Laun. Marry, she says your dog was a cur; and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.
Pro. But she received my dog?
Laun. No, indeed, she did not; here have I brought him back again.
Pro. What! didst thou offer her this from me?
Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.
Pro. Go, get thee hence and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say. Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame.
[*Exit* LAUNCE.
astian, I have entertain'd thee,
artly that I have need of such a youth
hat can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which—if my augury deceive me not—
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.
Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.
Pro. Not so: I think she lives.
Jul. Alas!
Pro. Why dost thou cry, Alas!
Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.
Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, Alas!
Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.
[*Exit* PROTEUS.
Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs;
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I—unhappy messenger—
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refused;
To praise his faith, which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true confirmèd love,
But cannot be true servant to my master
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. Oh!—he sends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
[*Picture brought.*
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Delivered you a paper that I should not.
This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper. [ring.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath for-

And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears

Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewe

Jul.

Here is her picture. Let me see; I think,

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine.

Enter SILVIA.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. An Apartment in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

er.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat
Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one. [black.
Thu. Nay, then, the wanton lies; my face is

eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on

side

Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill when you talk of war.
Thu. But well when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well derived.
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
nd Eglamour is in her company.
is true; for Friar Lawrence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence:
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*
Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Frontiers of* MANTUA. *The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA, *and* Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Come, come;
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?
2 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled.
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.
1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What halloing and what stir is this to-day!
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here? [*Steps aside.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,—
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,—
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [*Aside.*
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,

I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge how I love Valentine,

death,

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me. [two,
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love,
Who respects friends?
Sil. All men but Proteus.

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,—
For such is a friend now;—treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. N
I have one friend alive; thou
me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.—
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleased;

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what
Look up; speak.

Pro. How! let me see:

my depart

heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect. that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all th' sins:

Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I have mine.

Enter Outlaws, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else brace thy death;

me not within the measure of my wrath:
› not name Silvia thine; if once again,
lan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
ke but possession of her with a touch;—
lare thee but to breathe upon my love.—
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
iold him but a fool that will endanger
s body for a girl that loves him not:
laim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
› make such means for her as thou hast done,
id leave her on such slight conditions.—
ow, by the honour of my ancestry,
lo applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
id think thee worthy of an empress' love.
now then, I here forget all former griefs,
ıncel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
ead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
› which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
hou art a gentleman, and well derived;
ake thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.
Val. I thank your grace: the gift hath made me happy.
now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
o grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kep withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reform'd, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee;
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I'll tell you, as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus: 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.
[*Exeunt.*



From the painting by Ed. Grützner *Photo. Berlin Photographic Co. London.*

Falstaff ("The Merry Wives of Windsor").

Falstaff "Myself and skirted page."

Act I, Sc. III, p

Two Gentlemen of Verona").
from e ther."

Act v, Sc. ii, p. 47



MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
SHALLOW, *a Country Justice.*
SLENDER, *Cousin to* SHALLOW.
MR. FORD, } *two Gentlemen dwelling at*
MR. PAGE, } *Windsor.*
WILLIAM PAGE, *a boy, Son to* MR. PAGE.
SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh Parson.*
DR. CAIUS, *a French Physician.*
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } *Followers of* FALSTAFF.
NYM, }

ROBIN, *Page to* FALSTAFF.
SIMPLE, *Servant to* SLENDER.
RUGBY, *Servant to* DR. CAIUS.

MRS. FORD.
MRS. PAGE.
MRS. ANNE PAGE, *her Daughter, in love with* FENTON.
MRS. QUICKLY, *Servant to* DR. CAIUS.

Servants to PAGE, FORD, *&c.*

SCENE,—WINDSOR; *and the parts adjacent.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—WINDSOR. *Before* PAGE'S *House.*

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it; if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

[illegible]

Shal. Ay, that we do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

[illegible]

in my simple conjectures: but this is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot; the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again,

[illegible]

is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

[illegible]

[penny

her father is make her a petter

the young gentlewoman

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for Master Page. What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow: and here young Master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed:—How doth good Mistress Page?—and I love you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsale.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess; you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault; 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog. Can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath;—at a word he hath;—believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—That is now answered.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John, goot worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;* slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—Master Page, *fidelicit*, Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicit*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot. I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam!—what phrase is this, *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me: that is the very note of it.

[illegible]

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mrs. ANNE PAGE *with wine, Mrs.* FORD *and Mrs* PAGE *following.*

Page Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* ANNE PAGE.

[illegible]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[illegible]

must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a [illegible]

[illegible]

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says:

[illegible]

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon [illegible]

[illegible]

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another. I hope, upon [illegible]

[illegible]

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well. [illegible]

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, [illegible]

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

[illegible]

[illegible] Will't please your worship to come in, sir? [illegible]

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, [illegible]

Anne. The dinner attends you, [illegible]

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I [illegible]

Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you; I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them [talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it that it passed:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be-gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the* GARTER INN.

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a-week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word: follow. [*Exit* HOST.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him: a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol. Indeed I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of

her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's.*

[illegible]

boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

[illegible]

bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana,

[illegible]

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

[illegible]

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will in-

[illegible]

of mien is

[illegible]

onterts: I

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Dr.* CAIUS'S *House.*

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* RUGBY.

[illegible]

rant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his

[illegible]

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

[illegible]

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here,

[illegible]

Enter Dr. CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd;* a box, a green-a box. Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket: *depeche,* quickly:—Vere is dat knave, Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John?

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villany! *larron!* [*Pulling* SIMPLE *out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell?

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—but notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house: and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself:—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge; I will cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog.

[*Exit* SIMPLE.

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I will kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate. What, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to de court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? How does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before* PAGE's *House.*

... as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house!

..., I was coming to ... r believe that; I ... you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O, Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

... like Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I

... of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, un... kn w some

strain in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, *and* NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.—
Away, Sir Corporal Nym.——
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit* PISTOL.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true [*to* PAGE]. I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours; I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit* NYM.

Page. *The humour of it,* quotha! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian though the priest of the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow. Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home; go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George? Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight. [*Aside to Mrs.* FORD.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets of her more than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the

Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

...with you.

Host.

Shal.

...on, hearts?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more.

...make you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt* HOST, SHAL., *and* PAGE.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason. Think'st

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn, as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word

... I'll

...;—I

...myself

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray ur worship come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee nobody hears;—mine n people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and ake them his servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, rd! your worship's a wanton. Well, heaven rgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of ; you have brought her into such a canaries as is wonderful. The best courtier of them all, hen the court lay at Windsor, could never have rought her to such a canary. Yet there has been nights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their oaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter fter letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk) and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk nd gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and t there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: but I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil, modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to [illegible] her husband [illegible] and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.——This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt* QUICKLY *and* ROBIN.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights; give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit* PISTOL.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack! go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir. Would you speak with [me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I

[illegible]

be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing

[illegible]

into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town,

[illegible]

only bought many presents to give her, but have

[illegible]

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a pur- [pose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this

[illegible]

generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

[illegible]

self very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come

[illegible]

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with

[illegible]

you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment: even as you came in to me her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: Master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!——Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass! he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous! I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour:—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Windsor Park.*

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian King Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six, or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions; is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodikins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out my finger itches to make one: though we are justices and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home.

valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman:——Scurvy jack-dog pr

de

wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Sim. Marry, sir, the city-ward, the park-

how full of cholers I am,
—I shall be glad if he
w melancholies I am!—
s about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the 'ork—'pless my soul! [*Sings.*

> To shallow rivers, to whose falls
> Melodious birds sing madrigals;
> There will we make our peds of roses,
> And a thousand fragrant posies.
> To shallow——

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

> Melodious birds sing madrigals—
> When as I sat in Pabylon——
> And a thousand vagram posies.
> To shallow——

Sim. Yonder he is, coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Field near Frogmore.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity

years and up-
his

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder;—here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or another make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him to kill him, have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial, so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentl men, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHAL., SLEN., PAGE, *and* HOS

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have y make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vloutin stog,—I desire you that we may be friends; ar let us knog our prains together, to be reven on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companio the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promi to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he d ceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pr you, follow. [*Exeun*

SCENE II.—*The Street in Windsor.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little ga lant; you were wont to be a follower, but no you are a leader. Whether had you rather lea mine eyes or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before yo like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whithe go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. I she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang to gether, for want of company; I think, if you husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other hus bands. [cock

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dicken his name is my husband had him off: Wha do you call your knight's name, sirrah!

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and

Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, *Sir* HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells

the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHAL. *and* SLEN.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

Host. Farewell, my hearts, I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit* HOST.

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* FORD'S *House.*

Enter Mrs. FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

Enter Servants, *with a basket.*

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

alone. Mrs. Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we'll teach him to know [illegible] from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, *my heavenly jewel?* Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mrs. Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish. I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckler's-bury in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love Mrs. Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mrs. Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.— [FALSTAFF *hides himself.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion!—out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aside.*]—'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis more certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pounds he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather;* your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John

[*Exit* ROBIN. *Re-enter* Servants.] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why, then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I ...

... jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 't ... it is not jealous in F...

Page. Nay, follow ... issue of his search.

[*Exeunt* ...

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

...

into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: maybe the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace:—You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

...

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner:— ...

... we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, Master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, wit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* PAGE'S *House.*

Enter FENTON *and Mrs.* ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,——
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. Maybe he tells you true?

Fent. No; heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then.—Hark you hither.
[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* *Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't; 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No; she shall not dismay me. I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye: Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year! [*Aside.*

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz; I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender.

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle have made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can. You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and* *Mrs.* PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.
[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHAL., *and* SLEN.

Quick. Speak to Mrs. Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowled to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;
Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.
[*Exeunt* *Mrs.* PAGE *and* ANNE.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune !

of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses. What a beast am I to slack it ! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack ; pu toast in 't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I lived to carried in a basket, like a barrow of butch offal ; and to be thrown into the Tham Well, if I be served such another trick, have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind

Bard. With eggs, sir?

full of lord.

it, that it
er husband
lesires you
once more to come to her between eight and nine ; I must carry her word quickly : she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her. Tell her so ; and bid her think what a man is : let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st [thou?

well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir !

Fal. Now, Master Brook ? you come to know

l-favouredly, Master Brook.
so, sir? Did she change her

No, Master Brook ; but the peaking cor-

vention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook; I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that: that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half-stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, Master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! thi 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I wil proclaim myself what I am: I will now take th lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into halfpenny purse nor into a pepper box; but, les the devil that guides him should aid him, I wi search impossible places. Though what I am cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not sha not make me tame; if I have horns to mak one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll b horn mad. [*Exi*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's alread think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this; or will be pr sently: but truly he is very courageous ma about his throwing into the water. Mistre Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I' but bring my young man here to school. Lool where his master comes; 'tis a playing day, I se

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; Master Slender is let the bo leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says m son profits nothing in the world at his book; pray you ask him some questions in his accidenc

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up yo head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up yo head; answer your master; be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in noun

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been o number more; because they say od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is *fai* William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things th polecats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity, 'oman; pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*: I pray you rememb in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

[Exit FALSTAFF.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I war-

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O—vocativo, O.

Eva. Remember, William, focative is caret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—horum, harum, horum.

... kies, your kas, and your cods, you must be preeches. Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [Exit Sir HUGH.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Room in* FORD'S *House.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* Mrs. FORD.

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home beside yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly;—Speak louder. [Aside.

Mrs. Page. Truly I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in

How ... m into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas! three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that ... otherwise you might slip ... But what make you here? ... do?—I'll creep up into

Mrs. Ford. There they always used to discharge their birding pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note. There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrummed hat, and her muffle too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John. Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness is he; and he talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again to meet him at the door with it as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.*

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mrs. FORD, *with two* Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch. [*Exit.*

1 Serv. Come, come, take it up.

2 Serv. Pray heaven it be not full of the knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife.—You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gin, a pack, a conspiracy against me. Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well: indeed.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah.

[*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? Let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket. Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true: my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Brentford.

Ford A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do

——Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF *in women's clothes, led by Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat, come; give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *prat* her:——Out of my door, you witch, [*beats him*] you rag, you

you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a

pitifully.

two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period to the jest should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* FORD'S *House.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

one of the best discretions of a

r I did look upon.

did he send you both these letters

Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Pardon me, wife. Henceforth, do what thou wilt;

will suspect the sun with cold

hee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,

Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.
Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.
Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at *midnight*; fie, fie; he'll never come.
Eva. You say he has been thrown into the rivers; and has been grievously peaten as an old 'oman; methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.
Page. So think I too. [when he comes,
Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him
And let us two devise to bring him thither.
Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner: [know
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth. [fear
Page. Why, yet there want not many that do
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
·ut what of this?
. *Ford.* Marry, this is our device;
'alstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
sed, like Herne, with huge horns on his head. [come,
·. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll
: this shape. When you have brought him thither,
shall be done with him? what is your plot?
. *Page.* That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
'age my daughter, and my little son,
iree or four more of their growth, we'll dress [white,
irchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and
rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
ittles in their hands; upon a sudden,
lstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
em from forth a saw-pit rush at once
ome diffused song; upon their sight
o in great amazedness will fly:
let them all encircle him about,
iiry-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
sk him why that hour of fairy revel
ir so sacred paths he dares to tread
pe profane.
Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.
Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.
Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this or they'll ne'er do't.
Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.
Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards. [all the fairies,
Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of
Finely attired in a robe of white. [time
Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away. [*Aside.*
And marry her at Eton.——Go, send to Falstaff straight. [Brook;
Ford. Nay, I'll to him again, in name o
He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.
Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.
Eva. Let us about it. It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.
[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS.
Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs.* FORD.
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good-will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST *and* SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.
Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.
Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee. Knock, I say.
Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.
Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be



Photo. Hills & Saunders Oxford.

Anne Page in "Merry Wives of Windsor" (Miss Lilian Braithwaite)

"Will it please your worship to come in, sir?"

Act i., Sc. i., p. 52.

I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON *and* HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,—
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,—
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter
That neither, singly, can be manifested
Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest [*Showing the letter.*
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host,
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen:
The purpose why is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor:—Now thus it rests;
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,—
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,—
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling:—go.—I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain: and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs.* QUICKLY

Enter FORD.

How now, Master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed.

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave

Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Windsor Park.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another; I come to her in white and cry *mum;* she cries *budget;* and by that we know one another.

[illegible]

will become it well. Heaven prosper our [illegible]

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* [illegible]

troop of furies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze [illegible]

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Windsor Park.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *and* Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter FALSTAFF *disguised, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that in some respects [illegible]

A fault done first in the form of a beast:—O [illegible]

can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the [illegible]

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of con- [illegible] a true [illegible] *within.*

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page. } Away, away. [*They run off.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cr[illegible] thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *like a satyr; Mrs.* QUICKLY *and* PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Quick. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die: [eye.
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's *Pede?*—Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower;
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense* write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and white:
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: but, 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay: I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy! lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?
[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

SONG.

Fye on sinful fantasy!
Fye on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

During this song the fairies pinch FALSTAFF. *Doctor* CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away Mrs.* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head and rises.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *and Mrs.* FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now:
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you come; hold up the jest no higher:—
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the [illegible]

[illegible] ment.

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, [illegible]

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand [illegible]

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

[illegible]

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs [illegible] her Master Slender hath married [illegible] Doctors doubt that: if Anne [illegible] daughter, she is by this Doctor [illegible] [*Aside.*

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Who—ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you dispatched?

Slen. Dispatched!—I'll make the best in [illegible]

[illegible] boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong. [illegible] ed you tell me that? I think [illegible] boy for a girl. If I had been [illegible] man's ap- [illegible] Did not [illegible] daughter [illegible] her in white and cried *mum*, [illegible] *dget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

[illegible]

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me:—here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, Mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschewed must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run all sorts of deer are chased.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*
SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, brother to* VIOLA.
ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, friend to* SEBASTIAN.
A SEA CAPTAIN, *friend to* VIOLA.
VALENTINE, } CURIO, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle of* OLIVIA.
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *Steward to* OLIVIA.
FABIAN, } CLOWN, } *Servants to* OLIVIA.

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*
VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*
MARIA, OLIVIA'S *Woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE,—*A City in* ILLYRIA; *and the Sea-coast near it.*

ACT I.

news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,

one self king!—
's of flowers;
n canopied with
[*Exeunt.*

a-coast.

and Sailors.

s, is this?
Illyria, lady.

'd:—What think
[sav'd.
you yourself were
and so perchance,
[with chance,
to comfort you
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,—
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,—
To a strong mast that liv'd upon
Where, like Arion on the dolph

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature
As in his name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him.
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur,—as you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,—that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.
Vio. O that I served that lady!
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is.
Cap. That were hard to compass:
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him;
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his eunuch and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!
Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a-year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystril that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? Castiliano-vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew?

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber maid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew,

here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free. I pray bring your hand to the buttery-bar and drink.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a

canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To.

not curl by

Sir And

does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me; the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I in masques and revels sometimes alto-

o. Art thou good at these kick-shaws,

nd. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he er the degree of my betters; and yet I

leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Val If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord. What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it,
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
know thy constellation is right apt
or this affair:—Some four or five attend him:
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company:—Prosper well in this
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: yet, [*aside*] a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

SCENE V.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

Mar. Nay; either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent: or, to be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so neither: but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue; no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely; you were best. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.——God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patched; virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn r your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take way the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? oth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of eath shake him. Infirmity, that decays the rise, doth ever make the better fool.

[illegible]

ool. [illegible]

[illegible]

tanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, [illegible]

allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

[illegible]

Oli. [illegible]

Mar [illegible]

Oli. [illegible] nothing [illegible]

MARIA [illegible] from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now [illegible] and [illegible]

Cl. [illegible] thy [illegible] Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby, ——

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

[illegible]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he ll speak with you. I told him you were sick; takes on him to understand so much, and erefore comes to speak with you; I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling, when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, be- [illegible]

[illegible] woman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am and what I would are as sacred as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present. Is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you. O, such love
Could be but recompens'd though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant,
And, in dimension and the shape of nature.

And si

ntage?

your

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.

Oli. What is your parentage?

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not

Ant. Alas the day!

her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Scene II.—*A Street.*

Enter Viola; Malvolio *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man;—if it be so,—as 'tis,—
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and Sir* Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st.

Sir And. Nay; by my troth, I know not: but I know to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!——a stoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman. Hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. O, mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith! Come begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

Enter MARIA.

fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. *O, the twelfth day of Dece*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty,

take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. *His eyes do show his days are almost done.*

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. *But I will never die.*

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go?* [*Singing.*

Clo. *What an if you do?*

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go and spare not?*

Clo. *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

Sir To. Out o' tune? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with

thing of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of

love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good-night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good morrow, friends:——
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:——
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* CURIO.—*Music.*
Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *and* CLOWN.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.



Photo. Window & Grove London.

Mrs. Page in "Merry Wives of Windsor" (Miss Ellen Terry)

"Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!"

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than anyone else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby.

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:*—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. *You must amend your drunkenness.*

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. *Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;*

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. *One Sir Andrew:*

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?
[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s. Why that?

Mal. [*reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads.*] *Jove knows I love:*
But who?
Lips do not move,
No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know:*—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. *I may command where I adore:*
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison hath she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel checks at it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation:

[illegible]

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—

[illegible]

for thee. Remember who commen[illegible] stockings, and wished to see the[illegible] gartered. I say, remember. Go[illegible] made, if thou desirest to be so; if[illegible] thee a steward still, the fellow of[illegible] not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

The fortunate unhappy.

Daylight and champian discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason

[illegible]

but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee. Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

[illegible] I too.

[illegible] no other dowry with her

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

[illegible] such a [illegible] s him, [illegible] k upon [illegible] e. [illegible] of the [illegible] lady; [illegible] s, and [illegible]

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* CLOWN *with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost

[illegible] live by the [illegible], and my [illegible] king lies by a [illegible] r him; or the [illegible] hy tabor stand [illegible]

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one: though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin: I might say element; but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi: votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: but we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you.

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant,* and *vouchsafed:*—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir* TO., *Sir* AND., *and* MAR.

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: so let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way due-west.
Vio. Then westward-ho:
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I p

I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom: give thy reason.
F You must needs yield your reason, Sir

nd. Marry, I saw your niece do more
o the count's serving man than ever she
l upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.
Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that
Sir And. As plain as I see you now.
Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?
Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.
Sir To. And they have been grand jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.
Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your

are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a

upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself there is no love-broker in the

world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo.* Go.

[*Exit Sir* ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon gull, Malvolio, is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not by my will have troi
you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your p
I will no further chide you.
Ant. I could not stay behind you; my d
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me f
And not all love to see you,—though so n
As might have drawn one to a longer voya
But jealousy what might befall your trave
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stra
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing lo
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.
Seb. My kind Antoni
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks. Often good
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conscience,
You should find better dealing. What's t
Shall we go see the reliques of this town i
Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, g
your lodging.
Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to r
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fan
That do renown this city.
Ant. Would you'd pardoi
I do not without danger walk these stree
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count
galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scar
answered. [p
Seb. Belike you slew great number
Ant. The offence is not of such a b
nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argumei
It might have since been answered in rep
What we took from them; which, for tr
sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood c
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.
Seb. Do not then walk too o
Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, l
my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet
Whiles you beguile the time and feed
knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall yor

Seb. Why I your purse? [toy

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him. He says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrowed.

[illegible]

Mar. He's coming, madam:

[illegible]

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*

Oli. Smil'st thou?

[illegible]

eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

[illegible]

come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness:*—'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,*—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some achieve greatness,*—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;*—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wished to see thee cross-gartered.*

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so.*—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

[illegible] m, the young gentleman of the [illegible] o's is returned; I could hardly [illegible] back; he attends your ladyship's [illegible]

[illegible] come to him. [*Exit* Servant.]

[illegible], let this fellow be looked to. [illegible] cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends [illegible] stubborn to [illegible] he letter. [illegible] *e opposite* [illegible] *,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;*——and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in [illegible] f some sir of note, and so forth. I [illegible] l her; but it is Jove's doing, and [illegible] me thankful! And, when she [illegible] now, *Let this fellow be looked to* [illegible] ot Malvolio, nor after my degree, [illegible] Why, everything adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with Sir* TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ah! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitched.

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck.

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon the stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay is it, I warrant him; do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. *Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good senseless.

Sir To. *I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,——*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. *Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. Good.

Sir To. *Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*



Phot. Bassano, London.

Viola in "Twelfth Night" (Miss Ada Rehan).

"I am all the daughters of my father's house
And all the brothers too."

Act II., Sc. IV.

Re-enter Sir TOBY *with Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on 't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to* FAB.] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath. [*Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword:—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To* ANTONIO.

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please. [*To Sir* ANDREW.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes from seeking you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something; my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that
you see here
[illegible]
by; away.

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
[illegible]

Vio. Methinks his words do from such
passion fly
That he believes himself; so do not I.
[illegible]

Vio. He named Sebastian; I my brother know
[illegible]

[illegible] more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat [him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An' I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my [illegible] with her; nor [illegible] rio; nor this is [illegible] that is so is so. [illegible] olly somewhere [illegible]

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her [illegible]

—These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

[illegible] REW, *Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

[illegible] ow, sir, have I met you again?
[*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?
[*Beating Sir* ANDREW.

[illegible]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.
[*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst
thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.
[*Draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee,
hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Re-enter Sir TOBY *with Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I ave not seen such a virago. I had a pass with im, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me ne stuck-in with such a mortal motion that it ; inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you s surely as your feet hit the ground they step n. They say he has been fencer to the ophy.

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I have his horse [*to* FAB.] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath. [*Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword:—if this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet (more
Than you have heard him brag to you he wi

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker I a for you. [*Drau*

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here cor the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To* ANTONI

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if y please. [*To Sir* ANDRE'

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that promised you, I'll be as good as my word. I will bear you easily and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favc well, [head.
Though now you have no sea-cap on yc
Take him away; he knows I know him wel

Ant. I must obey.—This comes from seeki you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity [
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It griev
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaze
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away. [mone

Ant. I must entreat of you some of tl

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me he
And part being prompted by your prese trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability [muc
I'll lend you something; my having is r
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me no
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my mise
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkennes
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselve

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here

Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[*Exeunt* Officers *with* ANTO

Vio. Methinks his words do from passion fly

That he believes himself; so do not I.

most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian; I my brother know

Tem

Sir

more

pears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat [him

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An' I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her: nor

themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

REW, *Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

ow, sir, have I met you again? [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.

Are all the people mad?

[*Beating Sir* ANDREW.

[*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*Draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby, on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! Out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario!——
Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* TO., *Sir* AND., *and* FAB.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or am I mad? or else this is a dream:-
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee. Would thou 'dst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit* MARIA.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fat enough to become the function well: nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, *That that is, is:* so I, being master parson, am master parson: for what is that but that? and is but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*In an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows, transparent as barricadoes, and the clear storeys towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.
[*Exeunt Sir* TO. *and* MAR

Clo. *Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,*
Tell me how thy lady does. [*Singing*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Clo. Alas, why is she so?
Mal. Fool, I say;—
Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha?
Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.
Clo. Master Malvolio!

[illegible]

heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.
Mal. Sir Topas,——
Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.
Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—
Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.
Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper; I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.
Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!
Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will [illegible]

[illegible]

paper, and ink.
Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo.
I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman drivel.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

[illegible]

followers,
Take and give back affairs and their despatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

Enter OLIVIA *and a* Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
[illegible]

And heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*The Street before* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter CLOWN *and* FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
Fab. Anything.
Clo. Do not desire to see this le

Fab. That is to give a dog; and in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy [friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex,* sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[*Exit* CLOWN.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well:
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from [Candy:
And this is he that did the Tiger board
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,—
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,—
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,—
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,—
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.——
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness;

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.——Take him aside.
Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
Vio. Madam?
Duke. Gracious Olivia,—
Oli. What do you say, [illegible]

[illegible]

As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What! to perverseness? you [illegible]
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out

[illegible]

And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [*Following.*

[illegible]

Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguiled?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an* Attendant.

Duke. Come away. [*To* VIOLA.
Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband, can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

[illegible]

great as that thou fear'st—O, welcome,

Re-enter Attendant *and* Priest.

[illegible]

Hath newly past between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,

[illegible]

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—
Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby.
Oli. What's the matter?
Sir And. He has broke my head across, and [illegible] for [illegible] than [illegible] one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.
Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?
Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.
Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:

You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *drunk, led by the* CLOWN.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him. Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[*Exeunt* CLOWN, *Sir* TO., *and Sir* AND.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me
Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* VI
What countryman? what name? what parent

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my fa
Such a Sebastian was my brother too;
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indee
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viol

Vio. My father had a mole upon his br

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola fro birth
Had numbered thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul
He finished, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen yea

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and ju
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden's weeds; by whose g
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count;
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lor

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been took: [*To* OL
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a mai
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived
You are betroth'd both to a maid and ma

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wre
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand tim [*To* V
Thou never shouldst love woman like to

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-s
And all those swearings keep as true in s
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy
And let me see thee in thy woman's weed

Vio. The captain that did bring me fi shore [a
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit;
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Ma hither:—

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter CLOWN, *with a letter.*

have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.
The madly used MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?
Clo. Ay, madam.

Your master's mistress.
Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?
Oli. Ay, my lord, this same;
How now, Malvolio?

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice has most shrewdly pass'd upon thee·
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon*

them. I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*—But do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged.* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come:
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.
[*Exeunt.*

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their g
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every d
[

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VICENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*
ANGELO, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord, joined with* ANGELO *in the Deputation.*

PROVOST.
THOMAS, } *two Friars.*
PETER, }
A JUSTICE.
ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*

FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*
CLOWN, *Servant to* MRS. OVERDONE.
ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *Sister to* CLAUDIO.
MARIANA, *betrothed to* ANGELO.
JULIET, *beloved by* CLAUDIO.
FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a Bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE,—VIENNA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

ech

s,

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamped upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and preparéd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd

And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me;—'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be [found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Monastery.*

Enter DUKE *and Friar* THOMAS.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,—
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,—
My absolute power and place here in Vienna
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting [laws,—
The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,—
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep,
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Nunnery.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votaries of St. Clare.

Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress; [face;
Then, if you speak, you must not show your

)r, if you show your face, you must not speak.
le calls again; I pray you answer him.
[*Exit* FRANCISCA.

greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! For what?
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio.

Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as schoolmaids change their names
By vain though apt affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isab. O, let him marry her!
Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;

Governs Lord Angelo: a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense.

Already; and, as
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good.
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power! alas, I doubt,—

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *a* JUSTICE, PROVOST, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape till custom make it
perch, and not their terror.
al. Ay, but yet
s be keen, and rather cut a little
fall and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,—
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,—
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny.
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor; let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit* PROVOST.

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemnéd for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, CLOWN, Officers, *&c.*

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know n well what they are: but precise villains th are, that I am sure of; and void of all profar tion in the world that good Christians ought have. [offic

Escal. This comes off well; here's a w

Ang. Go to;—what quality are they c Elbow is your name? Why dost thou i speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-baw one that serves a bad woman; whose hou sir, was, as they say, plucked down in t suburbs; and now she professes a hot-hou which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest bef heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife!

Elb. Ay, sir; who, I thank heaven, is honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, well as she, that this house, if it be no bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it i naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constab

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if had been a woman cardinally given, mi have been accused in fornication, adultery, a all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's mea but as she spit in his face, so she defied him

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, th honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?
[*To* ANGE

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; longing—saving your honour's reverence— stewed prunes, sir; we had but two in house, which at that very distant time sto as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some thr pence; your honours have seen such dish they are not China dishes, but very g dishes. [

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the di

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you therein in the right: but to the point. A say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, w child, and being great-bellied, and longing I said, for prunes; and having but two in dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this w man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, say, paying for them very honestly;—for,



From the picture by John H. Bacon. *By permission of C. W. Faulkner & Co., London.*

The Church Scene ("Much Ado about Nothing").

Claudio. "You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown."

Act IV., Sc. I., p. 156.

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,—
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,—
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

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Another thing to fall. I not deny.
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May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws
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The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
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You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
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Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
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Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

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Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to;—what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

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Escal. How! thy wife!

Elb. Ay, sir; who, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [*To* ANGELO.

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing—saving your honour's reverence—for stewed prunes, sir; we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as



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The Church Scene ("Much Ado about Nothing")

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Act IV, Sc. 1, p. 156





Act III,



From the painting by Daniel Maclise, R.A., in the Tate Gallery

Malvolio, Olivia, and Maria

Olivia. "God comfort thee! Why





From picture by John H. Bacon. *By permission of C. W. Faulkner & Co., London.*

Orsino, Duke of Illyria ("Twelfth Night")

said prunes,—

say you to it?

mas;—was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Clo. Why, very

He, sir, sitting, as

—'twas in the *Bun*

you have a delight

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be [truths

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to [her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose.—Doth

action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some

varlet; thou art to continue

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* FROTH.

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir? [*To the* CLOWN.

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you

you,

Get

nine

own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit* FROTH.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey: nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I n tell you. It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after threepence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.
Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.
[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you!—They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit* ELBOW.] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter PROVOST *and a* Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you. [know

Prov. Pray you do. [*Exit* Servant.] I'll
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages, smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon:

What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemned
Desires access to you.
Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov.
Ang.

Isab.
Please but your honour hear me.

And not my brother.

To find the fault whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just but severe law!

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,

Ang. Be you content, fair maid:

Isab. To-morrow! O that's sudden! Spare
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens

Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.
Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence;
And he that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but thunder.——
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle;—but man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
s coming; I perceive 't.
Prov. Pray heaven she win him!
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself: [them;
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in
But, in the less, foul profanation.
Lucio. Thou 'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. Art advised o' that? more on 't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense that my sense breeds with it.——
Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow. [lord, turn back.
Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you. Good, my
Ang. How! bribe me?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me
To-morrow.
Lucio. Go to; it is well; away.
[*Aside to* ISABELLA.
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang. Amen: for I
Am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross.
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour!
[*Exeunt* LUCIO, ISAB., *and* PROV.
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault or mine? [Ha!
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I
That, lying by the violet, in the sun
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live;
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again [on?
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.—Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in a Prison.*

Enter DUKE, *habited like a Friar, and* PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, provost

are.

Prov. I am the provost.

Duke. Bound by my charity and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlew
Who, falling in the flames of her
Hath blister'd her report. She is
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a
More fit to do another such offen
Than die for this

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow,—
I have provided for you; stay awhile [*To* JULIET.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

love it,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—

Juliet. Grace go with you!

Duke. Benedicite! [*Exit.*

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious law,
That respites me a life whose very comfort

pity of him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;

O
form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit* Serv.
O heavens!

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Y not live.

Isab. Even so?—Heaven k our!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile: and, it may be,
s long as you or I: yet he must die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
onger or shorter, he may be so fitted
hat his soul sicken not.
Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
o pardon him that hath from nature stolen
man already made, as to remit
heir saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
n stamps that are forbid; 'tis all as easy
alsely to take away a life true made
s to put metal in restrained means
o make a false one.
Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?
Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than accompt.
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?
Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.
Ang. Then must your brother die.
Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slandered so?
Isab. Ignominy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses; lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.
Isab. O, pardon me, my lord: it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger

Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold ;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman ; if you be more, you 're none ;
If you be one,—as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,—show it now
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one : gentle, my lord,
Let me intreat you, speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet ; and you tell me
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Be [illegible]
My words express [illegible]

Isab. Ha! little [illegible]
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
[illegible]
brother
[illegible]
[illegible] would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will ;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'd yield them up
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I 'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death for his soul's rest.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
[illegible]
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
[illegible]
thyself:
[illegible]
none ;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg [illegible]
Of palsied eld ; and when thou [illegible]

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in [this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life. Let it come on.

Isab. [*Within.*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, [here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak where I may be conceal'd.

[*Exeunt* DUKE *and* PROVOST.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift embassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger:
[Th]erefore, your best appointment make with speed;
[T]o-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my [father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity
Thou mightst be freed?

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,

And blown with restless violence round about

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.
Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!

I
No word to save thee.
Claud. Nay, hear me, I
Isab.
Thy sin 's not accidental, b
Mercy to thee would prove
'Tis best that thou diest qu
Claud.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

position of natures; she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor

true; the
not satisf
fallible:
knees and

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be

. Hold you there. Farewell.
[*Exit* CLAUDIO.

Re-enter PROVOST.

, a word with you.
What's your will, father?

Duke. That, now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* PROVOST.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had

as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents

miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may [be] quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fa[re] you well, good father. [*Exeunt severall[y*]

SCENE II.—*The Street before the Prison.*

Enter DUKE, *as a Friar; to him* ELBO[W,] CLOWN, *and* Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, b[ut] that you will needs buy and sell men and wom[en] like beasts, we shall have all the world dri[nk] brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world since, of t[wo] usuries, the merriest was put down, and t[he] worser allowed by order of law a furred gov[n] to keep him warm; and furred with fox a[nd] lamb-skins, too, to signify that craft, bei[ng] richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, go[od] father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother fath[er.] What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the la[w;] and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; [f]or we have found upon him, sir, a strange pickloc[k,] which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked baw[d!]
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but thi[nk]
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go men[d.]

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, s[ir;] but yet, sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee pro[ofs] for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, offic[er;]
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he [has] given him warning: the deputy cannot abid[e a] whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, a[nd] comes before him, he were as good go a m[ile] on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some wo[uld] seem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seemi[ng,] free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a co[rd,] sir.

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry bail! Here'[s a] gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey . . .

. . . e makes

. . . I know

to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative; that's infallible.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell; go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or h . . .

Elb. For be . . .

Lucio. Well . . . ment be the du . . . bawd is he d . . . bawd born. F . . . mend me to t . . . turn good hus . . . keep the house . . .

Clo. I hope, . . . my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go:

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, CLOWN, *and* Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state and usurp the beggary he . . .

. . . way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him. He . . .

. . . ing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, . . . mistaking; the very stream of his life . . . business he hath helmed . . .

ʼessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how ɪeavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: here she lost a noble and renowned brother, n his love toward her ever most kind and ɪatural; with him the portion and sinew of her ortune, her ... ɔoth, her combinate hu ... Angelo.

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The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
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From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

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Ere this rude beast will profit.

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Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort: I cry bail! ...

Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return,—as our prayers are he may,—let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first! thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why, for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar: I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so.—Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, BAWD, *and* Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison. Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt* BAWD *and* Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance [is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction

[illegible]

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* ESCAL. *and* PROV.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
...will be as holy as severe;
...in himself to know,
...to stand, and virtue go;
...nor less to others paying
...by self-offences weighing.

[illegible]

...may likeness, made in crimes,
...practice on the times,
...with idle spiders' strings
...ponderous and substantial things.
...upon vice I must apply;
...to-night shall lie
...betrothed but despis'd;
...shall, by the disguis'd,
...with falsehood false exacting,
...an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* MARIANA'S *House.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting; a Boy singing.*

SONG.

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
...eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Sealed in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
...a man of comfort, whose advice
...my brawling discontent.—

Enter DUKE.

[illegible]

...woe.

...I my

[illegible]

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you.—The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door

[illegible]

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

[illegible]

That stays upon me; whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth.

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do ...

Duke. Do you persuade y...

et him be but testimonied in his own bringgs forth, and he shall appear to the envious a :holar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore ou speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge ıc more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, ınd knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return,—as our prayers are he may,—let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first! thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why, for filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar: I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so.—Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, BAWD, *and* Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison. Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt* BAWD *and* Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance [is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make *him* rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction

he extremest shore of my modesty; but my

Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* ESCAL. *and* PROV.

who the sword of heaven will bear
ould be as holy as severe;
ttern in himself to know,
ace to stand, and virtue go;
ore nor less to others paying
an by self-offences weighing
ame to him whose cruel striking
lls for faults of his own liking!
wice treble shame on Angelo,
weed my vice and let his grow!
, what may man within him hide,
hough angel on the outward side!

[*Exit*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* MARIANA'S *House.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting; a* Boy *singing.*

SONG.

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Sealed in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit* Boy.

Enter DUKE.

ish

[woe.
s'd my

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such

oke to harm.
inquired for
time have I

ired after: I

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you.—The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon

brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;

this way?

Duke. Are there no other tokens

I come about my brother
Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth.

Re-enter MARIANA

I pray you be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good
Isab. I do desire the
Duke Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and I have found it. [the hand,
Duke. Take, then, this your companion by
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Will't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt* MARI. *and* ISAB.
Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.
Mari. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter PROVOST *and* CLOWN.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him; he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for, truly sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.
[*Exeunt* CLO. *and* ABHOR.
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow

[illegible]

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.
Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There's some in hope.

[illegible]

tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.
[*Knocking within.*—PROVOST *goes out.*

[illegible]

PROVOST *returns, speaking to one at the door.*
Prov. There he must stay until the officer

[illegible]

None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

[illegible]

the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's [illegible]

[illegible]

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here [illegible] up and bred: one that is a prisoner [illegible] old.

Duke. How came it that the [illegible] delivered him to his [illegible] have heard it was ever [illegible]

Prov. His friends [illegible] and, indeed, his [illegible] government of Lord Angelo [illegible] undoubtful proo[illegible]

Duke [illegible]

[illegible] Most manifest, and not [illegible]

[illegible] prison [illegible]

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully [illegible] as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath [illegible] had the liberty of the prison; [illegible] escape hence, he would not [illegible] a-day, if not man[illegible] have very often [illegible]

to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death. You know the …rse is common. If anything fall to you upon … than thanks and good fortune, by the …hom I profess, I will plead against it … life.

…ov. Pardon me, good father; it is against …y oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor: perchance of the duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed: but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Threepile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deepvow, and Master Copperspur, and Master Starvelackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Dropheir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shoetie the great traveller, and wild Halfcan that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now "for the Lord's sake."

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friend, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

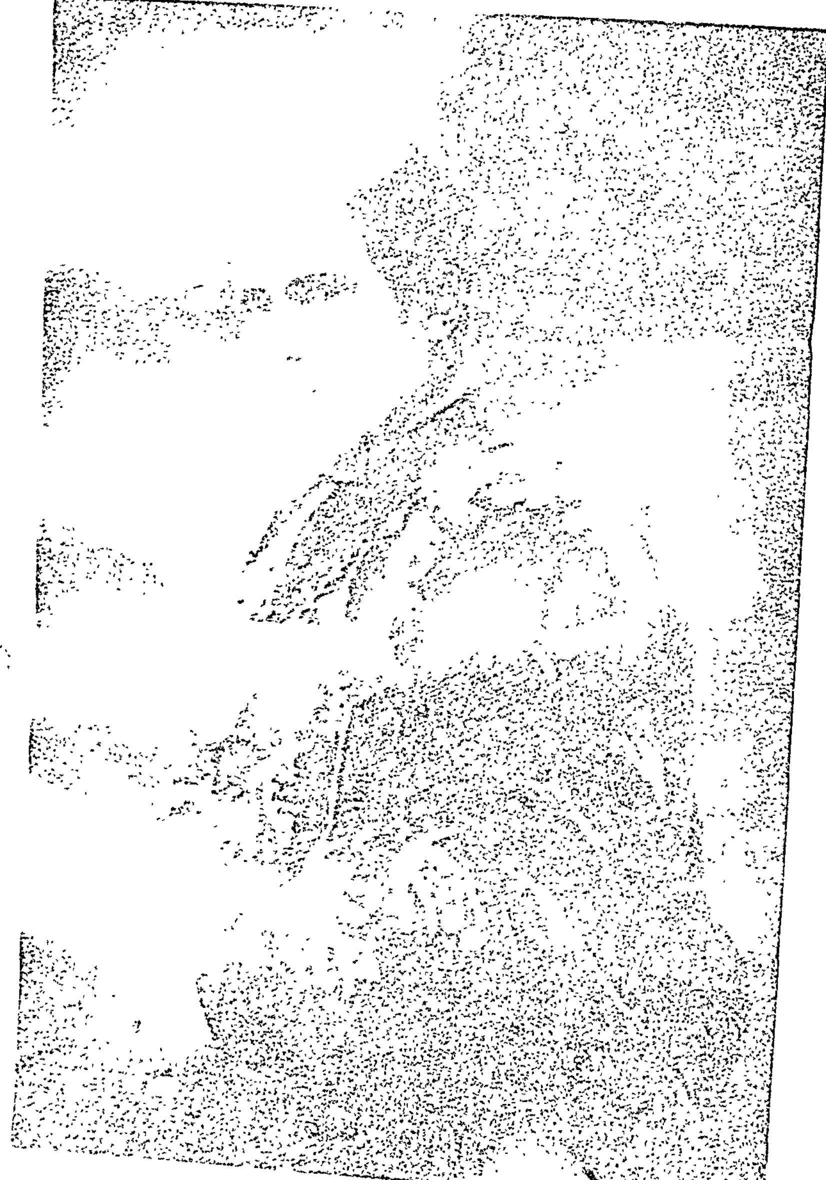
Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.





Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

come.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word; if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,

vides!
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,

And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.

Duke. Let this be done;—

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit* PROVOST.

[tents
those con-
me,
bound

ience,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

ome

When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

b. The better, given me by so holy a man.
yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

ke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:
ead is off and sent to Angelo.

b Nay, but it is not so.

ke It is no other:
your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it, therefore; give your cause to Heaven.
Mark what I say; which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
Isab. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
ith a light heart; trust not my holy order
I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even,
Friar; where is the provost?
Duke. Not within, sir.
Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother. If the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit* ISABELLA.
Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.
Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.
Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. [Fare ye well.
Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.
Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true: if not true, none were enough.
Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.
Duke. Did you such a thing?
Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.
Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.
Lucio. By my trot , I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.
Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness; pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?
Escal. I guess not.
Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the streets?
Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.
Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed:
Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house:
Give notice to such men of sort and suit
As are to meet him.
Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*
Ang. Good night.—
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her—no:
For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Fields without the Town.*

Enter DUKE *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me. [*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose and our plot.

Enter V

Duke. I thank thee,
good haste:
Come, we will walk.
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—*Street near the City Gate.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath;
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
He says, to 'vailfull purpose.
Mari. Be ruled by him.
Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure

Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A public Place near the City Gate.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met;—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear

er.
I

And good supporters are you.

PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.
Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And give me justice, justice, justice, justice!
Duke. Relate your wrongs. In what? By whom? Be brief:
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice.
Reveal yourself to him.
Isab. O, worthy duke,

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.
Isab. By course of justice!
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange
Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?

That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her!—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I cónjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible [sible
That which but seems unlike; 'tis not impos-
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious duke,
Harp not on that: nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: one Lucio
As then the messenger;

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord:
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour, [to it.

Duke The warrant's for yourself; take heed

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right. [wrong

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter. [ceed.

Duke. Mended again. The matter;—pro-

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

[illegible]
that, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
[illegible]
A very scurvy fellow.
[illegible]
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks
of?
F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and [holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
[illegible]
plaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,—came I hither
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he, with his oath
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this
woman—
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,—
Her sh[illegible]
Till she [illegible]
Duke [illegible]
[illegible]
First, let her show her face, and after speak.
Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my
face
Until my husband bid me.
Duke. What! are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow, then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why, you
Are nothing then:—neither maid, widow, nor
wife?
[illegible]; for many
[illegible] wife.
[illegible]ld he had
[illegible]
To prattle for himself.
[illegible] married;
[illegible] ne'er was
[illegible]
[illegible] husband
[illegible]
That ever he knew me.
Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord; it can
be no better.
Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou
wert so too.
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
[illegible]
Duke. No? you say, your husband.
Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my
body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.
Ang. This is a strange abuse.—Let's see thy
face. [mask.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will un-
[*Unveiling.*
[illegible]
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more.
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this [woman;
And five years since there was some speech of
marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off

Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years [her,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord, [house,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, thinkst thou thy oaths, [saint,
Though they would swear down each particular
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for. [he indeed

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for
Hath set the women on this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—[*Exit* PROVOST.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best
In any chastisement. I for awhile [well
Will leave you: but stir not you till you have
Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. [*Exit* DUKE.]—Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again [*to an* Attendant]; I would speak with her. Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think if you handled her privately she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers, *with* ISABELLA.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress [*to* ISABELLA]: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Re-enter the DUKE, *in the Friar's habit, and* PROVOST.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these wom on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confess you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and l the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning thronel
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me spea

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will he you speak:
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor soul
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox,
Good night to your redress! Is the duke gon
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unj
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse. [

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spo

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow friar!
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these wom
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mout
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke hi self,
To tax him with injustice? Take him hence

To the rack with him.—We'll touze you joint by joint,

[illegible]

As much in mock as mark.

[illegible]

what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons wit[illegible] ere you make that my report: you, indeed, sp[illegible] so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. [illegible] pluck th[illegible]

Duke. [illegible] myself.

Ang. [illegible] after his [illegible]

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal.

[illegible]

lating face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the* DUKE.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—

First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three:—
Sneak not away, sir [*to* LUCIO]; for the friar and

[illegible]

And hold no longer out.

[illegible]

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go, take her hence and marry her instantly.

[illegible]

Isab. O give me pardon,

[illegible]

him?
That life is better life, past fearin[illegible]th,
Than that which lives to fear[illegible] your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do[illegible]

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and* PROVOST.

Duke. For this new-married man approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure.
Then, Angelo, thy fault thus manifested,—
Which though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage,—
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.—
Away with him.

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege,— [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but lose your labour.—
Away with him to death.—Now, sir [*to* LUCIO], to you.

Mari. O my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do impórtune her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his pavèd bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing,—I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought of another fault.—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
[*Exit* PROVOST.

Escal. I am sorry one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter PROVOST, *with* BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO (*muffled*), *and* JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou 'rt condemn'd;

But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
[illegible]
fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.
[*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*to* ISABELLA], for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine;
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that.
[illegible]
fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.
[illegible]

Whom he begot with child,—let her appear,
[illegible]
even now I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is press-
[illegible]
...gelo;
... virtue.—
... thy much
... atulate.
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind that's meet you all should know.
[*Exeunt.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*
JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*
DIO, *a young Lord of Florence, favourite*
, DON PEDRO.
DICK, *a young Lord of Padua, favourite*
ikewise of DON PEDRO.
ATO, *Governor of Messina.*
ONIO, *his Brother.*
HAZAR, *Servant to* DON PEDRO.
CHIO, } *Followers of* DON JOHN.
ADE,

DOGBERRY, } *two foolish Officers.*
VERGES,
A SEXTON.
A FRIAR.
A BOY.

HERO, *Daughter to* LEONATO.
BEATRICE, *Niece to* LEONATO.
MARGARET, } *Gentlewomen attending on* HERO.
URSULA,

Messengers, Watch, *and* Attendants.

SCENE,—MESSINA.

ACT I.

ENE I.—*Before* LEONATO'S *House.*

nter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others, with a* Messenger.

on. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro rragon comes this night to Messina.

ess. He is very near by this; he was not leagues off when I left him.

eon. How many gentlemen have you lost is action?

ess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

eon. A victory is twice itself when the ever brings home full numbers. I find that Don Pedro hath bestowed much our on a young Florentine called Claudio.

ess. Much deserved on his part, and lly remembered by Don Pedro. He hath e himself beyond the promise of his age; g, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a : he hath, indeed, better bettered expecta- than you must expect of me to tell you .

eon. He hath an uncle here in Messina l be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, l there appears much joy in him; even so ch that joy could not show itself modest ugh without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. —I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady: but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece:

Beat. No: an he were I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer, now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the

he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don PEDRO, *attended by* BALTHAZAR *and others, Don* JOHN, CLAUDIO, *and* BENEDICK.

D. Pedro Good Signior Leonato, you a

you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we

may guess by this what you are, being a man.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,

hypocrite,

shall not

come, my

ice your

of many

we will go

CLAUD.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not, but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no in-...nt to turn husband, have you?

...laud. I would scarce trust myself, though I ... sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my ...ife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, ...at you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain ...e to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be ...ret as a dumb man,—I would have you think ... but on my allegiance,—mark you this,—...ny allegiance:—He is in love. With who? ...ow that is your grace's part.—Mark how ... his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: "It is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so."

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord?

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his pa... but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is,—for the which I may go the finer,—I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick the married man.*

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wilt be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporise with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house,—if I had it—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July. Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir:
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood!
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'st;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter, severally, LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamed not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend: you go with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being—as thou say'st thou art—born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and 'tend to no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog: therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth I would bite; if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who! the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio hand in hand, in sad conference. I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and, having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst. I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns;* but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a

is long.

Ant. Well, niece [*to* HERO], I trust you will

[*Takes her aside.*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

for your own sake;

loud.

etter; the hearers

th a good dancer!

shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. When I know the gentleman I'll tell m what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or vo on me; which, peradventure, not marked, r not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; nd then there's a partridge wing saved, for the ool will eat no supper that night. [*Music with-n.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave hem at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don* JOHN, BORACHIO, *and* CLAUDIO.

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, nd hath withdrawn her father to break with im about it. The ladies follow her, and but ne visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio. I know him by [his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother n his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don* JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
ut hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so;—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues:
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not: farewell, therefore, [Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.——But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha, it may be I go under that title because I am merry.—Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good-will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her: she told me,—not thinking I had been myself,—that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her though

she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have [illegible] sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Re-enter CLAUDIO *and* BEATRICE, LEONATO *and* HERO.

[illegible] harpy. You have no employment fo[illegible]

D. Pedro. None, but to desire [illegible] company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I [illegible] I cannot endure my Lady Tongue.

[illegible] his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. [illegible]

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

[illegible] plexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won. I have broke with her father, and his good-will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the [illegible] change.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry [heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin [illegible] that he is in her heart.

[illegible] he doth, cousin.

[illegible]l, for alliance!—Thus goes [illegible] world but I, and I am sun- [illegible] in a corner and cry heigh-

[illegible] Beatrice, I will get you one.

[illegible] day. But, I beseech your [illegible], I was born to speak all [illegible] ence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

[illegible] you mercy, uncle.—By your [*Exit* BEATRICE.

[illegible]y my troth, a pleasant-spirited

Leon. There's little of the melancholy ele-[illegible] with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for [Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk them[illegible] mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Caudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; is glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter Don JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so: the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal to me; I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship a year since how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can at any unseasonable instant of the night appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—LEONATO'S *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK *and a* BOY.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence and here again. [*Exit* Boy.] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed

at such shallow follies in others, become the

cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sw...
but Love may transform me to an oyster; but
I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well; another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord.—How still the evening is,
As hushed on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, *with Music.*

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

sing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his sui
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the

speaks;
ets that
[*Music.*
his soul
ps' guts
—Well,

One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never;
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Claud. Ha, no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus they would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry [*to* CLAUDIO].—Dost thou hear, Balthazar! I pray thee get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt* BALTHAZAR *and Music.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day,—that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O ay:—stalk on, stalk on; the fowl

Bene. Is't possible? Sits ... in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lo...

what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [*Aside.*

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aside.*

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick.

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: *Shall I*, says she, *that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I* [illegible]*e him?*

Leon. This says she now, when she is begin-[illegible]g to write to him: for she'll be up twenty [illegible]mes a night: and there will she sit in her [illegible]mock till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my [illegible]aughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I [illegible]emember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was [illegible]eading it over, she found Benedick and Beat-[illegible]ice between the sheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand [illegible]alfpence; railed at herself that she should be [illegible]o immodest to write to one that she knew [illegible]ould flout her. *I measure him*, says she, *by* [illegible] *own spirit; for I should flout him if he* [illegible]*rit to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, [illegible]eeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, [illegible]rays, curses;—*O sweet Benedick! God give* [illegible]*e patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says [illegible]o; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne [illegible]er that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she makes her love known: and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it: for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go see Benedick and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I lov

ould see, which will be merely a dumb show.
et us send her to call him in to dinner. [*Aside.*
Exeunt Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

BENEDICK *advances from the arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick. The conference
as sadly borne.—They have the truth of this

tants of wit broken on me bec
ailed so long against marriage;
he appetite alter? A man loves the meat in
us youth
Shall quip
bullets of
of his hu

ACT. III.

SCENE I.—LEONATO's *Garden.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.
Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.
Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hero. No: not to be so odd and from all fashions
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.
Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have,—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.
Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
Urs. I pray you be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Urs. His excellence did earn it ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?
Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow. Come, go in;
I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.
Urs. [*Aside.*] She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.
Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt* HERO *and* URSULA.

BEATRICE *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart

true drop of blood in him to be truly touched with love: if he be sad he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What, sigh for the toothache!

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm!

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet, say I, he is in love.

he is.

barber's?

Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache.—Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would

int

of

ied

to.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows

pray

circumstances shortened,—for she hath been too long a-talking of,—the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your

confess not that you know: if you will follow me I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!
So will you say when you have seen the sequel.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES, *with the* Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune: but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge;—you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if 'a will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baas will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think 'a cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good

night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: *I pray you,* watch
door; for the weddir
there is a great coil
lant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What, Conrade!—

Watch. Peace, stir not. [*Aside.*

Bora. Conrade, I say!

true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters;

in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know that I have

vilely.—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

raged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours. Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down-sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—*a husband:* an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a husband?* None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy. Ask my Lady Beatrice else,—here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap's into *Light o' love;* that goes without a burden: do you sing it and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love,* with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—hey-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it:—doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras,* neighbour Verges.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you [well.

inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examina-

we must do it wisely.

ill spare for no wit, I warrant

at [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a *non com:* only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The inside of a Church.*

Don PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, LEONATO, IAR, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, *and* ATRICE, *&c.*

on. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble [thankfulness.—

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear, my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,——

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak [so wide?

Claud. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True!—O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's [brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to [your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that [name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.— [Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be named, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [HERO *swoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt D.* PEDRO, *D.* JOHN, *and* CLAUD.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!
Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder
I know not what to say.
Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left

Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:

creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!
Friar. There is some strange misprision in

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
[honour,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument

What will this do? [behalf
Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her

That what we have we prize not to the worth

And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
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Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
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Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord. [Leonato,
D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be named, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [HERO *swoons.*
Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?
D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.
[*Exeunt D.* PEDRO, *D.* JOHN, *and* CLAUD.
Bene. How doth the lady?
Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!
Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.
Beat. How now, cousin Hero?
Friar. Have comfort, lady.
Leon. Dost thou look up?
Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,

Friar. Hear me a little;

Trust not my reading, nor my observation,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant

which appears in proper nakedness?
Friar. Lady, what man is he you accused of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:

any

the princes. [honour;
Bene. Two of them have the very bent of

Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do? [behalf

More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,—
If ever love had interest in his liver,—
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,—
As best befits her wounded reputation,—
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you;
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolonged; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt* FRIAR, HERO, *and* LEON.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart?

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone though I am here;—there is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place!

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* SEXTON, *in gowns; and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the ex-

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con.
Bora. } Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they

be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I you; but I will go about with him.—Con hither, sirrah: a word in your ear, sir; to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

you in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—.

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats off Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in band.

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.——Thou naughty

e an ass, you are an ass. not suspect my place? my years?—O that he were here to write me down an ass! but,

and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina: and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one

SCENE I.—*Before* LEONATO'S *House*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO

you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and I'll warrant you for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft, you, let be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance; nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now! two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence hath these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood? [it.

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he uttered

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it. [treachery:

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of
And fled he is upon this villany. [appear

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *with the* SEXTON.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men—
A third is fled—that had a hand in it.—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinned I not
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live—
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here

To-morrow morning come you to my house;

cousin,
And so dies my revenge.
Claud. O, noble sir,

coming;

But always hath been just and virtuous
In anything that I do know by her.

hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and

pains.
Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.
[to-morrow
Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you

D. Pedro. We will not fail.
Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.
[*Exeunt* D. PEDRO *and* CLAUD.
Leon. Bring you these fellows on: we'll talk with Margaret
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LEONATO'S *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.
Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?
Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most

it as the fencer's

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

ds; we have bucklers

Margaret, you must
e; and they are dan-

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* MARGARET.
Bene. And therefore will come. [*Singing*

The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving—Leander the

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou
called thee?

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;
'or here's a paper written in his hand—
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
'ashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Vrit in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
ontaining her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle!—here's our own hands ainst our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; , by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this d day, I yield upon great persuasion; and tly to save your life, for I was told you were consumption.

ene. Peace; I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*

Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

ne. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college it-crackers cannot flout me out of my ur. Dost thou think I care for a satire, epigram? No: if a man will be beaten brains, he shall wear nothing handsome him. In brief, since I do purpose to , I will think nothing to any purpose that orld can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question thou wilt be if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, music.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with arm'd men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers. [*Dance. Exeunt.*

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
GEUS, *Father to* HERMIA.
YSANDER, DEMETRIUS, } *in love with* HERMIA.

TARVELING, *the Tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to* THESEUS.
HERMIA, *Daughter to* EGEUS, *in love with* LYSANDER.
HELENA, *in love with* DEMETRIUS.

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*
TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*
PUCK, *or* ROBIN GOODFELLOW, *a Fairy.*
PEASBLOSSOM, } *Fairies.*

WALL, MOONSHINE, LION, } *Characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.*

Other Fairies *attending their* King *and* Queen.

Attendants *on* THESEUS *and* HIPPOLYTA.

SCENE,—ATHENS, *and a Wood not far from it.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ATHENS. *A Room in the Palace of* THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and* Attendants.

Like to a step-dame or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child.
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:

o me,

gracious

grace

As she is mine I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death; according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.
The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is Lysander.
The. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
or aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
o live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.
Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
The. Take time to pause; and by the next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.
Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
e have Hermia's: do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius's;
And, which is more than all these boasts ca
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, do
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
The. I must confess that I have heard so mu
And with Demetrius thought to have spo thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, com
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me;
I have some private schooling for you both.-
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up,—
Which by no means we may extenuate,—
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.
[*Exeunt* THES., HIP., EGE., DEM., *and* Train.
Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.
Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But either it was different in blood,——
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!
Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years;—
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:
Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dr



Photo L. Caswall Smith, London

Don Pedro in "Much Ado About Nothing" (the late Mr. Sydney Brough)

"I would fain have it a match"

Act ii., Sc. i. p. 246



Photo. Alfred Ellis & Walery, London.

Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mr. Oscar Asche).

"An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too."

Act I., Sc. II., p. 170.

Brief as the lightning in the collied night

It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross; [sighs,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.
Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager

Her.
Hel.
Demetri
Your ey

More tu
When w

Sickness
Yours w
My ear
eye,
My tongue should catch
Were the world mine, Der
The rest I'll give to be to

move! [me.
Her.
Hel.
Her.
Hel.

Her.
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!
[*Exit* LYS.

And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her: and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in a Cottage.*

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll.—Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates:
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty!—Now, name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; —a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne, Thisne.—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see on a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight: there will we rehearse: for if we

meet in the city, we shall
pary, and our devices
time I will draw a bil
our play wants. I pray

Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:

night;

her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,

ing quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite

loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, fairy, here comes Oberon.
Fai. And here my mistress.—Would that he were gone!

SCENE II.

Enter OBERON *at one door, with his* Train, *and* TITANIA, *at another, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Obe. How can'st thou thus, for shame, Titania,

From Perigenia, whom he ravish'd?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyem's chin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
nockery, set: the spring, the summer,
ding autumn, angry winter, change
nted liveries; and the maz'd world,
increase, now knows not which is which:
same progeny of evils comes
r debate, from our dissension:
heir parents and original.
Do you amend it, then: it lies in you:
ould Titania cross her Oberon?
beg a little changeling boy
y henchman.
Set your heart at rest;
y-land buys not the child of me.
her was a vot'ress of my order:
the spiced Indian air, by night,
en hath she gossip'd by my side;
with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
g the embarked traders on the flood;
e have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
w big-bellied with the wanton wind:
he, with pretty and with swimming gait,
ng,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—
imitate; and sail upon the land,
h me trifles, and return again,
a voyage, rich with merchandise.
, being mortal, of that boy did die;
her sake I do rear up her boy:
r her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away:
We shall chide downright if I longer stay.

[*Exit* TITANIA *and her* Train.

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw,—but thou couldst not,—
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit* PUCK.

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,—
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,—
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,—
As I can take it with another herb,

I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue not.

mant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?

brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger,—bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, *with her* Train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;

back [wonders
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG

1.

1 *Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind worms [illegible]
Come not near our fairy [illegible]

hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your rts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have poken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. ——odours savours sweet:
So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here! [*Aside.—Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would neve tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: why, you mus not speak that yet: that you answer to Pyramus: You speak all your part at once, cues and all.— Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, *neve tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's hea*

This. O,—*As true as truest horse, that y would never tire.*

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were on thine:—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we a haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters!—Hel [*Exeunt* Clown

Puck. I'll follow you; I'll lead you about round, [through brie
Through bog, through bush, through brak
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, ar burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every tur [*Ex*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knave of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! wh do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-he of your own, do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! th art translated. [*Ex*

Bot. I see their knavery; this is to ma an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. B I will not stir from this place, do what they ca I will walk up and down here, and I will sin that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sing*

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowe bed? [*Wakin*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so fo ish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, thou



I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;

sleep:

Enter Four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I

3 *Fai.* Hail!

4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

...ablossom.

...ay you, commend me to Mistress ...r mother, and to Master Peascod, ... Good Master Peasblossom, I shall ...of more acquaintance too.—Your ...eech you, sir?

...rdseed.

... Master Mustardseed, I know your ... that same cowardly giant-like ...devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?

...must be answered, [spy,
my mimic comes. When they him
...that the creeping fowler eye,

And at our stamp here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;

Some sleeves, some hats: from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment,—so it came to pass,—
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me: would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
Oh! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for awhile I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some light measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go, swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,—
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth mistook by me
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one,—

That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
[illegible]
her o'er. [you.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not
Dem. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
[illegible]
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
[illegible]

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath. [none:
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.
Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
[illegible]
press to go?
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side? [side.—
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him
Fair Helena,—who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
[illegible]
tri'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our neelds created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
[illegible]

Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not sent Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,—
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,—
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
f you have any pity, grace, or manners,
ou would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiope!

Dem. No, no, sir:—he will
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow:
But yet come not. You are a tame man; go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loath'd medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her I'll not harm her so.

Her. What! can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then, you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! What! have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What! will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me. I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Let me come to her.

Lys. G

You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Tho

Nov
Or t

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel.
Nor longer stay ir
Your hands than
My legs are longe

Her. I am ama.

[*Exit, pursuing* HELENA.

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?

peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
At whose approach ghosts, wandering here and there,

night.

We may effect this business yet ere day.
[*Exit* OBE.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.
[*Exit* LYS. *as following the voice.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
. villain is much lighter heeled than I:
llow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
nat fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
[*Lies down.*
For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.
[*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?
Dem. Abide me if thou dar'st; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?
Puck. Come hither; I am here.
Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:—
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
[*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no farther crawl, no farther go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heaven shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eye.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
[*Exit* PUCK.—DEM., HEL., *&c, sleep.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, Fairies *attending;* OBERON *behind, unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
Bot. Where's Peasblossom?
Peas. Ready.
Bot. Scratch my head, Peasblossom.—Where's Monsieur Cobweb?
Cob. Ready.
Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good

Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.
Must. What's your will?
Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help

dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Fa
So
Ge
En
O,

OBERON *advances.* *Enter* PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy-land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo

Be as thou wast wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb*
See as thou wast wont to see:

Obe. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,

I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:

[*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and* Train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds,—
Uncouple in the western valley; go:—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge when you hear.—But, soft, what nymphs are these? [asleep;

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here
And this Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[*Horns, and shout within.* DEM., LYS., HER., *and* HEL., *awake and start up.*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to* THESEUS.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak—
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might [be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough;
I beg the law, the law upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia
Melted as doth the snow—seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
Away with us to Athens three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt* THE., HIP., EGE., *and* Train.

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do you not think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

As they go out, BOTTOM *awakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will



Photo L. Caswall Smith, London

Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Miss Roxy B

"I am a spirit of no common rate"

Act III., Sc.

Things hid and barr'd, you mean,
rom common sense?
,y, that is study's god-like recompense.
Come on, then, I will swear to study
o,
the *thing I am forbid to know*:
-to study where I well may dine,
to feast expressly am forbid;
where to meet some mistress fine,
nistresses from common sense are hid:
g sworn too-hard-a-keeping oath,
reak it, and not break my troth.
gain be thus, and this be so,
ows that which yet it doth not know:
to this, and I will ne'er say no.
These be the stops that hinder study
quite,
our intellects to vain delight.
Why, all delights are vain; but that
most vain
ith pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
lly to pore upon a book [while
the light of truth; while truth the
ely blind the eyesight of his look:
seeking light, doth light of light beguile.
ou find where light in darkness lies,
it grows dark by losing of your eyes.
how to please the eye indeed,
ng it upon a fairer eye;
zling so, that eye shall be his heed,
ive him light that it was blinded by.
like the heaven's glorious su ,
will not be deep-search'd with saucy
looks;
ve continual plodders ever won,
ase authority from others' books,
rthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
give a name to every fixed star,
more profit of their shining nights
those that walk and wot not what they
are.
h to know is to know naught but fame;
ry godfather can give a name.
How well he's read, to reason against
reading!
Proceeded well, to stop all good pro-
ceeding!
He weeds the corn, and still lets grow
the weeding.
. The spring is near, when green geese
are a-breeding.
How follows that?
. Fit in his place and time.
In reason nothing.
. Something then in rhyme.
Birón is like an envious sneaping frost,
bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Birón: adieu.

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. [*reads.*] Item, *That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.*—
And hath this been proclaim'd?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.
[*Reads.*]—*On pain of losing her tongue.*
Who devis'd this?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.
[*Reads.*] Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*—
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace and cómplete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is over-shot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire,—so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space:

For every man with his affects is born ;
  Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my [illegible]

  And he that breaks them in the [illegible]
Stands in attainder of eternal sham[illegible]
  Suggestions are to others as to me ;
But I believe, although I seem so loath ;
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
  King. Ah, that there is ; our court, you know, is haunted
  With a refined traveller of Spain ;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
[illegible]

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow ; what wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough : but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villany abroad ; this letter will tell you more.
Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Long. A high hope for a low heaven : God grant us patience!
Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?
Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately ; or to forbear both.
Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.
Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Biron. In what manner?
[illegible]
the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman : for the form,—in some form.
Biron. For the following, sir?
Cost. As it shall follow in my correction : and God defend the right!
King. Will you hear this letter with attention?
Biron. As we would hear an oracle.
Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to [illegible]

About the sixth hour ; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper : so much for the time when. Now for the ground which ; which, I mean, I walked upon : it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where ; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest : but to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east and by-east from the west corner of thy curious knotted garden. There did I see that low spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,—
Cost. Me.
King. —that unlettered small-knowing [soul,—
Cost. Me.
King. —that shallow vassal,—
Cost. Still me.
King. —which, as I remember, hight Cos-[tard,—
Cost. O, me
King. —sorted and consorted, co[illegible] thy established proclaimed edict and [illegible]

canon, with—with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,—

Cost. With a wench.

King. —with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him,—I as my ever esteemed duty pricks me on,—have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King. [*reads.*] For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty, DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed [virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will *pronounce* your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don *Armado shall* be your keeper.—
My Lord Birón, see him delivered over.—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so *strongly* sworn.—

[*Exeunt* KING, LONG., *and* DUM.

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a [illegible]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir; I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him. [*Aside.*

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, [sir.

Arm. I confess both,—they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied ere you'll thrice

rick: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher. [*Aside.*

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love:

[illegible]

ty, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage,—for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too:—who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir: and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

[illegible]

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight nor no penance; but 'a must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well. [Maid.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQUENETTA.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave: away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

ll, if ever I do see the merry days of hat I have seen, some shall see—

'hat shall some see?

y, nothing, Master Moth, but what oon. It is not for prisoners to be too eir words; and therefore I will say thank God I have as little patience man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD.

do affect the very ground, which is her shoe, which is baser, guided by iich is basest, doth tread. I shall be which is a great argument of false-love. And how can that be true love sely attempted? Love is a familiar; vil: there is no evil angel but love. *n was so tempted,—and he had an* rength: yet was Solomon so seduced, id a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft for Hercules's club, and therefore too for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and se will not serve my turn; the passado not, the duello he regards not: his to be called boy; but his glory is to n. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be l for your manager is in love; yea, Assist me, some extemporal god of r I am sure I shall turn sonneteer. it; write, pen; for I am for whole folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

—Another part of the Park. A Pavi- ion and Tents at a distance.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, *and* ttendants.

Now, madam, summon up your dear- st spirits:
who the king your father sends;
he sends; and what's his embassy:
held precious in the world's esteem,
with the sole inheritor
fections that a man may owe,
Navarre; the plea of no less weight
aitain,—a dowry for a queen.
s prodigal of all dear grace
was in making graces dear
did starve the general world beside,
ligally gave them all to you.
Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though
but mean,
t the painted flourish of your praise;
bought by judgment of the eye,
'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker:—good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humbly-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.— [*Exit* BOYET.
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solémnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,—
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,—
Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit:
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?
Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;

sworn. [will
King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my
Prin. Why,
thing
King. Your
Prin. Were
wise,
Where now his k
I hear your grace hath sworn-out housekeeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it:

[*Gives a paper.*
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Ros. How needless was it then
To ask the question!
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'Tis 'long of you, that spur me with such questions.
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

the

Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,

wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,

Boyet, you can produce acquittan

For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.
King. Satisfy me so. [come,
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not
Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
King. It shall suffice me; at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.
Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace! [place!
King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every
[*Exeunt* KING *and his* Train.
Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.
Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.
Biron. I would you heard it groan.
Ros. Is the fool sick?
Biron. Sick at heart.
Ros. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Ros. My physic says ay.
Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?
Ros. *No poynt*, with my knife.
Biron. Now, God save thy life!
Ros. And yours from long living!
Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving.
[*Retiring.*
Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word! what lady is that same?
Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.
Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.
[*Exit.*
Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white? [the light.
Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in
Long. Perchance, light in the light. I desire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.
Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's blessing on your beard!
Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, sir: that may be.
[*Exit* LONG.
Biron. What 's her name in the cap?
Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded or no?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.
Biron. You are welcome, sir: adieu! [you.
Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to
[*Exit* BIRON.—Ladies *unmask.*
Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word. [board.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!
Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips. [finish the jest?
Mar. You sheep and I pasture: shall that
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.
[*Offering to kiss her.*
Mar. Not so, gentle beast;
My lips are no common, though several they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:
The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'ti abus'd. [lies,—
Boyet. If my observation,—which very seldon
By the heart's still rhetoric disclos'd with eyes
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what? [affected
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitl
Prin. Your reason? [retir
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make thei
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough de sire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print im press'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth from where the were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd
His face's own margent did quote such amaze
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss

Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd— [eye hath disclos'd:

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and

Mar.

Ros. T

Boyet.

Mar.

Boyet. What, then; do you see?

Ros.

Boyet.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A part of the Park.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel—— [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years!

doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches—that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note,—do you note me?—that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O—

you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love

Moth. And three times as much more, and nothing at all.

tch hither the swain; he must carry

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*,—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*;—no salve in the mail, sir. O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain, no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my

ling: O,

ons.derate

for

a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or dis-
course, to make plain [sain.
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral. Now the *l'envoy.* [again.
Moth. I will add the *l'envoy.* Say the moral
Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee
Were still at odds, being but three:
Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy.*
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:
Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.
Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose;
Would you desire more?
Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a
goose, that's flat:— [fat.—
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and
loose:
Let me see a fat *l'envoy;* ay, that's a fat goose.
Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did
this argument begin?
Moth. By saying that *a Costard was* broken in
a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy.*
Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came
your argument in; [bought;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you
And he ended the market.
Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?
Moth. I will tell you sensibly.
Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that *l'envoy.*
I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.
Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirrah, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.
Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose in this.
Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.
Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.
Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:—bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration [*giving him money*]; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*
Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard,
adieu.
Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my in-
cony Jew! [*Exit* MOTH.
Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings — remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle?—A penny.—No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.
Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?
Biron. What is a remuneration?
Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing. [silk.
Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of
Cost. I thank your worship: God be with
you!
Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.
Cost. When would you have it done, sir?
Biron. O, this afternoon.
Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.
Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.
Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.
Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
Biron. It must be done this afternoon.
Hark, slave, it is but this;—
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name
her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon;
go. [*Gives him money.*
Cost. Gardon,—O sweet gardon! better than remuneration; elevenpence farthing better: most sweet gardon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Gardon—remuneration. [*Exit.*
Biron. O!—and I, forsooth, in love! I, that
have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;

That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, watch, groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A part of the Park.*

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, *and a* Forester.

Prin. Was that the king that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say no?
O short liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true; [*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit. [merit.

sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.
Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter COSTARD.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth. [wit,

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.
Prin. We will read it, I swear:
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.
Boyet. [*reads.*] By heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible; true that thou art beauteous; truth itself that thou art lovely. More fairer than

fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself: have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king *Cophetua* set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar *Zenelophon;* and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici;* which to anatomize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar!—*videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame: he came one; saw two; overcame three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose side? the king's: the captive is enriched; on whose side? the beggar's: the catastrophe is a nuptial; on whose side? the king's?—no on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes: for tittles? titles: for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the dearest design of industry,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

hus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his pr ncely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceiv'd but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it [erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes [sport
To the prince and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my Lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken this letter. Come, lords, away.
Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine anc
day. [*Exeunt* PRINCESS *and* T

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the sho

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the
Finely put off! [thou m

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; bı
Hang me by the neck if horns that year
carry.
Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your

Ros. If we choose by the horns, you
come near.
Finely put on indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boye
she strikes at the brow. [her

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: hav

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an ol
ing, that was a man when King Pepin of F
was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one a
that was a woman when Queen Guine
Britain was a little wench, as touching the
[*Si*

Ros. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hi*
Thou canst not hit it, my good

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can.
[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* K

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how
did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; fo
both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mar
mark, says my lady! [it m
Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete

Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand! I' faith
hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, 'a must shoot nearer, or
ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. And if my hand be out, then
your hand is in. [th

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cl

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily,
lips grow foul.

Cost. She' too hard for you at prick
challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good-
my good owl.
[*Exeunt* BOYET *and* M

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most s
clown! [
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have p
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most i
vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man! [fan!

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—

earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye it was a buck of the first

or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*—
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book,
He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;
And such barren plants are set before us that

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind, [*wind.*
Many can brook the weather that love not the

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell by your wit

good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more, [five-score.
And raught not to five weeks when he came to
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollusion holds in the
never but a month
'twas a pricket that

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have called the deer the princess killed a pricket.

Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell, put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket; [a-hooting
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall
If sore be sore, then l to sore makes fifty sores;
O sore l! [one more l.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

and
well
very
greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenious, ıey shall want no instruction: if their daughters e capable, I will put it to them: but, *vir ıpit qui pauca loquitur:* a soul feminine salutth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good-morrow, master ›erson.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And f one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is ikest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a lint, pearl enough for a swine; 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master person, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ [Mantuan! *Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

——*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! who under-..ndeth thee not, loves thee not?—*Ut, re, sol, ı, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. [*reads.*] If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love? [vow'd!
Ah, never faith could hold if not to beauty
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice; [thee commend:
Well learned is that tongue that well can
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,—
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire,—
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder, [sweet fire.
Which, not to anger bent, is music and
Celestial as thou art, O pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the oderiferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript.
To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.
I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:
Your Ladyship's in all desired employment,
BIRON.
Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COST. *and* JAQ.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir [*to* DULL], I do invite you

too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter BIRON, *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, sit thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so [illegible] it kills [illegible] proved again on my side! I will not love. If I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath [illegible]

[illegible] groan. [*Gets up into a tree.*

Enter the KING, *with a paper.*

King. Ah me!

[illegible]

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:

[illegible]

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear! [*Aside.*

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers. [*Aside.*

King. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame! [*Aside.*

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name. [*Aside.*

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [*aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two that I know:
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:—
[illegible] ss of my love!
[illegible] tear and write in prose.
[illegible] rhymes are guards on
[illegible] d's hose:
[illegible] This same shall go.— [*He reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,—
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,—
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
[illegible]
[illegible], which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

[illegible]

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb! [*Aside.*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is but corporal: there you lie. [*Aside.*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aside.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*Aside.*

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! [*Aside.*

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aside.*

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word? [*Aside.*

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood? why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision! [*Aside.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aside.*

Dum. [*reads.*] On a day,—alack the day!
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he; thy cheeks may blow:
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom even Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.—
This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the King, Birón, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain [*advancing*], thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir [*advancing*], you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes;
You would for paradise break faith and troth; [*To* LONG.
And Jove for your love would infringe an oath. [*To* DUMAIN.
What will Birón say when that he shall hear
A faith infring'd which such a zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.— [*Descends from the tree.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?

And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

[illegible]

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—
King. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?
Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. [illegible]
King [illegible]
Cost. [illegible]
King [illegible]
Cost. [illegible]
King. [illegible]
The trea [illegible]
Jaq. [illegible]

Our pars [illegible]
King. [illegible]

Where h [illegible]
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, [illegible] therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is [illegible] name. [*Picks up the pa* [illegible]
Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead [illegible] COSTARD], you were born to do [illegible] shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd [illegible] to make up the mess;
He, he, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve [illegible]
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall t[illegible] more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four:—
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, sirs, away.
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt* COST. *and* JAQ.

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be;
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood will not obey an old decree:
[illegible]

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline
[illegible]

seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise: then praise too short doth blot.
[illegible]

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
[illegible]

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspéct;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be washed away.

King. 'Twere good yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see. [*Showing his shoe.*

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? are we not all in love?

Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—
Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms:
Consider what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book,—
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study, too, the causer of your vow:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair?
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs:
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake—a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake—a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. [illegible]

Shall we [illegible]

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
[illegible]

Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

[illegible]

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.
[*Takes out his table book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical fantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions, such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt, d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable (which he would [illegible]

[illegible]

Hol. Bone?—bone for *bene:* Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

Arm. Chirra! [*To* MOTH.

Hol. Quare Chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

[illegible] a great feast of languages [illegible]

[illegible] COSTARD, *aside.* [illegible] long on the alms-[illegible] thy master hath not [illegible] thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

[illegible]

horn on his head.

Hol. Ba, *pueritia,* with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

[illegible] you [illegible] ludes [illegible] Inter-[illegible]

intellect true wit [illegible]

Moth. Offered by a chil[illegible]

Hol. What is the fig[illegible]

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou [illegible]

Moth. [illegible]

I will [illegible]

[illegible]

ıed from the barbarous. Do you not edu- youth at the charge-house on the top of mountain?

'ol. Or *mons*, the hill. [tain.

rm. At your sweet pleasure, for the moun-

'ol. I do, *sans* question.

rm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure affection to congratulate the princess at her lion, in the posteriors of this day; which ude multitude call the afternoon.

ol. The posterior of the day, most generous ; liable, congruent, and measurable for the noon: the word is well culled, choice; t and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

rm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and miliar, I do assure you, very good friend:— what is inward between us, let it pass:—I eseech thee, remember thy courtesy:—I be- ı thee, apparel thy head;—and among importunate and most serious designs,— of great import indeed too;—but let that ;—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, e world, sometime to lean upon my poor lder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally my excrement, with my mustachio: but, t heart, let that pass. By the world, I re- t no fable; some certain special honours it his greatness to impart to Armado, a r, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: t that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king l have me present the princess, sweet chuck, some delightful ostentation, or show, or nt, or antic, or fire-work. Now, under- ing that the curate and your sweet self are at such eruptions and sudden breaking out rth, as it were, I have acquainted you l, to the end to crave your assistance.

l. Sir, you shall present before her the nine ies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some ainment of time, some show in the pos- of this day, to be rendered by our assist- —the king's command, and this most t, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—be- he princess; I say, none so fit as to t the nine worthies.

h. Where will you find men worthy ı to present them?

Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gal- ntleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, e of his great limb or joint, shall pass y the Great; the page, Hercules.

. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity for that worthy's thumb: he is not so he end of his club.

Shall I have audience? he shall pre- rcules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: *Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull!—to our sport, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Park. Before the* PRINCESS'S *Pavilion.*

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros.

Kath.
Ros.

Kath.
care not for me. [care.
Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew!

Prin. But, Kath
Kath. Madam, t
Prin.

The letter is too long by half a mile. [heart
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not w
The chain were longer and the letter shor
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands never part.
Prin We are wise girls to mock our lov
Ros They are worse fools to purchase ing so.

excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note

Thus must thou speak and thus thy body bear;

That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.
Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess;
Their purpose is to parle, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-suit will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.
Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—
And change your favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.
Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.
Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet
With visages display'd to talk and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance if they desire us to't?
Prin. No; to the death we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpets sound within.*
Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd; the maskers come. [*The* Ladies *mask.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits and masked;* MOTH, Musicians, *and* Attendants.

Moth. *All hail the richest beauties on the earth!*
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.
Moth. *A holy parcel of the fairest dames!*
[*The* Ladies *turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!
Biron. *Their eyes*, villain, *their eyes.*
Moth. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!*
Out—
Boyet. True; *out* indeed.
Moth. *Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe*
Not to behold—
Biron. *Once to behold*, rogue.
Moth. *Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,——with your sun-beamed eyes—*
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue. [*Exit* MOTH.
Ros. What would these strangers? Know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount our purposes:
Know what they would.
Boyet. What would you with the princess?
Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.
Boyet. They say that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure, then, of one is easily told.
Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches do fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do! [shine,—
[illegible]

safe one change:
Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play music, then: nay, you must do it soon. [*Music plays.*
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?
Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's chang'd. [man.
King. Yet still she is the moon and I the
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance, [dance.
We'll not be nice; take hands;—we will not
King. Why take we hands, then?
Ros. Only to part friends;—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends. [nice.
King. More measure of this measure; be not
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Ros. In private then.
King. I am best pleas'd with that.
[*They converse apart.*
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee. [three.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is
Biron. Nay, then, two treys,—an if you grow so nice,— [dice!
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—well run,
There's half a dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
[illegible]
[illegible] so? Fair lord,—
Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your visard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long. [your mask,
Long. You have a double tongue within
And would afford my speechless visard half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady!
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long Look how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry. [*They converse apart.*
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have
[illegible]
Fleeter [illegible]
Ros. [illegible]
Biron [illegible]
King. [illegible]
simple wits.
[*Exeunt* KING, LORDS, *Music, and* Attendants.
Prin Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites —
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puffed out.
Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
Prin O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visards, show their faces?
This pert Birón was out of countenance [illegible]

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Birón did swear himself out of all suit.
Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword: [mute.
No *point*, quoth I; my servant straight was
Kath. Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he called me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statue-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me. [born.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service
Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree. [ear:
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows; [repair,
Therefore, change favours; and, when they
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood. [bud:
Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us. [hand.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[*Exeunt* PRIN., ROS., KATH., *and* MAR.

Re-enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess? [majesty
Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your
Command me any service to her thither?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve,—
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: why this is he
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy:
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whalé's bone:
And consciences that will not die in debt
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!
Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou [now?
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou

Re-enter the PRINCESS, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, *and* Attendants.

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nickname virtue: vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily; I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord;
My lady,—to the manner of the days,—

but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the visards was it that you wore?
Biron Where? when? what visard? why demand you this? [ous case

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?—
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady: dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

They are infected; in their hearts it lies:
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you
Ros Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end
King Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression

'd?

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin When she shall challenge this you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no
in Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King Despise me when I break this of mine.

Prin. I will: and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven you did; and, to confirm it [plain;
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith and this the princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir; this jewel she did wear;
And Lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on 't;—here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy: [zany,
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,— [trick
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the
To make my lady laugh when she 's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn,—in will and error.
Much upon this it is:—and might not you [*To* BOYET.
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three worthies shall come in or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fi[ne,]
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is ni[ne.]
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir [I] hope it is not so:
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, s[ir;] we know what we know;
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Is not ni[ne.]
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know wh[ere]until it doth amount. [for ni[ne.]
Biron. By Jove, I always took three th[rees]
Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you sho[uld] get your living by reckoning, sir.
Biron. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themsel[ves,] the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it d[oth] amount; for my own part, I am, as they s[ay,] but to parfect one man in one poor m[an,] Pompion the Great, sir.
Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?
Cost. It pleased them to think me worth[y of] Pompion the Great: for mine own part[, I] know not the degree of the worthy; but I [am] to stand for him.
Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we [will] take some care. [*Exit* COSTA[RD.]
King. Birón, they will shame us; let t[hem] not approach.
Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's [and] his company.
King. I say they shall not come. [n...
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule
That sport best pleases that doth least know h[ow:]
Where zeal strives to content, and the cont[ents]
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mi[rth;]
[illegible] erish in their bi[rth.]
[illegible] of our sport,
lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much exp[ense] of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a bra[ce of] words. [ARMADO *converses with the* K[ING,] *and delivers him a paper.*
Prin. Doth this man serve God?
Biron. Why ask you? [mak...
Prin. He speaks not like a man of G[od's]
Arm. That 's all one, my fair, sweet, h[oney] monarch: for, I protest, the schoolmaster i[s ex]ceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too v[ain:] but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna*

guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit* ARMADO.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus.
And if these four worthies in their first show

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD, *armed, for* Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am——

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am——

my foe to sweat; [*chance,*

the best worthy.

Enter Sir NATHANIEL, *armed, for* Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south I spread my con-

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander:— [sander.

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Ali-

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir [*to* NATH.], you have overthrown

other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES, *armed, for* Judas; *and* MOTH, *armed, for* Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Judas I am,—

proved Judas?

Hol Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.

Hol I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring. [seen.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's fa

Dum. The carv'd bone face

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer;
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False: we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have outfaced them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away.
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.
Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, *armed, for* Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
Dum. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector.
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.
Biron. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He's a god or a painter, for he makes faces.
Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift,—
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace!
The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—
Dum. That mint.
Long. That columbine.
Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.
Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man.—But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty [*to the* PRINCESS], bestow on me the sense of hearing.
[BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.
Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.
Boyet. Loves her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Arm. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*
Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector; she is gone: she is two months on her way.
Arm. What meanest thou?
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.
Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.
Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare Pompey!
Boyet. Renowned Pompey!
Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!
Dum. Hector trembles.
Biron. Pompey is mov'd.—More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.
Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.
Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.
Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.
Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.
Dum. Most resolute Pompey!
Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.
Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.
Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.
Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
Biron. What reason have you for't?
Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.
Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

d out of doubt you do me now more wrong,
making question of my uttermost,
an if you had made waste of all I have.
en do but say to me what I should do,
at in your knowledge may by me be done,
id I am press'd unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
id she is fair, and fairer than that word,
wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
lid receive fair speechless messages:
er name is Portia; nothing undervalued
Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
or is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
or the four winds blow in from every coast
enowned suitors, and her sunny locks
ang on her temples like a golden fleece;
hich makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
nd many Jasons come in quest of her.
my Antonio, had I but the means
o hold a rival place with one of them,
have a mind presages me such thrift
hat I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
either have I money nor commodity
o raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
ry what my credit can in Venice do:
hat shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
o furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
o, presently inquire, and so will I,
Vhere money is; and I no question make
o have it of my trust or for my sake.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—BELMONT. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good council, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.— Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead,—whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you —will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that 's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choose:* he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man and no man; if a throstle sing he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a po



And out of doubt you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am press'd unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors. and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake.
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Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good council, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead,—whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that 's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choose:* he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man and no man; if a throstle sing he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a p





Photo. Alfred Ellis & Walery, London

Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" (Miss Violet Vanbrugh).

"Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?"

Act IV., Sc. I., p. 243.

pennyworth in the English. He is a proper

him.

to their point, and to trouble you wit
suit, unless you may be won by s
sort than your father's imposition,
on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that

Enter a Servant.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—VENICE. *A Public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

ee months,—well.

e which, as I told you, Antonio

o shall become bound,—well.

in.

imputation to the

—my meaning, in

moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

lowing; but I will not eat with you, drink th you, nor pray with you.—What news on e Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.
Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
hate him for he is a Christian;
ut more for that, in low simplicity,
le lends out money gratis, and brings down
he rate of usance here with us in Venice.
I can catch him once upon the hip,
will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
le hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
ven there where merchants most do congregate,
In me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Vhich he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
f I forgive him!
Bass. Shylock, do you hear?
Shy. I am debating of my present store:
And, by the near guess of my memory,
cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior: [*To* ANTONIO.
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possess'd
How much he would?
Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot,—three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,——
But hear you:
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was—
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf—
The third possessor; ay, he was the third,—
Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wan
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those w
Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest
And thrift is blessing if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Ja serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heav
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassan
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek—
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a g round sum. [r
Three months from twelve, then let me see
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be behol to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and o
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my hel
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys:—you say sc
You, that did void your rheum upon my bea
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not s
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath and whispering humblene
Say this?——
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last.
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys.
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, (for when did friendship tal

Bass.
me:
I'll rather dwell in my nec
Ant. Why fear not, ma
Within these two months—
This bond expires—I do e
Of thrice three times the
Shy. O father Abrahan
tians are,

Ant. Come on; in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

my chance.
Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.
[*Cornets and exeunt.*

SCENE II.—VENICE. *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.* My conscience says, —*No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo: or* as aforesaid, *honest Launcelet Gobbo; do not run, scorn running with thy heels.* Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: *Via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*My honest friend,* Launcelot, *being an honest man's son*, or rather an honest woman's son;—for indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not. Budge*, says the fiend. *Budge not*, says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew, my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation: and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? —[*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman,—according to Fates and Destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three, and such branches of learning,—is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long: a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more

him a present. How 'gree you now?

other Followers.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted

Bass.

would say, to serve,—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he,—saving your worship's reverence,—are scarce cater-cousins,—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father

frutify unt

Gob. I

bestow up

Laun.

to myself,

honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both.—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee—if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

with my son.—

the edge of a feather-bed;—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's

herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

Gra. Signior Bassanio,——

Bass Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go

they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,

ay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
hus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen,
se all the observance of civility,
ike one well studied in a sad ostent
o please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
y what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;
would entreat you rather to put on
'our boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
'hat purpose merriment. But fare you well:
have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
ut we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* SHYLOCK'S *House.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;—
nd so farewell: I would not have my father
ee me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu! [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,—
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Solan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us;—

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Solan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.
[*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SOLAN.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. Before* SHYLOCK'S *House.*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Look to my house.—I am right loath to go;
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears,—I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter

Exit.

s off-spring, ha? [nothing else.

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress;

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masked.*

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a [feast

hereafter.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;

Enter JESSICA, *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

better [shames?

Jes. What! must I hold a candle to my
They in themselves, good sooth, are too, too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.
Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit, above.*
Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true.
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit, with* JES. *and* SALAR.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who 's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you:—
No mask to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—BELMONT. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Flourish of Cornets. *Enter* PORTIA, *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and their* Trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription bears;—
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?—
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross:
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves!—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand;
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that 's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let 's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that 's the lady: all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rid her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He opens the golden casket.*



Photo: The Dover Street Studios.

Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice" (Mr. Gerald Lawrence).

"I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate."

Act 1, Sc. 1, p. 22



Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery, London

Rosalind in "As You Like It" (Miss Julia Neilson).

"Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak."

Act III., Sc. II., p. 265.

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,—
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold;
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

tains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—VENICE. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.

the duke,
Who went with him to search B...
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:

cats!—

Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his
Solan.

Or he sha.
Salar.

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,

hat
you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

speed
nio,
f me,

Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts

And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
for him.

Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—BELMONT. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter NERISSA, *with a* Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their* Trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble

d:
rd,

Which casket 'twas I chose, next, if I fail

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now [lead.
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire. [meant
What many men desire.—That many may be
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then, to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable [sume
Without the stamp of merit! Let none pre-
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd [honour
From the true seed of honour! and how much
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:
I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
[*He opens the silver casket.*
Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there. [idiot
Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices
And of opposed natures.
Ar. What is here?

The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss:
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my roth.
[*Exit with his* Trai
Por. Thus hath the candle singed the mot
O these deliberate fools! when they do choos
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here; what would my lor
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your g
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breat
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this forespurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afea
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praisi him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it b
[*Exeu*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—VENICE. *A Street.*

Enter SOLANIO *and* SALARINO.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?
Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecke that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck on the narrow seas; the Goodwins I think th call the place; a very dangerous flat and fat where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buri

as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew

judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Solan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

wine and Rhenish.—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that was used

cooled my friends, heated mine enemies! and what's his reason? I am a Jew! Hath not a

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Solan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SOLAN., SALAR., *and* Serv.

Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from

thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search.

—hath an argosy cast away coming from

thank God, I thank God.—Is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal.—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:——I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditor's in my company to Venice that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my turquoise: I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true; that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—BELMONT. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore forbear awhile:
There's something tells me,—but it is not love,—
I would not lose you: and you know yourself
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be; so may you miss me:
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,——
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peise the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men, enforced, do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well, then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess and love
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
[*Curtain drawn from before the caskets.*

Por. Away, then. I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me you will find me out.—
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him. He may win,
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence but with much more love
Than young Alcides when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster. I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live.—With much, much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music and the following Song whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,——Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves;
he world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
it, being season'd with a gracious voice,
bscures the show of evil? In religion,
'hat damned error but some sober brow
'ill bless it, and approve it with a text,
iding the grossness with fair ornament?
here is no vice so simple but assumes
ome mark of virtue on his outward parts.
ow many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
s stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
he beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
'ho, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
nd these assume but valour's excrement
o render them redoubted. Look on beauty

Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes!—

shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the [scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave:
[*Kissing her.*
eive.
rize,
eople's eyes,
out,
oubt
is or no,
so;
e true,
you.
mio, where I

alone
ish

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then, be bold to say Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Solanio!

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SOLANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo and Solanio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Solan. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

[*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Solan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

[BASS. *reads the letter.*

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yond stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success:
We are the Jasons; we have won the fleece.

Solan. Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek;
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What! not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England;
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Jan. Not one, my lord.

een and greedy to confound a man:
plies the duke at morning and at night,

swear
Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
he would rather have Antonio's flesh

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
best condition'd and unwearied spirit

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,

SCENE III.—VENICE. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and* Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.—
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond: speak not against my bond.
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

SCENE IV.—BELMONT. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit,
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
nerefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
renzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth.—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question 's that
If thou wert ne'er a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and, therefore, haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly;—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good: and that is but a kind of bastard hope



From the picture by John H. Bacon — *By permission of C. W. Faulkner & Co., London*

Florizel, Perdita, and Polixenes ("The Winter's Tale").

Polixenes: "She dances featly."

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Florizel, Perdita, and Polixenes ("The Winter's Tale").



And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked! [*Music ceases.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket sounds.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick—
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—you are welcome home, my [lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam; give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man; this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to [him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.
[GRA. *and* NER. *seem to talk apart.*

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was,
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What, talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear



Photo. The Dover Street Studios.

Celia in "As You Like It" (Miss Lettice Fairfax).

"I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry."

Act I., Sc. II.



Orlando in "As You Like It" (the late Sir George Alexander).

"I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly."

Act III., Sc. II., p. 266.

Never to part with it, and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
[illegible]
mine.
[illegible]
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
[illegible]
pleasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
[illegible]
soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
[illegible]
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;

For by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
[illegible]
Argus:
[illegible]
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,——
Por. Mark you but that!
[illegible]
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
[illegible]
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
[illegible] doctor!
[illegible]
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor; and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so:—the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.
[*Exeunt.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DERICK.
CHARLES, *his Wrestler.*
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } *Sons of* SIR ROWLAND DE BOIS.
ADAM, DENNIS, } *Servants to* OLIVER.
TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a Vicar.*
CORIN, SILVIUS, } *Shepherds.*
WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow, in love with* AUDREY.
A Person representing HYMEN.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished* DUKE.
CELIA, *Daughter to* FREDERICK.
PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*

Lords *belonging to the two Dukes;* Pages, Foresters, *and other* Attendants.

The SCENE *lies first near* OLIVER'S *House; afterwards partly in the Usurper's Court and partly in the Forest of* ARDEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard near* OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged

horses are bred better; for, besides that they

tenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [ADAM *retires.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

ot taught to make

, sir?

helping you to mar

naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks

ave I

hard.

nows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you

confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois: he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion: I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by

should I an
blush and w
wonder.

Cha. I a
you. If he
payment.
wrestle for
your worship! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Cel.
merry.

Ros.
am mis
merrier;

the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the

taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport

Cel. 'Tis true: for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the

you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, y
forsworn: no more was this knight,
his honour, for he never had any;

he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him: you'll be whipp'd for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau. What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou loosest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence, with bills on their necks,—

Ros. *Be it known unto all men by these presents,*—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. *Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege: so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by.

[DUKE F. *goes apart*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall no

therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts: wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. [illegible] my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No; I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[*Charles and Orlando wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[*Charles is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away.

[*Charles is borne out.*

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* Duke F., Train, *and* Le Beau.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
[illegible]

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Rosalind *and* Celia.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown:
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well!
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well! [*Exit* LE BEAU.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do yo
love him because I do.—Look, here comes th
duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with yo
safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousi
Within these ten days if that thou be'st foun
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with m
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make m
traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughte
there's enough. [dukedo

Ros. So was I when your highness took
So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord:
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traito
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so mu
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak. [sa

Duke F. Ay, Celia: we stay'd her for yo
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her st
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I: we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat togeth
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swan
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and
smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and se
more virtuous
When she is gone: then open not thy lips;

Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her;—she is banish'd.
Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege:
I canno
Duke
If you c
And in

Cel. go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No! hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love

Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,

The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, *and other* Lords, *in the dress of Foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods

Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,

The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize the spectacle?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much: then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company: anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commen
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch th gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.
[*Exeu*

SCENE III.—*Before* OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master?—O, gentle master!
O, my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you he
Why are you virtuous? why do people love y
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, a valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony prizer of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before y
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle mast
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is come
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy you
Come not within these doors; within this ro
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother,—no, no brother; yet the son
Yet not the son; I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,—
Hath heard your praises; and this night means
To burn the lodging where you used to lie.
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butche
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it. [me

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou h

Adam. No matter whither, so you come here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforc
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND *in boy's clothes*, CELIA *dressed like a shepherdess, and* TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to

; I can go no

ther bear with
bear no cross
, you have no

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you, who comes here? a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

[love her!

wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapp'd hands had milk'd and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We that are true lovers run into

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.
Touch. And mine: but it grows something stale with me.
Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.
Touch. Holla, you clown!
Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?
Touch. Your betters, sir.
Cor. Else are they very wretched.
Ros. Peace, I say.—
Good even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.
Cor. Fair, sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

SONG.

Ami.
Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.
Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more.
Ami. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.
Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing. Come, more: another stanza: call you them stanzas?
Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.
Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?
Ami. More at your request than to please myself.
Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.
Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while: the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.
Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.
Ami. And I'll sing it.
Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to Ami.

Ami. What's that *ducdame?*
Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools

into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I can.

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.
1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;

proach.

Enter

Duke S. Why, how
life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.
Jaq. A fool, a fool!——I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—

they so?
The *why* is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?
Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself:

What woman in the city do I name
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,—
Thinking that I mean him,—but therein suits
His folly to the metal of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress:
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say;
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.
Duke S. What would you have? your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.
Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*
Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy;
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaq. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS *sings.*

SONG

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.
Thou art right welcome as
Support him by the arm.—
And let me all your fortune

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument

Oli. O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors,
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love: [ve

That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.
[*Exit*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shep

goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may com

nes of a very dul

ural philosopher.

ned.

aned; like an ill

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: a better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: a more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar,—the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I 'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the de il himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: It is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:——

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,—
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you 'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that 's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside!

Cel. Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

[illegible]

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. [illegible] the verse [illegible]

Ros. [illegible] not bea[illegible] therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I pray thee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

[illegible]

of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

[illegible] a little beard.

[illegible] end more if the man [illegible] stay the growth of [illegible] not the knowledge [illegible], that tripped up the [illegible] heart both in an in-[illegible] ake mocking: speak [illegible]

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my [illegible] k'd he? [illegible] here? [illegible] How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; [illegible]

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you: let's meet as little [as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQ.—CEL. *and* ROS. *come forward.*

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there's no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I will tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as halfpence are; every one

fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. … on those … the fore … carving …

… blue eye and sunken; which you have not: an …

… you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

…

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white …

… as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is …

… him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, …

… and woo me.

… I will: … it you: … re in the … alind.—

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *at a distance observing them.*

… ood Audrey; I will … And how, Audrey? … my simple feature … rd warrant us! what … thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was …

… poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: is it …

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool! [*Aside.*

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Ever to poor men alone?——No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master *What-ye-call't:* how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir:—nay; pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot: then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aside.*

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver!—Not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee;

But,—

Wind away,——
Begone I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQ., TOUCH., *and* AUD.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest. Before a Cottage.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not

more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us re[illegible]
The sight of lovers feedeth those in lo[illegible]
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall [illegible]
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

SCENE V.—*Another part of the* [illegible]

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *at a distance.*

beauty,—

her,
Like foggy south, puffing with [illegible]
You are a thousand times a [illegible]

Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her;—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill-will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud; though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come to our flock.

[*Exeunt* ROS., CEL., *and* COR.

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: lose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well; but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; ommittance is not quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight,
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, com-

and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Enter ORLANDO.

have you been all this while? You a lover!—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail!

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman; besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am

orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking,—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your

world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he

have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be yo
coming-on disposition;
will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, R

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturrs, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the iest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, lando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,——*Will you, Orndo,*—

Cel. Go to:——Will you, Orlando, have to ife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosand, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; ut,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: -there's a girl goes before the priest; and, ertainly, a woman's thoughts run before her ctions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have r, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when hey are wives. I will be more jealous of thee han a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more lamorous than a parrot against rain; more ew-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my lesires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, ike Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will augh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at he casement; shut that, and it will out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu!

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu! [*Exit* ORLANDO.

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter JAQUES *and* Lords, *in the habit of Foresters.*

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
2. His leather skin and horns to wear.
1. Then sing him home:
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
1. Thy father's father wore it;
2. And thy father bore it:
All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger. [letter,

This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:

Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes. [*Reads.*]

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—

Meaning me a beast.—

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no

and not a word; for here comes more company.
[*Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow
you know

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years. *The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin:—are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who, with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for ['tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando:—did he leave him [there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescued?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love,
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd-youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede! [ROSALIND *faints.*

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—you a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too

great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assu

Oli. Well, then, take counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire

Will. Which he, sir?

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you per-

and all his contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher.

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—nay, 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—*I came, saw, and overcame:* for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then,—for now I speak to some purpose,—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her:—I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and obedience,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* ROSALIND.

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* PHEBE.

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why do you speak too,—*Why blame you me to love you?*

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you [*to* SILVIUS] if I can:—I would

love you [*to* PHEBE] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you [*to* PHEBE] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you [*to* ORLANDO] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall

left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, &c.

time lost to hear such a foolish song God be with you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:——
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the* DUKE.
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her

Ros. And you say you will have her, when I bring her? [*To* ORLANDO.

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say you'll marry me if I be willing? [*To* PHEBE.

Phe That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe So is the bargain.

Ros. You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will? [*To* SILVIUS.

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing

Ros I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his da
Keep you your word, Phebe, th
marry me;

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the *Retort courteous.* If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the *Quip modest.* If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the *Reply churlish.* If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the *Reproof valiant.* If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome:* and so, to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct.*

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no farther than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct;* and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print by the book, as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too with an *If.* I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as *If you said so, then I said so;* and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker:—much virtue in *If.*

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes; and* CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[*To* DUKE S.
To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[*To* ORLANDO.

Duke

Orl. I

Phe.
Why, th
Ros.

I'll have

Nor e'er

Hym.

If truth holds true contents.
You and yo

You and yo

You to his l
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
[*To* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.
As the winter to foul weather.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honoured,
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.
[*To* SILVIUS.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two;
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,

foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take

us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

any,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaq. de B. He hath.
Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath;
[*To* DUKE *S.*
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:—
You [*to* ORLANDO] to a love that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*to* OLIVER] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*to* SILVIUS] to a long and well-deserved bed:—
And you [*to* TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd.—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.
Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.
[*Exit.*
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in t

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin witl the women. I charge you, O women, for th love you bear to men, to like as much of thi play as please you: and I charge you, O men for the love you bear to women,—as I perceiv by your simpering, none of you hates them,— that between you and the women the play ma please. If I were a woman, I would kiss a many of you as had beards that pleased me complexions that liked me, and breaths that defied not: and, I am sure, as many as hav good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy bid me farewell. [*Exeunt*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*
LAFEU, *an old Lord.*
PAROLLES, *a Follower of* BERTRAM.
Several young French Lords, *that serve with* BERTRAM *in the Florentine War.*
Steward, } *Servants to the* COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON.
Clown,
A Page,

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *Mother to* BERTRAM.
HELENA, *a Gentlewoman protected by the* COUNTESS.
An old Widow *of Florence.*
DIANA, *Daughter to the* Widow.
VIOLENTA, } *Neighbours and Friends to the* Widow.
MARIANA,

Lords *attending on the* KING; Officers, Soldiers, &c., *French and Florentine.*

SCENE,—*Partly in* FRANCE, *and partly in* TUSCANY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ROUSILLON. *A Room in the*

Enter I
LON,

Count.
a seconc
Ber. I.
father's
majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; ...

cuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a

...

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed; but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the ... of

ıe dead; excessive grief the enemy to the ving.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, ıe excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
n manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck [down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit* COUNTESS.

Ber. The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts [*to* HELENA] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt* BER. *and* LAF.

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father; [more
And these great tears grace his remembrance
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him; my imagination
Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table,—heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?
One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him
That they take place when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you: let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up!—Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it!

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love; which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: out with't! within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with it!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit* Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I

-PARIS. *A Room in the* KING'S *Palace.*

cornets Enter the KING OF *with Letters; Lords and others*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it

The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What 's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour
So like a courtier: contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times; [now
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech. [always say,—

King. Would I were with him! He would
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,—*Let me not live*,—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*Let me not live*, quoth he,
*After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose con- [stancies
Expire before their fashions*:—This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolv'd from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir:
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son 's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE III.—ROUSILLON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, *and* Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not at all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: but if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue of my body; for they say bairns are blessings. [marry

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I

sooth:

[*Exit.*

Count. G
more anon

Stew. M:
bid Helen c

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. [*Singing.*] Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then:—
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit* Steward.

Count. Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are our [thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belon
Our blood to us, this to our blood i

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults:—or then we thought them none.

Enter HELENA.

Her eye is sick on't;—I observe her now.
Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?
Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable mistress.
Count. Nay, a mother:
Why not a mother? When I said a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were emwombed mine. 'Tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd iris, rounds thine eye?
Why,—that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble;
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were,—
So that my lord your son were not my brother,—
Indeed my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law: [mother
God shield you mean it not! daughter and
So strive upon your pulse. What! pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so;—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it; only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue, [so?
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good madam, pardon me!
Count. Do you love my son?
Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!
Count. Love you my son?
Hel. Do not you love him, madam?
Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond, [disclose
Whereof the world takes note: come, come,
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but, if yourself,
Whose aged honours cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a frame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity
To her whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies!
Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak truly,—
To go to Paris?
Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading

And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
[illegible]

Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.
Count. [illegible]

[illegible]

Hel. There's something in 't
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure
By such a day and hour.
Count. Dost thou believe 't?
Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.
Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court: I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessings into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—PARIS. *A Room in the* KING'S *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, *with young* Lords *taking leave for the Florentine war;* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and* Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.
1 Lord. It is our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.
[illegible]

seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.
2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives
Before you serve.
Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.
[*The* KING *retires to a couch.*
1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!
Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark——
2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!
Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,
Too young, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*
Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.
Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.
1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, count.
2 Lord. I am your accessary; and so farewell.
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.
1 Lord. Farewell, captain.
2 Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!
Par. Noble heroes, [illegible]

[illegible]
I live; and observe his reports for me.
2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.
Par. Mars dote on you for his novices!
[*Exeunt* Lords.] What will ye do?
Ber. Stay; the king——
Par. Use a more spacious cer[illegible]

noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES.

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord [*kneeling*], for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands that has bought his pardon. [mercy;
I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across;
But, my good lord, 'tis thus: Will you be cured
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will
My noble grapes, and if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pipin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What *her* is that?

Laf. Why, doctor *she:* my lord, there's one arriv'd, [honour,
If you will see her,—now, by my faith and
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,— [ness?
For that is her demand,—and know her busi-
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* LAFEU.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU *with* HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty: say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together: fare you well.
[*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us? [was

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon
My father; in what he did profess well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him.
Knowing him is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up as a triple eye, [so
Safer than mine own two, more dear: I have
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or, to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful. [I give
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,

When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown

[illegible]

I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

[illegible]

fly,

[illegible]

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate

[illegible]

Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try:
That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee;

[illegible]

So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,—
Though more to know could not be more to trust,—
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on.—But rest

[illegible]

SCENE II.—ROUSILLON. *A Room in the* COUNTESS'S *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* CLOWN.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks,—the pin buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any butt[illegible]

Count. Will your answer serv[illegible] [illegible]

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir!—There's a simple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick; spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir!* at your whipping, and *spare not me?* Indeed, your *O Lord, sir!* is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my —*O Lord, sir!* I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—PARIS. *A Room in the* KIN[G'S] *Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we ha[ve] our philosophical persons to make modern a[nd] familiar things supernatural and causeles[s]. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, e[n]sconcing ourselves into seeming knowled[ge] when we should submit ourselves to an unknow[n] fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wond[er] that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 'twere a man assured of a,—

Laf. Uncertain life and sure death.

Par. Just; you say well: so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect,—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange; that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the,—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay; so I say.

Laf. In a most weak,—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be,—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter KING, HELENA, *and* Attendants.

Laf. Lustic, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestow
O'er whom both sovereign power and voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but one!

That I protest I simply am a maid.—
Please it, your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me—
We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be re-

Hel. [*To third* Lord.] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drank wine.—But if thou beest not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. [*To* BERTRAM.] I dare not say I take you; but I give
ver whilst I live,
ver.—This is the man.
young Bertram, take her;
fe. [highness,
iege! I shall beseech your

her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down

hich challenges itself as honour's born,
ıd is not like the sire: honours thrive,
hen rather from our acts we them derive
ıan our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
ebauch'd on every tomb; on every grave
lying trophy; and as oft is dumb
here dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
f honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
thou canst like this creature as a maid,
can create the rest: virtue and she
her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad:
et the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,
must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
'roud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
'hat dost in vile misprision shackle up
Iy love and her desert; that canst not dream
Ve, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know
t is in us to plant thine honour where
Ve please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak!—thine answer!

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is as 'twere born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt* KING, BER., HEL., Lords, *and* Attendants.

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation!—My lord! my master!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it: and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou beest bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake,

and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my maste

Laf

Par

Laf

dost t

dost n

so?

thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger I'd beat thee: methink'st thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Enter BERTRAM.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet heart?

The trea

Ber.

I know .

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this caprichio hold in thee, art sure?

[me.

The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter HELENA *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Enter PAROLLES.

te lady!

our good will to

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night:
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and right of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want and whose delay is strew'd with sweets;
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What 's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have, then, sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*To* BER.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

Par. Sir!

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to* PAR.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.
Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is; [steal
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—no-

to horse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good [my lord.

[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—FLORENCE. *A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, *attended; two* French Lords, *and* Soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
1 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man
That the great figure of a council frames

f our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.
Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ROUSILLON. *A Room in the* COUNTESS'S *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* CLOWN.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.
Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.
Count. By what observance, I pray you?
Clo Why, he will look upon his boot and sing; mend the ruff and sing; ask questions

court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.
Count. What have we here?
Clo E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*
Count. [*Reads.*] *I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the kin ... undone me. I have wedded her, ... and ... sworn to make the not*

I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,
BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit.*

Enter HELENA *and two* Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Save you, good madam.
Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.
2 Gent. Do not say so.
Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't.—Where is my son, I pray you?
2 Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.
Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.
[*Reads.*] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband; but in such a* then *I write a* never.
This is a dreadful sentence.
Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?
1 Gent. Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.
Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son:
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?
2 Gent. Ay, madam.
Count. And to be a soldier?
2 Gent. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.
Count. Return you thither?
1 Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
Hel. [*Reads.*] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*
'Tis bitter.
Count. Find you that there?
Hel. Ay, madam.
1 Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,
Which his heart was not consenting to.
Count. Nothing in France until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?
1 Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.
Count. Parolles, was't not?
1 Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.
1 Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.
Count. You are welcome, gentlemen,
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.
2 Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?
[*Exeunt* COUNT, *and* Gentlemen.
Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in France until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim: move the still-peering air,



Photo. Alfred Ellis & Walery, London.

Phebe in "As You Like It" (Miss Dorothea Baird).

"Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo."

Act III., Sc. v., p



Photo Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

Bianca in "The Taming of the Shrew" (Miss Mabel Terry Lewis).

. . . "to your pleasure humbly I subscribe."

Act I., Sc. I., p. 318.

Rousillon,

Write, write, that from the bloody course of war

He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.
Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her

nted.
Pardon me, madam:
over-night, [writes,
rta'en; and yet she

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to
hear,

y.

much, will speed her foot again,
by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense
To make distinction:—provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

SCENE III.—FLORENCE. *Before the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Lords, Soldiers, *and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse
and we,

And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—ROUSILLON. *A Room in the* COUNTESS'S *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her? [done,

Ambitious love hath so in me offended
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

SCENE V.—*Without the* …

Enter an old Widow … VIOLENTA, MARIANA … citizens.

Wid. … do approach
… sight.
… count has done
… that he has taken
…, and that with his
… the duke's brother
… We have lost our lab…

gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another; I'll question her.—

Enter HELENA *in the dress of a pilgrim.*

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques-le-Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you! They come this way. [*A march afar off.*
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly [of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the [count
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right; good creature, wheresoe'er she is
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid;
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—

Enter, with a drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow.
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honester
He were much goodlier:—is 't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest? yond's that [same knave
That leads him to these places; were I his lady
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. The jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something: look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Camp before* FLORENCE.

Enter BERTRAM, *and the two* French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in

action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Floren

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't; let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

ccess will be,

to the

for

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't.

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him,—you shall see his fall to-night: for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—FLORENCE. *A Room in the* Widow's *House.*

Enter HELENA *and* Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolv'd to carry her: let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood will naught deny
That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: it is no more
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent; after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persévei,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why, then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the* FLORENTINE *Camp.*

Enter first Lord, *with five or six* Soldiers *in ambush.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him,

[sp]eak what terrible language you will; though [yo]u understand it not yourselves, no matter; [for] we must not seem to understand him, un[les]s some one among us, whom we must pro[du]ce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the inter[pr]eter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows [he] not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast thou [to] speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of [st]rangers i' the adversary's entertainment. [N]ow he hath a smack of all neighbouring lan[gu]ages; therefore we must every one be a man [of] his own fancy, not to know what we speak [to] one another; so we seem to know, is to [kn]ow straight our purpose: chough's language, [ga]bble enough, and good enough. As for you, [in]terpreter, you must seem very politic. But

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours

[of]ten at my door. I find my tongue is too [fo]olhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars [b]efore it, and of his creatures, not daring the [re]ports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine [o]wn tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to [u]ndertake the recovery of this drum; being not

... buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel,—

1 *Lord.* How deep? [*Aside.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*

1 *Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O! ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize and blindfold him.*

1 *Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Musko's regiment,

The Florentine.

2 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado.*——

Par. Oh!

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.——
Manka revania dulche.

1 *Lord* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 *Sold* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*——
Come on; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded.*

1 *Lord* Go, tell the Count Rousillon and my brother
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain,

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform 'em that.
2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.
1 *Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—FLORENCE. *A Room in the* Widow's *House.*

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument;
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more of that!
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
was compell'd to her; but I love thee
y love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn?
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions; but unseal'd,—
At least in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so perséver.
Dia. I see that men make hopes, in such a case,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my lord?
Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.
Dia. Mine honour 's such a ring:
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.
Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes knock at my chamber-window;
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu till then; then fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*
Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.——
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says all men
Have the like oaths: he hath sworn to marry me
When his wife 's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Florentine Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, *and two or three* Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

2 Lord.

lasting disp

tuned his b

will tell yo

darkly with

cluded.

2 Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath; and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which make her story true even to the

Lord. They shall be no more than needful if they were more than they can com-

ord. They cannot be too sweet for the

of success: I have congé'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady-mother I am returning; entertained my convoy, and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty,

hence, it re-

ended, as

soldier?——Come, bring forth this counterfeit model: has deceived me like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 Lord. Bring him forth. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.] Has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, *with* PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush, hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes! *Porto tartarossa.*

1 Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty I can say no more.

1 Sold. *Bosko chimurco.*

1 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 Sold. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. *First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord; this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase), that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He 's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you say.

1 Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth 's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. *Demand of him of what strength they are a-foot.* What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jacques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 Sold. Well, that 's set down. *You shall demand of him whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.* What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

1 Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child: a dumb innocent that could not say him nay.

[1 Lord *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other

other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] *Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold,*—

up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both sides rogue!

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it:

anywhere, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what

clothes about him; but they know his conditions

pertness in

before the will not,—

and more of his soldiership I know not, except in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the

Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserv and to

oung

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord! sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*
So look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, Captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.
[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, Lords, &c.

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain: all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet I am thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—FLORENCE. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am informed
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown:
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ROUSILLON. *A Room in the* COUNTESS'S *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the

dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service. [deed.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, in-

knave and fool

Clo. A

Laf. N

Clo. W

serve as g

Laf. W

Clo.

his phisn

there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would

right by the law of nature. [*Exit*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy

Count. So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered th ... ll be here to-morrow, or I am de-

n that in such intelligence hath

ejoices me that I hope I shall see

ter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under it or no, the velvet knows; but

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two* Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and ni

Must wear your spirits low; we lp it:

But since you have made the days and nights
as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you,
sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of
France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not
fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What 's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more
haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All 's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I 'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ROUSILLON. *The inner Court of the* COUNTESS'S *Palace.*

Enter Clown *and* PAROLLES.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavatch, give my Lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat (but not a musk-cat), that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't: save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—how does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.

—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to; follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the* COUNTESS's *Palace.*

Flourish. *Enter* KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU

La

King.
Was made
As mad ir
Her estim

Count. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty t
Natural rebellion, done i' the
When oil and fire, too strong
O'erbears it, and burns on.

Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost

you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.

I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart

was in mine eye

'ell excus'd:
rikes some scor's

From the great compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone. Our rash faults

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—
[BERTRAM *gives a ring to* LAFEU.
By m—ld beard
And every hair that's on't, Hele dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a

The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to it.—
This ring was mine, and when I gave it Helen
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to 'reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I'm sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord; she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,—
Where you have never come,—or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so:—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly.
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
[Guards *seize* BERTRAM.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*] *Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*
DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll this: I'll none of him.

King. The heaven's have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go speedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt* Gentleman, *and some* Attendants.
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, *with* Widow *and* DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,

Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know [illegible]
Wid. I am her [illegible]
honour [illegible]

[illegible]

But that I know them: do they charge me [illegible]

Dia. [illegible]

Ber. [illegible]
Dia. [illegible]
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours [illegible]

[illegible]

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature [illegible]

[illegible]

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies!
Dia. Good, my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.
Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.

[illegible]

[*Exit an* Attendant.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd:

[illegible]

her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course

[illegible]

Dia. I must be patient:
You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife

[illegible] nd,—

[illegible]

Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The story, then, goes false you threw it him
Out of a casement.
Dia. I have spoke the truth.
Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly; every feather starts you.—

Re-enter Attendant, *with* PAROLLES.

Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. Ay, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,—
Which, on your just proceedin[illegible] keep off.—
By him and by this wo[illegible]
you?
Par. So please your m[illegible]

been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave and no knave.— What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty; I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill-will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.— This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy [it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* LAFEU.

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal [sir;
[*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child.
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle—One that's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow *with* HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see—
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; O, pardon!

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid;
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter. This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:—Good Tom Drum [*to* PAROLLES], lend me a handkercher: so, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.



Miss Lily Bra

Act II Sc. I.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
[illegible]
Choose thou thy husband, and [illegible] dower;
[illegible]

All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish.*

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
[illegible]
parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[*Exeunt.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, *and* Servants.
} *Persons in the Induction.*
BAPTISTA, *a rich Gentleman of Padua.*
VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of Pisa.*
LUCENTIO, *Son to* VINCENTIO, *in love with* BIANCA.
PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to* KATHARINA.
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } *Suitors to* BIANCA.
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } *Servants to* LUCENTIO.
GRUMIO, CURTIS, } *Servants to* PETRUCHIO.
Pedant, *an old fellow set up to personate* VINCENTIO.

KATHARINA, *the Shrew,* BIANCA, } *Daughters to* BAPTISTA.
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, *and* Servants *attending on* BAPTISTA *and* PETRUCHIO.

SCENE,—*Sometimes in* PADUA, *and sometimes in* PETRUCHIO'S *House in the Country.*

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess *and* SLY.

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris;* let the world slide: sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy,—go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground and falls asleep.*

Horns winded. Enter a Lord *from hunting, with* Huntsmen *and* Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies! [image
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd. [less fancy.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worth-
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber.

hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is, say that he dreams,

our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.
Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed
And each one to his office when he wakes.
[*Some bear out* SLY. *A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.
1 Play. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.
Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;

ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;

mand,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?

laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extr

SCENE II. — *A Bedchamber in the* Lord's *House.*

SLY *is discovered in a rich nightgown, with* Attendants; *some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter* Lord, *dressed like a Servant.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.
1 *Serv.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?
2 *Serv.* Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?
3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet,—nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen-pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: here's—

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!
2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop!
Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth!
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Serv.* Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags; ay, fleeter than the roe.
2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures: we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3 *Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.
1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.
2 *Serv.* Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
[Servants *present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?
1 *Serv.* O yes, my lord; but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

[illegible]

And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page *as a lady, with* Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will [illegible]

[illegible]

Or, if not so, until the sun be set:

[illegible]

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. [illegible]

Are cor[illegible]
For so[illegible]
Seeing [illegible]

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:

Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,

[illegible]

Page. [illegible]

Sly. [illegible]

Page. [illegible]

Sly. Well, we'll see [illegible]. Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger. [*They sit down.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—PADUA. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

[illegible]

Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sw[illegible]
Only, good master, while we do [illegible]
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics

[illegible]

you,

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If Biondello now were come ashore
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?
Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, impórtune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. [*To* BAP.] I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis it is not half-way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!
Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.
Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst h[ear]
Minerva speak. [*Asi*[de.]
Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strang[e]?
Sorry am I that our good-will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tong[ue]?
Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:
Go in, Bianca:— [*Exit* BIAN[CA.]
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensi[o],
Or, Signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up
And so, farewell. Katharina, you may sta[y];
For I have more to commune with Bianca.
[*E*[xit.]
Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, [may]
I not? [bel[ike]
What! shall I be appointed hours; as tho[ugh]
I knew not what to take and what to le[ave]?
Ha! [*E*[xit.]
Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; [your]
gifts are so good here is none will hold [you.]
Their love is not so great, Hortensio, bu[t we]
may blow our nails together, and fast it f[airly]
out; our cake's dough on both sides. F[are-]
well;—yet, for the love I bear my s[weet]
Bianca, if I can by any means light on [a fit]
man to teach her that wherein she deligh[ts, I]
will wish him to her father.
Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio; bu[t a]
word, I pray. Though the nature of [our]
quarrel yet never brooked parle, know [now,]
upon advice, it toucheth us both—that we [may]
yet again have access to our fair mistress, [and]
be happy rivals in Bianca's love—to labour [and]
effect one thing specially.
Gre. What's that, I pray? [si[r?]
Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for [her sister.]
Gre. A husband! a devil.
Hor. I say, a husband.
Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, H[or-]
tensio, though her father be very rich, any [man]
is so very a fool to be married to hell?
Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass [your]
patience and mine to endure her loud alar[ums,]
why, man, there be good fellows in the wo[rld,]
an a man could light on them, would take [her]
with all faults and money enough.
Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take [her]
dowry with this condition,—to be whippe[d at]
the high-cross every morning.

our fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
uts my apparel and my countenance on,
nd I for my escape have put on his;
or in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
ait you on him, *I charge you, as becomes,*
hile I make way from hence to save my life:
ou understand me?

Bion. I, sir! ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
ranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; would I were so too!

Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—
hat Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
ut, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
ou use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
ut in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
ne thing more rests, that thyself execute,—
o make one among these wooers. If thou ask me why,—
ufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

[1 *Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne do I. A good matter, surely; comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; would 'twere done!]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before* HORTENSIO'S *House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for awhile I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock I 'll wring it:
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.
[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you; sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what 's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray? *Con tutto il core bene trovato,* may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto, molto honorato Signor mio Petruchio.*
Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps,—for ought I see,—two and thirty,—a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate!—O heavens!
Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this' a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,

And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her. [we

And shrewd, and forward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.
Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:—

her;
And he knew my deceased father well.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Enter GREMIO; *with him* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?
Hor. Peace, Grumio! 'tis the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by awhile.
Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!
[*They retire.*
Gre. O, very well: I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;

you
As for my patron,—stand you so assur'd,—
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.
Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!
Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!
Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum!—[*Coming forward.*]
God save you, Signior Gremio!
Gre. And you 're well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.
Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me. [prove.
Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall
Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.
Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard [clang?
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.
Gru. For he fears none.
Gre. Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours
Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
Gre. And so we will—provided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparelled, and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold, [way
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—
is 't [*aside to* TRANIO] he you mean?
Tra. Even he, Biondello!
Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to,—
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir; what have you to do? [pray.
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I
Tra. I love no chiders, sir; Biondello, let 's away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;— [or no?
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea
Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence. [free
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as
For me as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,—
That she 's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
Hor. That she 's the chosen of Signio Hortensio. [me
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentle
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown,
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk u all. [jade
Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he 'll prove
Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all thes words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hat two;

The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
[illegible]
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the [illegible]
For our access,—whose [illegible]
Will not so graceless be [illegible]
Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.
Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto.*
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou liest; is't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
[illegible]
Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—
Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
[illegible]
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd. [*Flies after* BIANCA.
Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in. [*Exit* BIANCA.
Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a musician, and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.
Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!
Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
[illegible]
me leave —
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he for your good sake;
But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.—
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting* LUCENTIO], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir [*to* TRANIO], methinks you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books;
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, s
Take you [*to* HOR.] the lute, and you [*to* L
the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlem
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them w

[*Exit* Serv., *with* HOR., LUC., *and* BI

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welco
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business ask haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of n lands
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her o
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,-
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute? [to me.

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she; *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter:
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

[illegible]

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,—
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wif

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him mov'd you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the fi
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a mov

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit o

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and s you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and s

Kath. No such jade as bear you, if m mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden
For, knowing thee to be but young and lig

Kath. Too light for such a swain as y catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should buzz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a bu

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a b take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle,—as he takes a bu

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my s

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it o

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it wh lies. [wear his

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; a farewell. [come a

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail?
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll [*Striking*

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike

Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in books!

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow to a craven. [look so

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you mu

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a c

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and the look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass I w

Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,—
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well —
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?
Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus:—yourself and all the world,
That talked of her, hath talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee hang'd first.
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good-night our part!
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.
[*Exeunt* PET. *and* KATH., *severally.*

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
[illegible]

Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first
Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess. [as I.
Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear
Tra. Graybeard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth. [this strife:
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
[illegible]

Basins and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
[illegible]

To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
[illegible]

jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles' road:—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no [illegible]

more;
And she can have no more than all I have:—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.
Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?
Bap. Well, gentlemen,
[illegible]

And so I take my leave, and thank you both.
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.— [*Exit* BAPTISTA.
Now I fear thee not:
[illegible]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
[illegible]

wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—PADUA. *A Room in* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow t[illegible] forward, sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause serve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools:
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.
Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
[*To* BIANCA. HORTENSIO *retires.*
Luc. That will be never:—tune your instrument.
Bian. Where left we last?
Luc. Here, madam:—
Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.
Bian. Construe them.
Luc. Hac ibat, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio, —*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.
Hor. [*Coming forward.*] Madam, my instrument's in tune.
Bian. Let's hear.— [HORTENSIO *plays.*
O fie! the treble jars.
Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: —*Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not,—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not,—*regia*, presume not,—*celsa senis*, despair not.
Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet. [*Aside.*
Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.
Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hor. You may go walk [*to* LUCENTIO], and give me leave awhile;
My lessons make no music in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C fa ut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone!
[*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* Servant.
Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*
Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and* Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio [*to* TRANIO], this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
[illegible]

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
[illegible]
[illegible] y of marriage,
Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, *Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her!

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
[illegible]

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old [illegible] sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, [illegible] studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy or a [illegible] to [illegible] he [illegible] him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all [illegible]

Bion. Nay, by [illegible]
I hold [illegible]
A horse [illegible]
Is more [illegible]
And [illegible]

Enter [illegible] GRUMIO.

Pet. [illegible] these gallants? [illegible]

Bap. [illegible] come, sir.
[illegible] And yet I come [illegible]
[illegible] you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.
Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?
Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!
Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.
Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me she's married, not unto my clothes
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.
Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.
[*Exeunt* BAP., GREM., *and* BION.
Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the graybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio,—came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list.*
Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: *A health!* quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm: quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.
[*Music.*

Pet.
Kath.
Pet.
But yet
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse.
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?—
Father,
Gre.
Kath.

I see a
If she h
Pet.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead;
Be mad and merry,—or go hang you
But for my bonny Kate, she must wi
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor
fret

place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room. [it?
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride
Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentle

take cold.—Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou knowest, *winter tames man, woman, and beast*; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand,—she being now at hand,—thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho, boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of coney-catching!—

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order?

Curt. All ready; and, therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio!

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nick. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you; what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this;—and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

Where is the l

Where are those——
come.
Soud, soud, soud, sou

Re-enter Servants *with supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

It was the friar of orders gray; [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way,—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.— [*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!—
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hit

[*Exit* S

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and
quainted with.—

1 Serv. Ay.

Who brought it?

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it.

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her, [soul,
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

'hat all is done in reverend care of her;
.nd, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
.nd, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
.nd with the clamour keep her still awake.
'his is a way to kill a wife with kindness:
.nd thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
Ie that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Iow let him speak; 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—PADUA. *Before* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching. [*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire.*
Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your Mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.
Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth c
Hor. Would all the world but he had q forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful hagg
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous lo
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave
In resolution as I swore before.
[*Exit* HOR.—LUC. *and* BIAN. *adva*
Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with s grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.
Bian. Tranio, you jest; but have you b forsworn me?
Tra. Mistress, we have.
Luc. Then we are rid of Li
Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow no
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!
Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.
Bian. He says so, Tran
Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-scho
Bian. The taming-school! what, is there su a place?
Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long
To tame a shrew and charm her chatteri tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatanté, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANC

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?
Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
But then up further, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.

SCENE III.—*A Room in* PETRUCHIO'S *House.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
hat feed'st me with the very name of meat:
orrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
hat triumph thus upon my misery!
o, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO *with a dish of meat; and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Iere, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks. [not;
What! not a word? Nay, then thou
And all my pains is sorted to no
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you,

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame!
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.— [*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—and now, my honey-love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy;
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*
Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay;—Come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Hor. I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aside.*
Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.
Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.
Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.
Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skien of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.
Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?
Gru. Thou hast faced many things.
Tai. I have.
Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.
Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.
Pet. Read it.
Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.
Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*
Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape:*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve*·

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there 's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy ma

Gru Villain, not for thy life!

mistress' gown for thy master's use

Pet. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O fie, fie, fie!

morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I

Pet.

Even in

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich,
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

foot.—

Let 's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so, this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—PADUA. *Before* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *dressed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Enter BIONDELLO.

lo,

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance,

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—
Sir [*to the* Pedant], this is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony

Ped Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua

To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.
Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you know best
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?
Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;
And, haply, we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
nd for your daughter by your servant here;
y boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
he worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well.—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.
Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart. [gone.
Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.
Bap. I follow you.
[*Exeunt* TRA., Ped., *and* BAP.
Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello?
Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.
Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talkin with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.
Luc. And what of him?
Bion. His daughter is to be brought by yo to the supper.
Luc. And then?—
Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's churc is at your command at all hours.
Luc. And what of all this?
Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busie about a counterfeit assurance. Take you assu ance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendu solum:* to the church;—take the priest, clerl and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no mo to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.
[*Goin*
Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?
Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wenc married in an afternoon as she went to th garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so ma you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hat appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid th priest be ready to come against you come wit your appendix. [*Exi*
Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contentec
She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about he
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.
[*Exi*

SCENE V.—*A public Road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once mo toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines th moon! [light nov
Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moo
Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so brigh
Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so brigh
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.—
Go one, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing b cross'd!
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have com so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet I say it is the moon.

Kath

Pet.

Kath

But sun

[*To* VINCENTIO.

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:

me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be forward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—PADUA. *Before* LUCENTIO'S *House.*

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

Bion Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

soon as I can.

And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant *above, at a window.*

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin Is Signior Lucentio within

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*to* VINCEN.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing* BIONDELLO.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What! have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats* BIONDELLO.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant *below; and* BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and* Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what concerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son, Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio; I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd.—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[BION., TRA., *and* PED. *run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended?—Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio, Right son to the right Vincentio;

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*to* LUCENTIO]

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* LUC. *and* BIAN.

Gre. My cake is dough: but I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *advance.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in t e midst of the street?

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* LUCENTIO'S *House.*

A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:

[*They sit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
mean Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended.—Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer —ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my [bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt* BIAN., KATH., *and* WID.
Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for your- [self;
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match! 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.—
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
Pet. Oh, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!—
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say I command her come to me.
[*Exit* GRUMIO.
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not come.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Enter KATHARINA.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's [wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and [happy.
Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Pet. I say she shall;—and first begin with
Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;

buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled—

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's

on, and
Kiss me, Kate. [shalt ha't.
Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou
Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward. [froward.
Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are
Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white; [*To* LUCENTIO.
And, being a winner, God give you good-night!
[*Exeunt* PET. *and* KATH.
Hor. Now go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.
Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so [*Exeunt*

THE WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*
MAMILLIUS, *his Son.*
CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION, } *Sicilian Lords.*
Other Sicilian Lords.
Sicilian Gentlemen.
Officers *of a Court of Judicature.*
POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*
FLORIZEL, *his Son.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An Old Shepherd, *reputed father of* PERDITA.
Clown, *his Son.*
Servant *to the Old Shepherd.*
AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue.*
Time, *as Chorus.*

HERMIONE, *Queen to* LEONTES
PERDITA, *Daughter to* LEONTES *and* HERMIONE.
PAULINA, *Wife to* ANTIGONUS.
EMILIA, *a Lady*, *Other* Ladies, } *attending the* QUEEN.
MOPSA, DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses.*

Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants; Satyrs *for a Dance*; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE,—*Sometimes in* SICILIA; *sometimes in* BOHEMIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—SICILIA. *An Antechamber in* LEONTES' *Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think this coming summer the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself overkind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, ... MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and* At

Pol. Nine changes of the wate
been
The shepherd's note since we h

That go before it.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We'll part the time between 's then: and in that
I'll no gainsaying.
Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world [now,

Leon. Tongue tied, our queen? Speak you.
Her I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay.
You, *sir,*
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well · this satisfaction

But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,

We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*to* POLIXENES] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia

with oaths,

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you [boys:
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were
You were pretty lordlings then.
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there were no more behind

two?
' the
did

t we

Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty,* the imposition clear'd

we gather

) my most sacred lady,
then been born to 's]
for
In those unfledg'd days was my l;

Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do we 'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He 'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never but once.

Her. What! havè I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: cram 's with praise, and make 's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:—
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.

Leon. Too hot, too hot! [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me,—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows,—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord

Leon. I' fecks!
Why, that 's my bawcock. What! hast smutch'd thy nose?—
They say it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat;—not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling

[*Observing* POL. *and* HER.

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me:—yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say anything: but were they false
As o'erdyed blacks, as wind, as waters,—false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may 't be?
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what 's unreal thou co-active art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,—
And that beyond commission; and I find it,—
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How! my lord!
What cheer! how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This quash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be's dole!
—My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:

Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are your's i' the garden: shall's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside.*] I am angling now.

Will miss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

none;

It will let in and out the enemy

With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy!
Mam. I am like you, they say.
Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—

When you cast out, it still came home.
Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.
Leon. Didst perceive it?—
They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis far gone
When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. *At the good queen's entreaty.*
Leon. At the queen's be't: good should be pertinent;

But of the finer natures? by some severals

Bohemia stays here longer
Leon. Ha!
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress!—satisfy!—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: in your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leon. Have you not seen, Camillo,—
But that's past doubt: you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—
For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think it,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,—
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought,—then say
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't and justify't.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.
Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked?—is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord!
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both.—Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—
Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,—
Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,—
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,—
Without ripe moving to't?—Would I do this?
Could man so blench?
Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:

Cam. I'
Leon. I will seem friendl[y]
advis'd me.
Cam. O miserable lady!—B

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not! do not. D
and dare not

A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddingly.

By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath remove, or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If, therefore, you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city: for myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.
Pol. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—SICILIA. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to m as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for becau
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, the say,
Become some women best; so that there be n
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught you thi
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.- Pray now,
What colour are your eyebrows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my lor
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
1 *Lady.* Hark y
The queen your mother rounds apace: we sh
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'd want with us,
If we would have you.
2 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter he
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst yo Come, sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry or sad shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winte
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good s
Come on, sit down:—come on, and do your be
To fright me with your sprites: you're powe ful at it.
Mam. There was a man,—
Her. Nay, come, sit down: then o
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard:—I will t it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on, then
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords *and* Guards.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camil with him?
1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met the [nev
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd the
Even to their ships.
Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd,

In being so blest!—There may be in the cup

posterns
So easily open?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy:—I am glad you did not

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him!—and let her sport herself
[*Exit* MAMILLIUS, *with some of the* Guards.
With that she's big with;—for 'tis Polixenes

Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,—
Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,—and straight

ha's,

Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,

Her. No, by my life,

Leon. No; if I mistake

But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,

lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?
[*To the* Guards.

Her. Who is't that goes with me?—Beseech

mistress

queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence: in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.
1 Lord. For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean
In this which you accuse her.
Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.
Leon. Hold your peaces.
1 Lord. Good my lord,—
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.
Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.
Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
Leon. What! lack I credit?
1 Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.
Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which, if you,—or stupified
Or seeming so in skill,—cannot or will not
Relish a truth, like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.
Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,—
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, naught for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,—doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation,—
For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,—I have despatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?
1 Lord. Well done, my lord.
Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: so have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.
Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

Enter PAULINA *and* Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am.
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou, then, in prison?

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Keeper.

Now, good sir.
You know me, do you not?
Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one who much I honour.
Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Keep. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,

To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is't lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.—
Withdraw yourselves.

Keep. And, m
I must be present at your con

Paul. Well, be't so, pr'ythee
Here's such ado to make no s
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, *My poor prisoner,*

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you bless'd for it!
I'll to the queen: please you come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus,—mere weakness. If

res. [*Exit* 1 Attend.]—Fie, fie!

Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

aul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
r you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
n the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
re free than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.
Attend. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
ne should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
ome to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
it creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
each his needless heavings,—such as you
urish the cause of his awaking: I
come, with words as med'cinal as true,
nest as either, to purge him of that humour
it presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
out some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How!—
ay with that audacious lady!—Antigonus,
harg'd thee that she should not come about me:
new she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
e should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,—
less he take the course that you have done,
mmit me for committing honour,—trust it,
shall not rule me.
Ant. La you now, you hear!
hen she will take the rein, I let her run;
it she'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
d, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
yself your loyal servant, your physician,
our most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
ss appear so, in comforting your evils,
an such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
om your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;
nd would by combat make her good, so were I
man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence!
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
rst hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
it first I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
or she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
ere 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind-witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—
Thou dotard [*to* ANTIGONUS], thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here:—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not,—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.
Leon. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!— This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it! and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours!
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father,—eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!

Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care n

Leon On your allegiance,

hands?

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,

So to esteem of us· and on our knees we beg,—
As recompense of our dear services,
Past and to come,—that you do change this purpose,

Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must

[*To* ANTIGONUS.

adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Anything, my lord,

his sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord

Leon. Mark, and perform it,—seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd tongu'd wife,

Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are
Hasting to the court.

1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—Sicilia. *A Street in some Town.*

Enter Cleomenes *and* Dion.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,—
Methinks I so should term them,—and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,—
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,—
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*The same. A Court of Justice.*

Leontes, Lords, *and* Officers *appear, properly seated.*

Leon. This sessions,—to our great grief, we pronounce,—
Even pushes 'gainst our heart;—the party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.
Offi. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—
Crier. Silence!

Hermione *is brought in guarded;* Paulina *and* Ladies *attending*

Leon. Read the indictment.
Offi. [*Reads.*] Hermione, *queen to the worthy* Leontes, *king of* Sicilia, *thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *king of Bohemia; and conspiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*
Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other [me
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot
To say, *Not guilty:* mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—if powers divine
Behold our human actions,—as they do,—
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny [know,—
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best
Who least will seem to do so,—my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy: which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators; for, behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore [it
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.
Her. That's true enough;

I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;

What you have underta en to do in s absence.
Her. Sir.

fort,

iege,

ceed.

ife,—
I prize it not a straw,—but for mine honour

Re-enter Officers, *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword
ustice,
eomenes and Dion, have
Delphos, and from thence have
brought

Off. [*Reads.*] Hermione is *chaste*, Polixenes

Enter a Servant *hastily.*

Serv. My lord the king, the king!
Leon. What is the business?
Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.
Leon How!
Serv
Leon. Apollo's angry; and the h
selves

Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE *faints.*]
How now there!
Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—
Look down
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* PAUL. *and* Ladies, *with* HER.
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and
with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain
hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
'o richer than his honour:—How he glisters
horough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast
for me? [boiling
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying?
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine,—O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed,—stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful; nor was't much
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's
honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,—
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable
thoughts,— [heart
Thoughts high for one so tender,—cleft the
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not—no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry, Woe!—the queen, the
queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and
vengeance for 't
Nor dropp'd down yet.
1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid
Paul. I say she's dead: I'll swear 't. I
word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve yo
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant
Do not repent these things; for they are heavie
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake the
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'
All tongues to talk their bitterest!
1 *Lord.* Say no more
Howe'er the business goes, you have made faul
I' the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for 't
All faults I make, when I shall come to know
them,
I do repent. Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what'
past help,
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be *punish'd*, that have *minded you*
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive muc
better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring m
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall

The causes of their death appear, unto
[illegible]

Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon 's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard (but not believ'd), the spirits of the dead
[illegible]
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good* Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
[illegible]
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina *more:*—and so, with shrieks,
[illegible]
There lie; and there thy character: there these;
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more:—thou 'rt like to have
[illegible]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would [illegible] of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my [illegible] yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son comes; he hollaed but even now.—Whoa, ho hoa!

Clo. [*Within.*] Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.

Enter Clown.

What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land!—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork in a hogshead. And then for the land service,—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman.—But to make an end of the ship,—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it:—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him,—both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing. [*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here! take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see:—it was told me I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling:—open't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy-gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way! We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy—Let my sheep go:—come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, *as Chorus.*

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy and terror
Of good and bad; that make and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—BOHEMIA. *A Room in the Palace of* POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my

country; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so,—which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than

now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the

shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Road near the* Shepherd's *Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—
  With, hey! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
  For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
  With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
  For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra lirra chants,—
  With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay,—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

And when I wander here and there,
  I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
  And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give
  And in the stocks avouch it.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

saffron, to colour the warden pies; *mace—dates*, —none; that 's out of my note; *nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger*,—but that I may beg; *four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.*

Aut. O that ever I was born!
[*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I 'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. Oh, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir! [*picks his pocket*] good sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money or anything I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there 's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that 's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big and spit at him, he 'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit* Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I 'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be enrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!
[*Sings.*

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me,—
O, pardon that I name them!—your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd; swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith

Per. O, but, sir,

The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine. to this I am most constant,

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

And let's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *a*
ILLO *disguised;* Clown, MOPSA,
with others.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my
liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd
all; [here
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;

erend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
you both,

Shepherdess—
fit our ages

season

herefore, gentle maiden,

For I have heard it said
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;

marry

Per. So it is.

Pol Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I w wish

This youth would say, 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome!

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day;—and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing.—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon!—daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength,—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!—O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No; like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita; so turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.— [*Music.*
Come, strike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this which dances with you[r] daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and boas[ts] himse[lf]
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves [my] daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be pl[ain],
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does anything; though I r[eport it]
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him th[at]
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the [pedlar] at the door, you would never dance agai[n after] a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could no[t move] you: he sings several tunes faster than yo[u'll tell] money: he utters them as he had eaten [ballads], and all men's ears grew to his tunes.—

Clo. He could never come better: [he shall] come in: I love a ballad but even too

it be doleful matter merrily s
pleasant thing indeed and su

Serv. He hath songs for
all sizes; no milliner can sc
with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask-roses,
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;

come, buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you; may be he has paid you more,—which will shame you to give him again.

whistle off these secrets, but you must be

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me

doed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Bless me from marrying a usurer!

re's the midwife's name to't, one
aleporter, and five or six honest
were present. Why should I carry

ay you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the

her. The ballad is very pitiful, and

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and
nesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

This is a merry ballad, but a very

let's have some merry ones.

Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

We can both sing it: if
thou shalt hear; 'tis in the

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange or mill:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me;
Then, whither go'st?—say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves; my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them.—Come, bring away thy pack after me.—Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt* Clown, AUT., DOR., *and* MOP.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Twelve Rustics, *habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's simple and tells much. [*Aside.*]—How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd,—I take thy hand! this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour, too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men,—the earth, the heavens, and all:—
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them
Without her love: for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Shep. Take hands, a ba
And, friends unknown, you shall
to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;—

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know 't
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him
Flo. No, he mu
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall no
grieve
At knowing of thy choice
Flo. Come, come,
Mark our contract
Pol. Mark
Whom son I dare

—Thou old

The royal fool thou cop'st with,—
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack,—as never
I mean thou shalt,—we'll bar thee from succession;

I was about to speak, and tell him plainly
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will sir, be

FLORIZEL.

Beseech

dream of mine,
Being now much further,
But milk my ewes
now, father!
Speak

mingle faith with him !—Undone! undone!
might die within this hour, I have liv'd
die when I desire. [*Exit.*
Flo. Why look you so upon me?
n but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
nothing alter'd: what I was, I am:
re straining on for plucking back; not following
leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious, my lord,
u know your father's temper: at this time
will allow no speech,—which I do guess
u do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
ll he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
en, till the fury of his highness settle,
me not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it.
hink Camillo?
Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
ow often said my dignity would last
t till 'twere known!
Flo. It cannot fail but by
e violation of my faith; and then
t nature crush the sides o' the earth together.
nd mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks.—
om my succession wipe me, father; I
m heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am, —and by my fancy: if my reason
ill thereto be obedient, I have reason;
not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
o bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
ot for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
e thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees or
he close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
n unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
o this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
s you have ever been my father's honour'd friend
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean [not
o see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
ug for the time to come. This you may know,
nd so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
nd, most opportune to our need, I have
vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
or this design. What course I mean to hold
hall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
oncern me the reporting.
Cam. O, my lord.

I would your spirit were ...
Or stronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*Takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* CAMILLO.
Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master whom
I so much thirst to see.
Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*
Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,—
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,—on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress,—from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forfend! your ruin,—marry her;
And,—with my best endeavours in your absence,—
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.
Flo How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself and your fair princess,—
For so, I see, she must be,—'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping



From the painting by Ed. Grützner — *Photo. Berlin Photographic Co. London.*

Falstaff disowned by King Hal ("Henry IV —Part Second,

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers,
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!"

Act V., Sc. IV., pp. 529.

:essity in 't,—and change garments with
;entleman: though the pennyworth on his
>e the worst, yet hold thee, there's some
[*Giving money.*

ut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye
enough. [*Aside.*

m. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentle-
is half-flayed already.

ut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the
on't.— [*Aside.*

>. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

ut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I can-
vith conscience take it.

m. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLO. *and* AUTOL. *exchange garments.*

unate mistress,—let my prophecy
e home to you!—you must retire yourself
some covert; take your sweetheart's hat,
pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
nantle you; and, as you can, disliken
truth of your own seeming; that you may,—
I do fear eyes over,—to shipboard
undescried.

er. I see the play so lies
t I must bear a part.

am. No remedy.—
'e you done there?

'lo. Should I now meet my father,
would not call me son.

'am. Nay, you shall have no hat.—
[*Giving it to* PERDITA.

ne, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

'ut. Adieu, sir.

'lo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
y you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

'am. What I do next, shall be to tell the
king [*Aside.*
:his escape, and whither they are bound;
erein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
force him after: in whose company
:all review Sicilia; for whose sight
ave a woman's longing.

'lo. Fortune speed us!—
is we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

'am. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt* FLOR., PER., *and* CAM.

lut. I understand the business,—I hear it: have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble d, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose equisite also, to smell out work for the other ses. I see this is the time that the unjust 1 doth thrive. What an exchange had this n without boot? what a boot is here with this hange? Sure, the gods do this year connive s, and we may do anything extempore. The ice himself is about a piece of iniquity,—ling away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things,—all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word,—yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely, puppies! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard!

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master. [*Aside.*

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance. Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Aside, and takes off his false beard.*]—How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pé; and one that will either push on or pluck

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

the heart of monster.

throne into a sheep-cote!—all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son,—who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aquavitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day

plain men,—what have you to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a

as this old man does, when the business is per-

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion,—gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—SICILIA. *A Room in the Palace of* LEONTES.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.
Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.
Paul. True, too true, my lord;
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.
Leon. I think so.—Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.
Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.
Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;
[*To* LEONTES.
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.
Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—
Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,—
Where we offend her now,—appear, soul-vexed,
And begin, *Why to me?*
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.
Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine!*
Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to [his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

[illegible]

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
[illegible]

So out of circumstance and sudde[illegible]
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but fo[illegible]
By need and accident. What tra[illegible]

Gent. [illegible]
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. [illegible]

[illegible]
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
[illegible]

Paul. How! not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still, 'tis strange,
[illegible]

Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou [know'st
[illegible]

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
[illegible]

Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.
[illegible] ne-
[illegible] thing seiz'd [illegible]

And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O my brother,—
[illegible] ngs I have done
[illegible] ces,
[illegible] 'elcome

As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,—
At least ungentle,—of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good, my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence—
A prosperous south wind friendly,—we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,—
As he from heaven merits it,—with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has,—
His dignity and duty both cast off,—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning,—in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,—meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camil

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; w now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not hav
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:-
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good fath speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beaut
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look u
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no j
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech y sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affectio
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifl

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your preci mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a mo
'Fore your queen died, she was more w such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of h
Even in these looks I made.—But your petit [*To* FLORIZ
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires
I am friend to them and you: upon wh errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me
And mark what way I make. Come, g my lord. [*Exeu*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman.

and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech

Enter a Gentleman.

Enter a third Gentleman.

How goes it now, sir? this news, which is

might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, hold-

encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Anti-

followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked the same instant of their

she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in

Gent. No: the princess hearing of her her's statue, which is in the keeping of lina,—a piece many years in doing, and r newly performed by that rare Italian ter, Julio Romano, who, had he himself nity, and could put breath into his work, ild beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath ie Hermione, that they say one would speak ier, and stand in hope of answer:—thither h all greediness of affection are they gone; there they intend to sup.

Gent. I thought she had some great matter re in hand; for she hath privately twice or ce a day, ever since the death of Hermione, ted that removed house. Shall we thither, l with our company piece the rejoicing?

Gent. Who would be thence that has the iefit of access? every wink of an eye some v grace will be born: our absence makes us hrifty to our knowledge. Let 's along.

[*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former in me, would preferment drop on my head. prought the old man and his son aboard prince; told him I heard them talk of a lel, and I know not what; but he at that ie over-fond of the shepherd's daughter,—so then took her to be,—who began to be much -sick and himself little better, extremity of ather continuing, this mystery remained uncovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I n the finder-out of this secret, it would not ve relished among my other discredits. re come those I have done good to against will, and already appearing in the blossoms their fortune.

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, t thy sons and daughters will be all gentlen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: you denied to ht with me this other day, because I was no ntleman born. See you these clothes? say u see them not, and think me still no gentlen born: you were best say these robes are t gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do; d try whether I am not now a gentleman rn. [born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these ur hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy!

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman rn before my father; for the king's son took by the hand and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend.—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means, prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* PAULINA'S *House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd, [tracted
With your crown'd brother, and these your con-
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble:—but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it

Your wonder: but yet speak;—first, you, my liege.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes [her
As she liv'd now.
Leon. As now she might have done,

Not dry. [on,
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is mine,—
I'd not have show'd it.
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Let be, let be.—
I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.
Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you further.
Leon. Do, Paulina;

And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,—
Which I protest against,—I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do
I am content to look on: what to speak,

ı content to hear; for 'tis as easy
make her speak as move.

aul. It is requir'd
. do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
those that think it is unlawful business
n about, let them depart.

eon. Proceed:
foot shall stir.

aul. Music, awake her: strike!—[*Music.*
time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
ke all that look upon with marvel. Come;
fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away:
ueath to death your numbness, for from him
ır life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs:

[HERMIONE *comes down from the pedestal.*
rt not; her actions shall be holy as
u hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
til you see her die again; for then
a kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
ıen she was young you woo'd her; now in age
she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
his be magic, let it be an art
wful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck:
she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she
has liv'd,
how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
ere it but told you, should be hooted at
ke an old tale; but it appears she lives,
ıough yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
ease you to interpose, fair madam: kneel,
ıd pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good
lady;
ır Perdita is found.

[*Presenting* PER., *who kneels to* HER.

Her. You gods, look down,
ıd from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd
how found?
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear tha
I,—
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and the
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou ha
found mine;
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said man
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far,-
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find th
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth an
honesty
Is richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.-
What! look upon my brother:—both yo
pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directin
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulin
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away!

[*Exeun*

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*
ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, } *Twin Brothers, and sons to* ÆGEON *and* ÆMILIA, *but unkn*
DROMIO OF EPHESUS, DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, } ANTIPHOLUSES.
BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*
ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*
A Merchant, *Friend to* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.
PINCH, *a Schoolmaster and a Conjurer.*
ÆMILIA, *Wife to* ÆGEON, *an Abbess at Ephesus.*

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE,—EPHESUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen

Æge. Yet this my comfort,—when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.
Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home,

spouse [old,
From whom my absence was not six months

There she had not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, [illegible] so like the other
As could not be distingu[illegible] by names.
That very hour, and in th[illegible] inn,
A poor mean woman wa[illegible]

Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those,—for their parents were exceeding poor,—
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon!
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discover'd
Two ships from far making amain to us,—
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!—
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock,
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, and impórtun'd me
That his attendant,—for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus:
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend.
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, *and a* Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,

Of whom I hope to make much benefit:

And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit* Merchant.

Ant. S.
co
Commends
I to the world am like a drop of water

In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd [too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell—
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day. [I pray;

Ant. S. Stop—in your wind, sir; tell me this,
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your [foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, [illegible] stress at the Phoenix;
She that doth fast till you com[illegible] ner,
And prays that you will hie yo[illegible]

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands:
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit* DROMIO E.
Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty;
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go or come. If so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subject, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home again I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause:
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me:
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left
Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try:
Here comes your man, now is your husband nig

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at han
Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, a that my two ears can witness.
Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know thou his mind?
Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mi ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could und stand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst r feel his meaning?
Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly I could t well feel his blows; and withal so doubtful that I could scarce understand them.
Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming hom
It seems he hath great care to please his wif
Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, su he's stark-mad.
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth h
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth h
Will you come home? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth h
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villai
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd*; *My gold*, quoth h
My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistre*
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress
Luc. Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistre*
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;

[illegible]

hither:
If I last in this service you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience low'reth in your face!

[illegible]

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

[illegible]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up

Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave

[illegible]

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half-an-hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur with the gold you gave me.

[illegible]

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,

[illegible]

Ant. S. [illegible] you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore,—

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flo[illegible]; and then, wherefore,
For urging it the second time

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?—
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something.—But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and, therefore, to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was, once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and, therefore, see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.
Ant. S. By Dromio?
Dro. S. By me?
Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compa
Dro S. I, sir? I never saw her till this tim
Ant. S. Villain, thou
very words
Didst thou deliver to me c
Dro. S. I never spake v
Ant. S. How can she
our names,
Unless it be by inspiration

Ant. S.

Dro. S. O for my beads! I cross me for a
This is the fairy land;—O spite of spites!

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long [for grass.

scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner;—Dromio, keep the [gate:—

your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, DROMIO OF EPHESUS, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all.

by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know

pass, [an ass.
You would keep from my heels, and beware of

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar; pray God, our cheer
May answer my good-will and your good welcome here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.
Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest.
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft; my door is lock'd: go bid them let us in.
Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen!
Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.
Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.
Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.
Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.
Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when an you'll tell me wherefore.
Ant. E. Wherefore! for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.
Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.
Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?
Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.
Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.
Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?
Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.
Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.
Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh;—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?
Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?
Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.
Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?
Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.
Dro. S. And you said no.
Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck; there was blow for blow.
Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.
Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?
Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.
Luce. Let him knock till it ache.
Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?
Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?
Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.
Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.
Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.
Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.
Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.
Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.
Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.
Dro. S. It seems thou wantest breaking; out upon thee, hind!
Dro. E. Here's too much out upon thee: I pray thee, let me in.
Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron
Bal. Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so:

expense. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The same*

Enter LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate,

blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;

S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is
else, I know not,
y what wonder do you hit on mine,—
your knowledge and your grace, you

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if she
Luc. What, are you mad, that you d
so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife;
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will.

[*Exit* LUCIANA.

Enter from the House of ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and beside myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how beside thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, beside myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse: and she would have me as a beast; not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean?—a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe; but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir;—but her name and three-quarters, that is an ell and three-quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America—the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia,—the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low.—To conclude, this drudge or diviner laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,

I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage;
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

not. [note,

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which does amount to three odd ducats more

to her

come
not time enough. [about you?

Ang. Well sir, I will: have you the chain

Ant E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

nt. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
breach of promise to the Porcupine:
ould have chid you for not bringing it,
like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
er. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.
ng. You hear how he impórtunes me: the chain,—
nt. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
ng. Come, come, you know I gave it you even [now:
er send the chain or send me by some token.
nt. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath: [it.
ie, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see
fer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
d sir, say whe'r you 'll answer me or no;
ot, I 'll leave him to the officer.
lnt. E. I answer you! What should I answer [you?
lng. The money that you owe me for the chain.
lnt. E. I owe you none till I receive the [chain.
lng. You know I gave it you half-an-hour since.
lnt. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
lng. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
nsider how it stands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do, and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
lng. This touches me in reputation:
her consent to pay this sum for me,
I attach you by this officer.
lnt. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
est me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
lng. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer:—
ould not spare my brother in this case,
e should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
lnt. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail:—
, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
all the metal in your shop will answer.
lng. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
at stays but till her owner comes aboard,
d then, sir, bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
ave convey'd aboard; and I have bought
e oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
e ship is in her trim: the merry wind
ows fair from land: they stay for naught at all
t for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman? Why, th
peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftag
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee f
a rope;
And told thee to what purpose and what end
Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's end
soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at mo
leisure,
And teach your ears to listen with more heec
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gor
On, officer, to prison till it come.
[*Exeunt* MER., ANG., Off., *and* ANT.
Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husban
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.
[*Ex*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merril
What observation mad'st thou in this case
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First, he denied you had him in
right. [my spi
Adr. He meant he did me none; the mc
Luc. Then swore he that he was a strang
here. [he we
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forswo
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said h
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg
of me. [lov
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt t
Luc. With words that in an honest s
might move.
First, he did praise my beauty, then my speec
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseec
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me stil
My tongue, though not my heart, shall ha
his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind. [one?

Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. S. Here, go: the desk, the purse: sweet now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well? [hell.

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that

'rested on the case. [suit.
Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose
Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell:
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in the desk?
Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,
[*Exit* LUCIANA.
That he, unknow
Tell me, was he
Dro. S. Not
thing;
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?
Adr.
Dro. S.
It was tw
Adr.

Dro. S. O yes. If any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit my comfort and my injury.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

's not a man I meet but doth
well-acquainted friend;
oth call me by my name.
ey to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;

Dro S Master, here's the gold you sent me for
What, have you got the picture of Old Adam new apparelled?
Ant S What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?
Dro S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was killed for

went like a base-viol in a case of leather; the

Dro S Ay, sir,—the sergeant of the band: he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: here are *the angels that you sent for* to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse—she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes that the wenches say, *God damn me*—that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn: come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do; expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Master, be wise; an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know.
[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* DRO. S.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reason that I gather he is mad,—
Besides this present instance of his rage,—
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: this course I fittest choose,
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS *and an* Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS, *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man: I think he brings the money.
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass indeed: you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have [illegible]

yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* Courtezan, *with* PINCH *and others.*

Dro. E. [illegible] end; [illegible]

Beware [illegible]

Ant. [illegible]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
[illegible]
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O that thou wert not, poor distressed [illegible]

[illegible] what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

[illegible]

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his [illegible]
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. [illegible]

[illegible]
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

[illegible]

[illegible] forth to-day?—
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;

[illegible]

DRO. E.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him; let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man! how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt* PINCH *and* Assistants, *with* ANT. E. *and* DRO. E.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: what is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords: let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill u[s.]

[*Exeunt* Off., ADR., *and* LU[C.]

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of sword[s.]

Dro. S. She that would be your wife no[w] ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch ou[r] stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town:
Therefore away to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter Merchant *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But I protest he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir;
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had: I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
[illegible]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad:
Some get within him, take his sword away:
[illegible]
man? [sad,

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage. [at sea?

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
[illegible]

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
[illegible]

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy railing:
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,—
[illegible]
husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
[illegible]
here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit* Abbess.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers

Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE, *attended;* ÆGEON, *bare-headed; with the* Headsman *and other* Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them:
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me:
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself.
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true:
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you: [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him; mistress, fly; be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you
That he is borne about invisible.
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke; oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life: even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and [my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul

with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or n

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran here
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Duke Saw'st thou him enter at the abb

Ægē Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me spe a word;
I see a friend will save my life,
the sum that may deliver me. [wi
Speak freely, Syracusan, what th

Have written strange defeatures in my fa
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my

Ant. E. Neither.
Æge. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
Æge. I am sure thou dost.
Dro. E. Ay, sir; but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses,—I cannot err,—
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.
Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.
Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.
Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, *with* ANTIPHOLUS SYRACUSAN *and* DROMIO SYRACUSAN.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.
Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.
Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro. S. O, my old master, who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds.
And gain a husband by his liberty.—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up:
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I, yet she did call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir: I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir: I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—
And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; nor till this present hour

Come, go with us: we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* E., ADR., *and* LUC.
Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

; JOHN.
;CE HENRY, *his Son; afterwards* KING HENRY III.
HUR, *Duke of Bretagne, Son to* GEFFREY, *late Duke of Bretagne, the Elder Brother to* KING JOHN.
LIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*
FREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex, Chief Justiciary of England.*
LIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.*
ERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*
BERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the* KING.
ERT FALCONBRIDGE, *Son to* SIR ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE.
LIP FALCONBRIDGE, *his Half-brother, Bastard Son to* KING RICHARD I.
ES GURNEY, *Servant to* LADY FALCONBRIDGE.
'ER *of Pomfret, a Prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of France.*
LOUIS, *the Dauphin.*
ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*
MELUN, *a French Lord.*
CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France to* KING JOHN.

ELINOR, *Widow of* KING HENRY II., *and Mother to* KING JOHN.
CONSTANCE, *Mother to* ARTHUR.
BLANCH, *Daughter to* ALPHONSO, *King of Castile, and Niece to* KING JOHN.
LADY FALCONBRIDGE, *Mother to the* BASTARD *and* ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Citizens *of Angiers*, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE,—*Sometimes in* ENGLAND, *and sometimes in* FRANCE.

ACT I.

:NE I.—NORTHAMPTON. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

'ter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEM-:ROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* :HATILLON.

'. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?
'hat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King [of France,
my behaviour, to the majesty,
: borrow'd majesty of England here.
'li. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!
'. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.
'hat. Philip of France, in right and true [behalf
thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
hur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
this fair island, and the territories,—
Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
siring thee to lay aside the sword
iich sways usurpingly these several titles,
d put the same into young Arthur's hand,
y nephew and right royal sovereign.
'. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?
Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.
K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have:—
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt* CHATILLON *and* PEMBROKE.
Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world
Upon the right and party of her son?
That might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than [your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, *who whispers* Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit* Sheriff.
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Re-enter Sheriff, *with* Robert Falconbridge, *and* Philip, *his bastard Brother.*

What men are you?

[illegible]

younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him,—
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

[illegible]

A half-face would give five hundred pound a-year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:

[illegible]

kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your [father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's
Your father's heir must have your fa

Rob. Shall, then, my father's will be of no force
dispossess that child which is not his?
Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
an was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Falconbridge,
d like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
rd *of thy* presence, and no *land* beside?
Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape
d I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
d if my legs were two such riding-rods,
arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
at in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
st men should say, *Look, where three-farthings goes!*
d, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
ould I might never stir from off this place,
I give it every foot to have this face;
would not be Sir Nob in any case.
Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
queath thy land to him, and follow me?
m a soldier, and now bound to France.
Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
our face hath got five hundred pound a-year;
et sell your face for fivepence, and 'tis dear.—
adam, I'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bast. Our country manners give our betters [way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
hilip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
neel thou down Philip, but arise more great,—
rise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.
Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:
y father gave me honour, yours gave land.—
ow blessed be the hour, by night or day,
hen I was got, Sir Robert was away!
Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.
Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?
omething about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch;
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, Falconbridge; now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam,—and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.
Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all except the* BASTARD.
A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
Good den, Sir Richard:—God-a-mercy, fellow:—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller,—
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of countries:——*My dear sir*,—
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,—
I shall beseech you—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an ABC-book:—
O sir, says answer, *at your best command;*
At your employment; at your service, sir:—
No sir, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours:*
And so, ere answer knows what question would,—
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,—
It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation,—
And so am I, whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FALCONBRIDGE, *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily?
Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
Bast. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, reverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou
He is Sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip?—sparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* GURNEY.
Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—FRANCE. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

Enter, on one side, the ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA *and* Forces; *on the other,* PHILIP, *King of France,* LOUIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* Forces.

K. Phi. Well, then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchman's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.
K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd!

Enter CHATILLON.

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
[*Drums beat within.*
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley or to fight: therefore prepare.
K. Phi. How much unlook'd-for is this expedition!
Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepar'd.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, B
BASTARD, Lords, *and* Fo

K. John. Peace be to France,
peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to ou
If not, bleed France, and peac
heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent,
Their proud contempt that beat
heaven.
K. Phi. Peace be to England,
From France to England, there to
England we love; and for that En
With burden of our armour here
This toil of ours should be a work
But thou from loving England art
That thou hast under-wrought his
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a
Upon the maiden virtue of the cro
Look here upon thy brother Geffr
These eyes, these brows, were m
his:
This little abstract doth contain t
Which died in Geffrey; and the h
Shall draw this brief into as huge
That Geffrey was thy elder brothe
And this his son; England was G
And this is Geffrey's: in the nam
How comes it then, that thou art
When living blood doth in these t
Which owe the crown that thou o
K. John. From whom hast th
commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy arti
K. Phi. From that supernal ju
good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains
That judge hath made me guardia
Under whose warrant I impeach t
And by whose help I mean to ch
K. John. Alack, thou dost usu
K. Phi. Excuse,—it is to beat us
Eli. Who is it thou dost call usu
Const. Let me make answer;—
son.
Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard
That thou mayst be a queen, an
world!
Const. My bed was ever to thy
As thine was to thy husband; an
Liker in feature to his father Geff
Than thou and John in manne
As rain to water, or devil to his d
My boy a bastard! By my soul,

His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.
Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that

France.

he weeps.
Const. Now, shame upon you
His grandam's wrongs, and not
shames,

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven [and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights [son,

peak

the

1 *Cit.* Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.
K. John. England, for itself:—
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity we tread
In war-like march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased, then,
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspéct, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rondure of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

1 *Cit.* In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 *Cit.* That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 *Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. St. George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse' back at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah [*to* AUSTRIA], were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*to* LOUIS] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God and our right! [*Exeunt severally.*

After Excursions, enter a French Herald, *with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd.

To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter an English Herald, *with trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells; [proach,

Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

1 *Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers, we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality

even

drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down,
we bear,
Or add a royal number:
Gracing the scroll that
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;

death! [admit?

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king? [the king.

1 *Cit.* The King of England, when we know

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 *Cit.* A greater power than we denies all

And stand securely on their battlements

And part your mingled colours once again:
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,

our heads,

I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?
Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other, and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell!
K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?
K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.
Aust. I from the north.
K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south,—
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I'll stir them to it. [*Aside.*]—Come, away, away!
1 Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persèver not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.
1 Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England:—look upon the years
Of Louis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete,—
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.
Bast. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon,—fire and smoke and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first called my brother's father dad.
Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
1 Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, "I love,"
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,—
Except this city now by us besieg'd,—
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lou. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find

Blanch.

What you in

K. John.

Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lou. She is sad and passionate at your high-

Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,

When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, There is no sin but to be rich;
And, being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, There is no vice but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord!—for I will worship thee.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—FRANCE. *The* French King's *Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Louis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again,—not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.
Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and die!—
Louis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?
Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and king John—
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.
Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.
Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his honour stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*Seats herself on the ground.*

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LOUIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, BASTARD, AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.
Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day!
[*Rising.*

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

kings!

England

th o

/ar!
war.
s! O
y spo
oward

ood father cardinal, cry thou amen
o my keen curses: for without my wrong
here is no tongue hath power to curse him right. [curse.
Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my
Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
et it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
aw cannot give my child his kingdom here;
or he that holds his kingdom holds the law:
herefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
ow can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
et go the hand of that arch-heretic;
nd raise the power of France upon his head,
nless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France; do not let go thy hand. [repent
Const. Look to that, devil; lest that France
nd, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs. [wrongs,
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these
ecause—
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal? [cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the
Lou. Bethink you, father; for the difference
s, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.
Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.
Const. O Louis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
n likeness of a new uptrimmed bride.
Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of need!
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!
K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this. [well!
Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer
Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt. [sweet lout.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say. [thee more,
Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex
If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly joined in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.
Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,—
A mother's curse,—on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, [hold.
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost
K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith. [faith;
Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,—
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st;
And mak'st an oath [illegible]

[illegible] ost
swear.
Therefore thy latter [illegible]

Bast.
[illegible]

men?
Shall braying trumpets and [illegible]
drums,—
[illegible]

nounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.
Const. O [illegible]

[illegible] at
motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour:—O, thine honour, Louis, thine honour!
Lou. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I will fall from thee.
Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!
Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.
Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well, then, France shall rue.
Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that [illegible]

[illegible] my life dies.
K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.— [*Exit* BASTARD.
[illegible]

SCENE II.—*The same. Plains near Angiers.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the BASTARD, *with* AUSTRIA'S *head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief.—Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

SCENE III.—*The same.*

'larums, Excursions, Retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the* BASTARD, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind, [*To* ELINOR.
o strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad: [*To* ARTHUR.
'hy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
s dear be to thee as thy father was. [grief!
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with
K. John. Cousin [*to the* BASTARD], away for England; haste before:
.nd, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
)f hoarding abbots; imprison'd angels
:et at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Iust by the hungry now be fed upon:
Jse our commission in his utmost force.
Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
Vhen gold and silver becks me to come on.
leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray,—
f ever I remember to be holy,—
'or your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.
Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.
K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit* BASTARD.
Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark a word. [*She takes* ARTHUR *aside.*
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.
K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet: [slow,
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy, [thick,—
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment—
A passion hateful to my purposes;—
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,—
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not!—yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.
Hub. So well that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.
K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye [friend,
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me:—dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him so
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.—
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee:
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. The* French King's Tent.

Enter KING PHILIP, LOUIS, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well. [run so ill.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lou. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,

But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;

Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses.—O, what love I note

heaven:

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!
[*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit.*

Lou. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?
Lou. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lou. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hole to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
Lou. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lou. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act, so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal.
That no
To chec
No natu
No scap
No com

But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.
Lou. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.
Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Falconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or as a little snow, tumbled about
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king:—'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence:
For England go:—I will whet on the king.
Lou. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
If you say ay, the king will not say no.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—NORTHAMPTON. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT *and two* Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
1 *Attend.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.— [*Exeunt* Attendants.
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.



Photo The Dover Street Studios

John in "King John" (the late Sir H. Beerbohm Tree).

"Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?"

O

Act IV., Sc. II., p. 420.

Lou. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?
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Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
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Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act, so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs
Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.
Lou. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.
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Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with [me]
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watc[h].
1 *Attend.* I hope your warrant will bear o[ut] the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not yo[u]: look to't.— [*Exeunt* Attendan[ts].
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with yo[u].

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good-morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good-morrow, little prin[ce].
Arth. As little prince, having so great a ti[tle]
To be more prince, as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.



Photo The Dover Street Studios.

John in "King John" (the late Sir H. Beerbohm Tree)

'Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?'

O

Act ii. Sc. ii., p. 420.



Richard II. in "King Richard II." (the late Sir H. Beerbohm Tree).

"How high a pitch his resolution soars!"

Act I., Sc. I., p. 430.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I:

nocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and despatch.
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:

of my bosom —
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showir*
[*Aside.*] How now, fooli
Turning dispiteous torture out of do

eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And wil
Hub.
Arth. Have you the heart? Wher
did but ache
I knit my handkerchief about your b

Or, *What good love may I perform for you?*
Many a poor man's son would have lien still,

eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it!
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

mer'd
iron?

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, *with cords, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you.
Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out

ook but a gentle heart:—
k, that his compassion may

Come, boy, prepare yourself
no remedy?
None, but to lose your eyes
Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of

me not hold my tongue,—let me not, Hubert!
Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
ough to no use but still to look on you!—
by my troth, the instrument is cold,
l would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
ng create for comfort, to be us'd
ndeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
re is no malice in this burning coal;
breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
d strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush, [Hubert:
d glow with shame of your proceedings,
y, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
d, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
atch at his master that doth tarre him on.
l things that you should use to do me wrong,
ny their office: only you do lack
at mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
eatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
r all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
t am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
ith this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
u were disguised.
Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu!
our uncle must not know but you are dead;
ll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
nd, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
hat Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
ill not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
uch danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

CENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

nter KING JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other* Lords. *The* KING *takes his State.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
nd look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
as once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
nd that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. [done,
Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,—
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd, [highness
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your
To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will
K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation [strong;
I have possess'd you with, and think them
And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with: meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.
Pem. Then I,—as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,—
Both for myself and them,—but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,—heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why, then, your fears,—which, as they say, attend

The steps of wrong,—should move you to mew
up

To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;

What we so fear'd he had a charge to do. [go
Sal. The colour of the king doth come and
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two
His passion is so ripe it
Pem. And when it b
thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

This must be answer'd either here or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn
brows on me?

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died

occasion!

Enter the BASTARD *and* PETER *of Pomfret.*

Now, what says the world

And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,
For I must use thee.

[*Exit* HUBERT *with* PETER.

O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,—
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,—
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

K. John. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman. [*Exit* BASTARD.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake t[heir] heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wr[ist],
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rol[ling] eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's new[s];
Who, with his shears and measure in his ha[nd],
Standing on slippers,—which his nimble ha[ste]
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,—
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's deat[h].

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess [me] with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's dea[th]?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mi[ghty] cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst non[e to kill him].

Hub. No hand, my lord! why, did you [not] provoke me? [ter]

K. John. It is the curse of kings to b[e attended]
By slaves that take their humours for a war[rant]
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meanin[g]
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it fro[wns]
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for wh[at I] did.

K. John. O, when the last account 't[wixt] heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and sea[l]
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy h[ead], or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purpos'd,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made [me] break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:

name.—

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.
Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,

Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, *on the Walls.*

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:—

I am afra
If I get d
I'll find
As good

O me! m
Heaven

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury:

from the

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him, then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak

think, were best. [now.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Bast. 'Tis true,—to hurt his master, no man else.
Sal. This is the prison:—what is he lies here? [*Seeing* ARTHUR.
Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge. [grave,
Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,

hink?

this

Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,—
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.
Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.
Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law?
[*Drawing his sword.*
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury,—stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Falconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;

Oı
Th.
B.

Secon
Hub.
Big.
Hub.
I honour
My date o
Sal. Tr
ey
For villany
And he, lon
Like rivers o
Away with m
The uncleanly
For I am stifle
Big. Away t
there!
Pem. There, t

Bast. Here's a
this fair w
Beyond the infinite
Of mercy, if thou di
Art thou damn'd, Hu
Hub.
Bast. Ha! I'll tell
Thou 'rt damn'd as bl
Thou art more deep
Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly
As thou shalt be, if thou
Hub. Upon my soul,—
Bast. If th
To this most cruel act, do
And if thou want'st a cord,
That ever spider twisted fr
Will serve to strangle thee;
A beam to hang thee on
drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a s
And it shall be as all the oc
Enough to stifle such a vill
I do suspect thee very griev
Hub. If I in act, consent
Be guilty of the stealing tha
Which was embounded in t
Let hell want pains enough
I left him well.
Bast. Go, bear hin
I am amaz'd, methinks, and
Among the thorns and dang
How easy dost thou take all
From forth this morsel of de
The life, the right, and trut

ACT V.

SCENE I.—NORTHAMPTON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH *with the crown, and* Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your

streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

tempest up,

with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;

Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or, if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Near* ST. EDMUND'S-BURY. *The French Camp.*

Enter, in arms, LOUIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and* Soldiers.

Lou. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and unurg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger-march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforc'd cause—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore,
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lou. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enrag'd,
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Louis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.—
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lou. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chástis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,

work.

Lou. Outside or inside, I will not retu
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, *attended*

And, as you answer, I do know the scope

trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and shake

Pand Give me leave to speak.
Bast. No, I will speak.
Lou. We will attend to neither.—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.
Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,

hand,—

To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Lou Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Field of Battle*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.
Hub Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me;—O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Falconbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there. [supply
Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great
That was expected by the Dauphin here
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, *and others.*

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Falconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by* Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pem. It is the Count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Louis do win the day,
He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagio[us] breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expir[e,]
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives
If Louis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my though[ts]
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires. [so
Sal. We do believe thee:—and beshrew m[y]
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will entread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'e[r]look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee henc[e]
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! No[w] flight,
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off* MELU[N.]

SCENE V.—*The same. The French Cam[p.]*

Enter LOUIS *and his train.*

Lou. The sun of heaven methought was lo[th] to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blus[h,]
When the English measur'd backward their ow[n] ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good-night;
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lou. Here:—what new[s?]
Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the Engli[sh] lords,
By his persuasion are again fallen off;

And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—beshrew thy very heart!—

Lew. [illegible]

The day [illegible]
To try t[illegible]

SCENE [illegible] hood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the BASTARD *and* HUBERT, *meeting.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend.—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

[illegible]

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,

[illegible]

Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

[illegible] [come back,
[illegible] lords are all
[illegible] company;
[illegible] don'd them,
[illegible] [heaven,
[illegible] on, mighty

[illegible]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,—
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,—
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

[illegible]

wounds

[illegible] ast
—
[illegible] ath

[illegible]

Re-enter BIGOT *and* Attendants, *who bring in* KING JOHN *in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom
That all my bowels crumble up to dust;
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much;
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
n unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And model of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven he knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The* KING *dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop,
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it, then:
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Du*
York.
JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of*
caster,
HENRY, *surnamed* BOLINGB
Hereford, Son to JOHN OF GAUNT, *afterwards* KING HENRY IV.
DUKE OF AUMERLE, *Son to the Duke of York.*
THOMAS MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk.*
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL BERKLEY.
BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, } *Creatures to* KING RICHARD.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
HENRY PERCY, *his Son.*

LORD ROSS.

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
Captain *of a Band of Welshmen.*

QUEEN *to* KING RICHARD.
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
Lady *attending on the* QUEEN.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE,—*Dispersedly in* ENGLAND *and* WALES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, *attended;* JOHN OF GAUNT, *and other* Nobles.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
bray?
Gaunt. I have, my liege.
K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?
Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.
K. Rich. Then call them to our presence: face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak:—
[*Exeunt some* Attendants.
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, *with* BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
[illegible] my most loving liege!
[illegible] better other's happiness;
[illegible] ring earth's good hap,
[illegible] o your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. First,—heaven be the record to my speech!—
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee;
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish,—so please my sovereign,—ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd, and naught at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop:
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worst devise.

Nor. I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere to the farthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land
Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further, I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,—
That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent!

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,—
As he is but my father's brother's son,—
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie!—For Gloster's death,—
I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
[illegible]

my age:— [gage.
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry? when?
Obedien [illegible]
K. Ri [illegible]

Nor. [illegible]

but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
[illegible]

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.
Boling. O, God defend my soul from such [foul sin!
[illegible]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the* DUKE OF LANCASTER'S *Palace.*

Enter GAUNT *and* DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Gloster's blood
[illegible]

ter,—
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
[illegible]

Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,

:t art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
some large measure to thy father's death,
that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
ho was the model of thy father's life.
ıll it not patience, Gaunt,—it is despair:
suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
ıou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
eaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
hat which in mean men we entitle patience,
pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
'hat shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
he best way is to venge my Gloster's death.
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
:is deputy anointed in his sight,
:ath caus'd his death: the which, if wrongfully,
et heaven revenge; for I may never lift
n angry arm against his minister.
Duch. Where, then, alas, may I complain myself?
Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.
Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old [Gaunt.
'hou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
)ur cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
), sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
'hat it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
)r, if misfortune miss the first career,
Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom
hat they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with me!
Duch. Yet one word more:—grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Gosford Green, near Coventry.*

Lists set out, and a throne. Heralds, *&c., attending. Enter the* Lord Marshal, *and* AUMERLE.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter [in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trum- [pet.
Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, *who takes his seat on his throne;* GAUNT *and several* Noblemen, *who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK *in armour, preceded by a* Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath;
And so defend thee heaven and thy valour!
Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE *in armour, preceded by a* Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?

Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
[illegible]
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.
Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.
K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.—
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear:
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;—
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end more sweet:—
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,— [*To* GAUNT.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.
Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy advérse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!
Nor. However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
[illegible]
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.
Mar. Go bear this lance [*to an Officer*] to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.
1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
[illegible]
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.
Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. [*A charge sounded.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:—
Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound
While we return these dukes what we decree.— [*A long flourish.*
Draw near, [*To the combatants.*
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspéct
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

)raws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Vhich so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
Vith harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
,nd grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
light from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
,nd make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
'herefore, we banish you our territories:—
'ou, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
'ill twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
hall not regreet our fair dominions,
ut tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,—
'hat sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
nd those his golden beams to you here lent
hall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most gracious liege,
And all unlook'd-for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
ave I deserved at your highness' hands.
he language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstring'd viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*Retiring.*

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves,—
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall—so help you truth and God!—
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy;—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray:
Save back to England, all the world 's my way. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspéct
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.—[*To* BOLING.] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;

Thy word is current with him for my death,

mild:

Bolıng. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly
Bolıng. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for [pleasure.
Bolıng. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,

make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood

visits
haven

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

com'st:

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Bolıng. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The Court.*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN; AUMERLE *following.*

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call [him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. Faith, none for me; except the north- [east wind,

parted with him?
Aum. "Farewell:"

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With *Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;*
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,—
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers,—with too great a court
And liberal largess,—are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in his physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let 's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Room in* ELY HOUSE.

GAUNT *on a couch; the* DUKE OF YORK *and others standing by him.*

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state: then there are found
Lascivious metres, to whose venom-sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,—
So it be new, there 's no respect how vile,—
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,

Or as a moat defensive to a house,

LOUGHBY.

Te

O!
W

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that
K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.
Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be. [thee ill.
K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see
Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I

And—
K. Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.
Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.
Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.
[*Exeunt* NORTH. *and others, with* Prisoners.
Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.
York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Coast of* WALES. *A Castle in view.*

Flourish; drums and trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, *and* Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping-smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee:
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms!
Car. Fear not, my lord; that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.
K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord;
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak man must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale? [sand men

At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn.—But who comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.
K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd:

arm'd

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps [voices,
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their

tale so ill.

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

my heart! [Judas!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!
Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:—
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,

war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives; some *sleeping* kill'd;

Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle-wall, and—farewell, king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth [*To* AUMERLE.
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:—let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—WALES. *Before Flint Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE *and* Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say, King Richard:—alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er our heads.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Well, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond lime and stone:
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who I cannot learn.

North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:—
Harry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King [illegible]
hand,

[illegible]

men:
The which, how far off from the mind of
Bolingbroke

[illegible]

Let's m [illegible]

[illegible]

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,

[illegible]

we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,

[illegible]

And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke,—for yond methinks he is,—
That every stride he makes upon my land

[illegible]

Which on thy royal party granted once,

[illegible]

With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

[illegible]

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st,—my tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you;—may it please you to come [down?

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[NORTH. *retires to* BOLING.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing. [*Exeunt from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, *and his* Attendants, *below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it;
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up;—your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least [*touching his own head*], although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine [own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted [lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—they well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—LANGLEY. *The* DUKE OF YORK'S *Garden.*

Enter the QUEEN *and two* Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs against the bias.



Photo. L. Caswall Smith, London.

John of Gaunt in "King Richard II." (Mr Brandon Thomas).

O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son

Act ii, Sc. i, p. 437.



1 *Lady.*
Queen.

weep. [you good.
1 *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do
Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.—
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe
[QUEEN *and* Ladies *retire.*

Enter a Gardener *and two* Servants.

1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form and due proportion,

down.
1 *Serv.* What, think you, then, the king shall be depos'd?
Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd

unpleasing news?

Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,

To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* Ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *Westminster Hall. The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, *another* Lord, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, *the* ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, *and* Attendants. Officers *behind, with* BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.—
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted
I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the restful English Court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moved me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull:
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live

I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,

Enter York, *attended.*

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee [soul

throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge

Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,

arrest,

Officers *bearing the crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:

mine?

nd truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
save the king!—Will no man say amen?
I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
save the king! although I be not he;
yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
lo what service am I sent for hither?
ork. To do that office of thine own good-will
ch tired majesty did make thee offer,—
resignation of thy state and crown
Henry Bolingbroke.
. Rich. Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the crown;
this side my hand, and on that side yours.
r is this golden crown like a deep well
t owes two buckets, filling one another;
emptier ever dancing in the air,
other down, unseen, and full of water:
t bucket down and full of tears am I,
nking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high. [resign.
oling. I thought you had been willing to
. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine:
may my glories and my state depose,
not my griefs; still am I king of those.
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
care is, loss of care, by old care done;
r care is, gain of care, by new care won:
cares I give, I have, though given away;
y tend the crown, yet still with me they stay. [crown?
Boling. Are you contented to resign the
K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay; for I must nothing be;
refore no no, for I resign to thee.
w mark me, how I will undo myself:—
ve this heavy weight from off my head,
l this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
h mine own tears I wash away my balm,
h mine own hands I give away my crown,
h mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
h mine own breath release all duty's rites:
pomp and majesty I do forswear;
manors, rents, revenues I forego;
acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
l pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
l keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
ke me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
l thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
g mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard say
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?
North. No more, but that you re
[*Offering a pape*
These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followe
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.
K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel o
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberlan
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,-
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book heaven:—
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash yo hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.
North. My lord, despatch; read o'er the articles. [se
K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cann
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.
North. My lord,— [sulting ma
K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught i
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,-
No, not that name was given me at the font,-
But 'tis usurp'd:—alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself
O that I were a mockery-king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—and yet not great good,—
And if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.
Boling. Go some of you and fetch a lookin glass. [*Exit an* Attendan

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not, then, be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant *with a glass.*

and therein will I read.—

truck

lattering

destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;

K. Rich. Fair cousin! Why, I am greater than a king:
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt* K. Rich., *some* Lords, *and a* Guard.

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
lords, prepare yourselves.

born.
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot

Enter Queen

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
condemned lord

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map of honour; thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are

Re-enter Servant *with boots.*

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.
[*To the* Servant.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son
I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman!
[*Exit.*

Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York;
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—WINDSOR. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as King*, PERCY, *and other* Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,—
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate: yet through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.—
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE *hastily.*

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt* PERCY *and* Lords.
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.
[AUMERLE *locks the door.*

York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

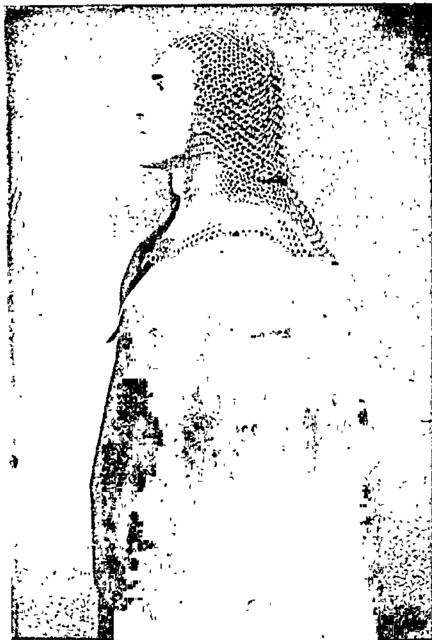
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.
[*Drawing.*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[BOLING. *opens the door and locks it again.*

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;



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York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

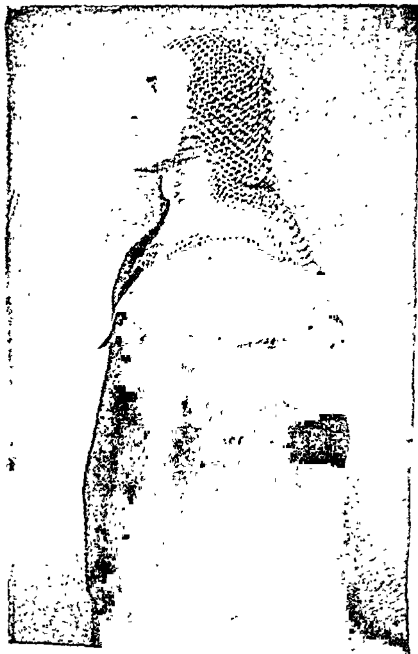
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.
[*Drawing.*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[BOLING. *opens the door and locks it again.*

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;



n; tell us how near is danger,
arm us to encounter it.
e this writing here, and thou shalt

at my haste forbids me show.
ember, as thou read'st, thy pro-
pass'd:
e; read not my name there;
ot confederate with my hand.
as, villain, ere thy hand did set it

con

cy!—
of a treacherous son!
mmaculate, and silver fountain,
this stream through muddy pas-
s
current and defil'd himself!

Enter DUCHESS.

ing, believe not this hard-hearted
!
not itself, none other can.
u frantic woman, what dost thou
e here?
dogs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient.—Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*

breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:

Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon [me.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell:—and, cousin mine, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son:—I pray God make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter SIR PIERCE OF EXTON *and a* Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?—
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together,—did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart,—
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—POMFRET. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus,—*Come, little ones;* and then again,—
It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing:—but whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [*Music.*
Ha, ha! keep time:—how sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me; let it sound no more;
For though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how com'st thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,—
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,—
Since pride must have a fall,—and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper *with a dish.*

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay. [*To the* Groom.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

[illegible]

contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!
Patience is stale, and *I am weary of it.* [*Beats the* Keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON *and* Servants, *armed.*

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another, then* EXTON *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt;—O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear:—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—WINDSOR. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE *as King,* YORK, LORDS, *and* Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
[illegible] *a paper.*
[illegible] y, for thy
[illegible] y gains.
[illegible]

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, *with the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with* Attendants, *bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament.
And put on sullen black incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

[illegible] …UR, *and Sister to*

[illegible] *to* GLENDOWER,

[illegible] *Tavern in East-*

OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Two Carriers, Travellers, *and* Attendants.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with

[illegible]

Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes
Which, like the meteors of a troubled [illegible]
All of one nature, of one substance b[illegible]

[illegible]

friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,—
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet

[illegible]

tion,

[illegible]

use,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,

By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.
K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.
West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious Lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.
K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
k'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake, Earl of Fife and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,—
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.
West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspécts;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.
K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor,—so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.
West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta,—I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair.* And, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)—

P. Hen. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's

men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing *lay by*, and spent with crying *bring in;* now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir-apparent,—but, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir,—but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely,—but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast

morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking.

Enter Poins *at a distance.*

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.—Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.—O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich

sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persua- and him the ears of profiting, that what speakest may move, and what he hears y be believed, that the true prince may, for ecreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey-lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut, our horses they shall not see,—I'll tie them in the wood; our visards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But I doubt th for us.

Poins. Well, for two of to be as true-bred cowards and for the third, if he figh reason, I'll forswear arms. jest will be the incompreh same fat rogue will tell us supper: how thirty, at lea what wards, what blows, endured; and in the reproo

P. Hen. Well, I'll go w all things necessary, and night in Eastcheap; there I

Poins. Farewell, my lor

P. Hen. I know you al uphold
The unyok'd humour of yo
Yet herein will I imitate th
Who doth permit the base c
To smother up his beauty fr
That, when he please agai
Being wanted, he may be r
By breaking through the fo
Of vapours that did seem t
If all the year were playing
To sport would be as tedio
But when they seldom co
come,
And nothing pleaseth but r
So, when this loose behavi
And pay the debt I never
By how much better than
By so much shall I falsify
And, like bright metal on
My reformation, glittering
Shall show more goodly a
Than that which hath no f
I'll so offend, to make off
Redeeming time when me

SCENE III.—*The same. the Pal*

Enter KING HENRY, WORCESTER, HOTSP BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Hen. My blood ha temperate,
Unapt to stir at these in
And you have found m
You tread upon my p
I will from hencefort
Mighty and to be fe
Which hath been
...m,

And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.
Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge [illegible]
And that sa[illegible]
har[illegible]
Have holp t[illegible]
North. M[illegible]
K. Hen. [illegible]
da[illegible]
And disobe[illegible]
Your presence is too bold and peremptory
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel we shall se[illegible]
[*Exit* [illegible]
You were about to speak.
[*To* NORTH[illegible]
North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
[illegible]

Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
[illegible]
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.
Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
[illegible]
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
[illegible]

Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor could the noble Mortimer
eceive so many, and all willingly:
hen let him not be slander'd with revolt.
K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
[e never did encounter with Glendower:
tell thee,
[e durst as well have met the devil alone
s Owen Glendower for an enemy.
rt thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
et me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
end me your prisoners with the speediest means,
)r you shall hear in such a kind from me
s will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,
Ve license your departure with your son.—
end us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.
[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, BLUNT, *and* Train.
Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
will not send them:—I will after straight,
\nd tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile:
ere comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.
North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad. [*To* WORCESTER.
Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?
Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?
North. He was: I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.
Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of. [then
Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
North. He did; myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be that you that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation,—shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,—
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say,—
Wor. Peace, cousin; say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
Hot. If he fall in, good-night!—or sink or swim:—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple.—O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!
North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,

Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for awhile.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,—

Hot. You say true:—
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, *when his infant fortune came to age,*
And, *gentle Harry Percy,* and, *kind cousin,*—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, i' faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons

lett'st slip. [plot:—
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble
And then the power of Scotland and of York,—

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,

Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ROCHESTER. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier *with a lantern in his hand.*

1 *Car.* Heigh-ho! an 't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed.—What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrong in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hanged; come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and two races of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What 's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt* Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That 's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight:—there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me; and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit-sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot landrakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed,—we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS; BARDOLPH *and* PETO *at some distance.*

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close. [*They retire.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINS

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further a-foot, I

flesh so far a-foot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison:—when a jest is so forward, and a-foot too!—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then

Paunch?
unt, your

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats:—ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth:—down with them; fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt* FAL., *&c., driving the* Travellers *out.*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money!

[*Rushing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains!

[GADS., BARD., *and* PETO *run away; and* FAL. *also, after a blow or two, leaving the booty.*

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—WARKWORTH. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a letter.*

Hot. —*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*—He could be contented,—why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*—Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! Let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!*—And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,

And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. He i
Hot. Hath
the sheriff? [now.
Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even
Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it
not?
Serv. It is, my lord.
Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.
[*Exit* Servant.
Lady. But hear you, my lord.
Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?
Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horse, my love,—my horse.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry,—that I will.

Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,—
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
Lady. How! so far?
Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—EASTCHEAP. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINS.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that

a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I

Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but *anon*. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent. [*Exit* POINS.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to,—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart,—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be,—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him;* FRANCIS *stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit* FRAN.] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit* Vintner.] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil-age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.—What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is upstairs and downstairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, *Fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet Harry*, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day? Give my roan horse a drench*, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after,—*a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; *followed by* FRANCIS *with wine.*

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted



Photo Lafayette, Dublin.

Doll Tearsheet in second part of "King Henry IV." (Lady Benson).

". . . well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself."

Act II., Sc. IV., l. 312.



Photo Alfred Ellis & Walery, London

Henry V. in "King Henry V." (the late Mr. Lewis Waller).

"Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen"

Act IV., Sc. VI., p. 557.

at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it,—a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in [illegible]

you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that:—and Poins [illegible]

Poins. Zounds [illegible] coward, I'll stab [illegible]

Fal. I call thee [illegible] ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, —you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. —Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw,—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven [illegible] the rest, and then come [illegible] [illegible] ght ye with them all?

[illegible] at what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid,—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell [illegible]

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four even now in buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them,—gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou nott-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack,—your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish, —O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life: I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors [*to* Hostess *within*]:—watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess!—What sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs:—by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before,—I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.—Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

[illegible]

cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen,—the same; and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and [illegible]

[illegible] in

[illegible]

thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou [illegible]

[illegible]

my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, [illegible]

[illegible]

nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;
For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the [illegible]

[illegible]

majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil!
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence. [devil!
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the
Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head [Wye
Against my power; thrice from the banks of
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back. [too!
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,—
A business that this night may execute,—
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—
Within that space [*to* GLEND.] you may have drawn together [men.
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentle-
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind! it shall, it must; you see it doth.
Mort. Yea. [up
But mark how he bears his course and runs me
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you, then;
Speak it in Welsh. [you;
Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,—
A virtue that was never seen in you. [heart:
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:—
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair; you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father! [me
Hot. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me last night at least nine hours

In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried *hum*, and *well, go to,*
But mark'd him not a word. O, he 's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with* LADY MORTIMER *and* LADY PERCY.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She 'll be a soldier too, she 'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLEND. *speaks to* LADY MORT. *in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She 's desperate here; a peevish, self-will'd harlotry,
One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[LADY MORT. *speaks to* MORT. *in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these welling heavens,

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,

uick, quick, that I may lay my

ye giddy goose.

[*The music plays.*

Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he 's so humorous.
By 'r lady, he 's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What 's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*A Welsh Song sung by* LADY MORT.

Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat while men delay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—EASTCHEAP. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times: lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass,—out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's head or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, *By this fire, that's God's angel;* but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an he were here I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS, *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets the* PRINCE, *playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

Fal. How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

[illegible]

on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife; and, se[illegible] thou art a knave to [illegible]

Fal. Setting thy [illegible] a beast to say other[illegible]

Host. Say, what [illegible]

Fal. What beast [illegible]

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy lo[illegible]

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea,—if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as [illegible]

[illegible]

Fal. [illegible] Hal? thou knowest in [illegible] fell; and what [illegible] do in the days of [illegible] more flesh than an[illegible] more frailty. You [illegible] pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy [illegible] thou shalt find me [illegible] thou seest I am [illegible] thee, be gone. [illegible] to the news at [illegible] how is that an-[illegible]

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with [illegible], and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the [illegible] the first thing thou doest, and [illegible] hands too.

Bard. [illegible] [of foot.

P. Hen. [illegible], Jack, a charge [illegible] of horse. Where shall [illegible] steal well? O for a [illegible] two-and-twenty or [illegible] heinously unprovided. [illegible] for these rebels,—they [illegible] the virtuous; I laud them, I [illegible]

P. Hen. Bardolph,—
Bard. My lord.
P. Hen. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
To my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.
Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.— [*Exit* POINS.
Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall
At two o'clock in the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they or we must lower lie. [*Exit.*
Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.
Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.—

Enter a Messenger *with letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.
Mess. These letters come from your father,—
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.
Hot. Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—
He writes me here that inward sickness,—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it:—were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use:—

It lends a lustre and more great opinion,

[illegible]

a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome
soul.
Ver. Pray God my news be worth a
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven
strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.
Hot. No harm:—what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,

[illegible]

All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind,
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;

[illegible]

come.—
O that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,

[illegible]

Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,

[illegible]

SCENE II.—*A public Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry;

[illegible]

if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I

[illegible]

whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where ... licked his sores; and such ... never soldiers, but discarded ... men, younger sons to younger ... ed tapsters, and ostlers trade- ... ers of a calm world and a long ... times more dishonourable ragged than an old-faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that

their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare,—too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of [a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Doug. You give him, then, advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Doug. You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,—
And I dare well maintain it with my life,—
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wond [muc
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low
The better part of ours is full of rest.
Wor. The number of the king exceedeth
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come
[*The trumpet sounds a p*

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers fr[...] king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect
Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and [...] to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even the
Envy your great deservings and good
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy. [
Blunt. And God defend but still
So long as out of limit and true rule

You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon

My father and my uncle and myself

Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads

Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king,—to be incag'd in Wales
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd

my uncle
o, farewell.
accept of grace

ll.
ay God you do!
[*Exeunt.*

n in the ARCH-

ORK, *and* SIR

; bear this sealed

marshal;
d all the rest
If you knew
u would make

h you do.
, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with Lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,—

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:—
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so, farewell, Sir Michael.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The* KING'S *Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and* SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
[*Trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel;
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes it, then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace!
Wor. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: you swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow,—did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety-sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.
K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,

Which gape and rub the elbow at the news

world

eit considerations infinite.

ll.
P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set-to a leg? no: or an arm? no; or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best he did.
Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;

OUGLAS; Officers *and* behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—deliver up
My Lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?
Wor. The king will bid you battle pr

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath today
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise valu'd with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.
Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild o' liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm with speed:—and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is very short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this,—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Esperance!*—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS *and* BLUNT, *meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? What honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?
Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
The sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.
[*They fight, and* BLUNT *is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.
Hot. Where?
Doug. Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.
Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many masking in his coats.
Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.
Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Other alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt:—there's honour for you: here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need [illegible]

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
[illegible]
breathe awhile.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.
P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. Lend me thy sword, I pr'ythee.
Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.
P. Hen. Give it me: what, is it in the case?
Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.
[*The* PRINCE *draws out a bottle of sack.*
P. Hen. What, is't a time to jest and dally now? [*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.
P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.
K. Hen. I will do so.—
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.
West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.
P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
[illegible]
cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.
[*Exeunt* P. JOHN *and* WEST.
P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;
[illegible]
point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.
P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them:—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a ki
K. Hen. The king himself, wh
grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so, defend thyself!

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the* KING *being in danger, re-enter* P. HENRY.

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight;* DOUGLAS *flies.*

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O God, they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death!
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees* FAL. *on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a

an who hath not the life of a man; but to

unpowder Percy, though he be dead; how if e should counterfeit too, and rise? I am fraid he would prove the better counterfeit. herefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll wear I killed him. Why may not he rise as ell as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and obody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing im*], with a new wound in your thigh, come ou along with me.

[*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY *and* PRINCE JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

The Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, *and others, with* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *prisoners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exeunt* WOR. *and* VER., *guarded.*

How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards *York* shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.
[*Exeunt.*

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

his Sons.

Gloster,
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
EARL OF SURREY,
GOWER,
HARCOURT,
} *of the* KING'S *party.*

Lord Chief-Justice *of the King's Bench.*
A Gentleman *attending on the* Chief Justice.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York,*
LORD MOWBRAY,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD BARDOLPH,
SIR JOHN COLEVILE,
} *Enemies to the* KING.

TRAVERS *and* MORTON, *Retainers of* NORTHUMBERLAND.
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* Page.
POINS *and* PETO, *Attendants on* PRINCE HENRY.
SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *Country Justices.*
DAVY, *Servant to* SHALLOW.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, *and* BULLCALF, *Recruits.*
FANG *and* SNARE, *Sheriff's Officers.*
Rumour.
A Porter.
A Dancer, *Speaker of the Epilogue.*

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PERCY.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.*
DOLL TEARSHEET.

Lords *and other* Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

WARKWO[illegible]

Enter [illegible]

Rum. [illegible]

[illegible] the ears of men with false reports.

[illegible] troops,

[illegible] it mean I

[illegible] h fell

...efore the Douglas' rage
...d head as low as death.
...'d through the peasant towns
... field of Shrewsbury
...en hold of ragged stone,
...father, old Northumberland,
...he posts come tiring on,
... them brings other news
...earn'd of me: from Rumour's

...th comforts false, worse than
...ongs. [*Exit.*

ACT I.

...ENE I.—*The same.*

...*before the Gate; enter* LORD BARDOLPH.

...Who keeps the gate here, ho?—
...re is the earl?
...t shall I say you are? Tell thou the earl
...d Bardolph doth attend him here.
... lordship is walk'd forth into the
...ard:
...r honour, knock but at the gate,
...self will answer. Here comes the earl.
[*Exit* Porter.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

...What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
... the father of some stratagem:
... are wild; contention, like a horse,
...gh feeding, madly hath broke loose
...s down all before him. Noble earl,
...*rd.*
...ou certain news from Shrewsbury.
... Good, an God will!
...*rd.* As good as heart can wish:—
...g is almost wounded to the death;
... the fortune of my lord your son,
... Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
... by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John,
...Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
...Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
...isoner to your son: O, such a day,
...ught, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
...e not till now to dignify the times,
... Cæsar's fortunes!
...*rth.* How is this deriv'd?
... you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
... *Bard.* I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.
North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.
L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come back with you?
Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.
North. Ha!—Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill-luck?
L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.
North. Why should the gentleman that rod... by Travers
Give, then, such instances of loss?
L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture.—Look, here comes m... news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a t... leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious...
Hath left a witness'd usurpation,—
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrews...
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble...
Where hateful death put on his ugliest m...
To fright our party.
North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd;

But in the end to stop mine ear indeed,

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,

That which I would to God I had not seen;

Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,

A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.
North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,

hand

You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,
Let us make head. It was your presurmise
That in the dole o' blows your son might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars; and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action. What hath, then, befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight:
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the archbishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed,—
Never so few, and never yet more need.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LONDON. *A Street.*

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, *with his* Page *bearing his sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew of.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said Master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-

and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep [illegible]

Bardolph. [illegible]

[illegible]

now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is [deaf.

[illegible]

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? Do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to [illegible]

[illegible] hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lord- [illegible]

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—you [illegible]

[illegible] is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, [illegible]

[illegible] disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

[illegible]

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not [illegible] lordship may minister the [illegible] ment to me in respect of [illegible] I should be your patient to [illegible]

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon* DOLL.

Doll. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil, gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing on your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, faith, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women?

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking within.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now! what news?

Pet. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and as I came along
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good-night.

[*Exeunt* P. HEN., POINS, PETO, *and* BARD.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now! what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah [*to the* Page].—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tearsheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—WESTMINSTER. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY *in his nightgown, with a Page.*

K. Hen. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed.
[*Exit Page.*
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
[illegible]
them
With deafening clamo [illegible]
That, with the hurly, de[illegible]
Canst thou, O partial [illegible]
To the wet sea-boy i[illegible]
And in the calmest an[illegible]
With all appliances a[illegible]
Deny it to a king? T[illegible]
Uneasy lies the head [illegible]

Enter WAR[illegible]

War. Many good [illegible]
K. Hen. Is it goo[illegible]
War. 'Tis one o'cl[illegible], and past.
K. Hen. Why, then, good-morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
K. Hen. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restor'd
With good advice and little medicine:—
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
K. Hen. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,—
Weary of solid firmness,—melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! Oh, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
[friends,
[illegible]
[illegible]y cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
[T]hough then, God knows, I had no such intent,
[B]ut that necessity so bow'd the state
[T]hat I and [illegible]
[illegible]
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.
K. Hen. Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;—
And that same word even now cries out on us:

gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir:—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's Fields?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork, by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—come, come.

[*Exeunt* FAL., SHAL., *and* SIL.

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF *and* Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf:—for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf,—grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green,—when I lay at Clement's-inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus; and he would about and about, and

Shallow.—God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with well, gentlemen both: I thank dozen mile to-night. — Bard soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! as you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed; peradventure I will with you to the c

snap at him. Let time shape, and there an [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest in Yorkshire.*

your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.

touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
n goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *the* ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, *and others: from the other side*, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers *and* Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:
Good-day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man that *sits within a monarch's heart*,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited seal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.
Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,—
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,—
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.
Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.
Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so *success of mischief* shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
Whiles England shall have generation.
P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.
West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles.
P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well;
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.—
My lord; these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.
Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.
P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.
Hast. Go, captain [*to an* Officer], and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain. [*Exit* Officer.
Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.
West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.
Arch. I do not doubt you.
West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.
Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness *foreruns* the good event.
West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.
Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.
Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts within.*
P. John. The word of peace is render'd; hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.
Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
And, good my lord, so please you let your trains

[illegible]

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army stil
West. The leaders, having charge from
to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.
[the which

[illegible]

true bed and yielder up of breath.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what co
tion are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your dale,—a dale deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

[illegible]

my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

P. John. The heat is past, follow no farther now:—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
where have you been all this

[illegible]

be thus. I never knew yet but rebuke and check

[illegible]

it was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not:—here he is, and here I
it be

[illegible]

if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine 's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

P. John. Thine 's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution:—
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.
[*Exeunt some with* COLEVILE.
And now despatch we toward the court, my lords.
I hear the king, my father, is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Glostershire: and, when you come to court,
Stand, my good lord, pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.
[*Exeunt all but* FAL.

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that 's no marvel; he drinks no wine. There 's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice,—the tongue,—which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, *man, to arm*; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be,—*to forswear thin potations, and to addict* themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph!

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire: and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—WESTMINSTER. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and others.*

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,

And everything lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty

[illegible]

presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother? [Thomas;
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him,
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious if he be observ'd:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;

[illegible]

As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion,—

[illegible]

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting-up of day. Look, here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;

And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Swoons.*

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no: he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will certain be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.
[*They convey the* KING *into an inner part of the room, and place him on a bed.*
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick
With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords;—sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. [*Exeunt all but* P. HENRY.
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,— [*Putting it on his head.*
Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK *and the rest.*

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? how fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit* WARWICK.

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of [illegible]
[illegible]
Our thighs with wax, our [illegible]
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter [illegible]

Now, where is he th[illegible]
Till his friend sicknes[illegible]

War. My lord, I [illegible]
next room,
Washing with kindly [illegible]
With such a deep de[illegible]
That tyranny, which [illegible]
Would, by beholding [illegible]
With gentle eye-drop[illegible]

K. Hen. But whe[illegible]
the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLAR., P. HUMPH., Lords, *&c.*

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cl[illegible]
[illegible]
hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then, get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with [illegible]
[illegible]
hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
[illegible]

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
Which my most inward and true duteous spirit
Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending!
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,—
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,—
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: *The care on thee depending*
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it,—as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WARWICK, Lords, *and others.*

P. John. Health, peace and happiness to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My Lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I [illegible]

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, [illegible]

SCENE I.—GLOUCESTERSHIRE. *A Hall in* SHALLOW'S *House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those pr[illegible] not be served: and, again, sir,—sh[illegible] the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. [illegible] William cook:—are there no young [illegible]

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now [illegible] note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid.—[illegible] you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—and, [illegible] stop [illegible] lost [illegible]

S[illegible]

Davy, [illegible] mut [illegible] tell [illegible]

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy, I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy:—about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your [illegible]

your boots.—Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the* Page].—Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit* SHALLOW.] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* Page.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make [illegible]

If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would [illegible]

devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fas[illegible]—which is four terms, or two a[illegible]—[illegible] he shall laugh without [illegible], it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the a[illegible] his shoulders! O, you shall see him [illegible] his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

[illegible]] Sir John!

[illegible], Master [illegible]: I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—WESTMINSTER. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter, severally, WARWICK *and the* Lord Chief-Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief-justice! whither away?
Ch. Just. How doth the king?
War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.
Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.
War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.
Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.
Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.
War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!
Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd.

Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

P. John. Good-morrow, cousin Warwick good-morrow.
P. Humph., Cla. Good-morrow, cousin.
P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.
P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!
Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!
P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow,—it is sure your own.
P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.
Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.
Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good-morrow; and God save your majesty!
King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart: why, then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.
P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.
King. You all look strangely on me:—and you most; [*To the* Chief-Justice.
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.
Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.
King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?
Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
And majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at naught,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me:
For which I do commit into your hand
The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance,—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well practis'd wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to rase out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
That war or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
[*To the* Lord Chief-Justice.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And,—God consigning to my good intents,—
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—GLOUCESTERSHIRE. *The Garden of* SHALLOW'S *House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the* Page, *and* DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of carraways, and so forth:—come, cousin Silence:—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John:—by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
[Singing.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit [*seating* BARDOLPH *and the* Page *at another table*]; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit.—Master Page, good Master Page, sit.—Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; the heart's all. [*Exit*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph;—and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
[Singing.
For women are shrews, both short and tall,
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry [illegible].
Be merry, be merry,

Fal. I did not think M[illegible] had been [illegible] of this mettle.

[illegible] Who, I? I have [illegible] and

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you. [*Setting them before* BARD.

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight [*to* BARD.]—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, [Singing.
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well, said, Master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; [Singing.
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the* Page]; and welcome indeed too.—I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together,—ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee:—the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks? [*Exit* DAVY.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.
[*To* SIL., *who has drunk a bumper.*

Sil. *Do me right,* [Singing.
And dub me knight:
Samingo.
Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think he be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Singing.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why, then, lament, therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir:—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, bezonian? speak or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What, I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night:—O sweet Pistol!—away, Bardolph! [*Exit* BARDOLPH.]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master







From painting by E. Grützner *Photo: Berlin Photographic Co., London*

Bardolph and Falstaff ("Henry IV."—Part First).

Falstaff. "Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp."

Act III., Sc. III., p. 132.

Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I ... that I might have thee hanged: thou

... thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy

cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to
Host. Ay, come, you starved bloodhound.
Doll. Goodman death, goodman bones!
Host. Thou atomy, thou!
Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.
1 *Bead.* Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, *strewing rushes.*

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.
2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.
1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: despatch, despatch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the* Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow;

infer the zeal I had to see him,
Shal. It doth so.
Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—
Shal. It doth so.
Fal. My devotion,—

Shal. It is most certain.
Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.
Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.

clangor sounds.

Enter the KING *and his* Train, *the* Chief-Justice *among them.*

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal; my royal Hal!
Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!
Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!
King. My lord chief-justice, speak to that vain man.
Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?
Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!
King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—
Set on. [*Exeunt* KING *and his* Train.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how,—unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, *the* Chief-Justice, Officers, *&c.*

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.—
Take them away.

Pist. *Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.*
[*Exeunt* FAL., SHAL., PIST., BARD., Page, *and* Officers.

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.—*Spoken by a Dancer.*

First my fear; then my court'sy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you,—as it is very well,—I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good-night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

KING HENRY V.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Fifth.
Duke of Gloster, } *Brothers to the* King.
Duke of Bedford, }

[illegible]

Archbishop of Canterbury.

[illegible]

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Macmorris, Jamy, *Officers in* King Henry's *Army.*
Bates, Court, Williams, *Soldiers in the same.*
Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, *formerly Servants to* Falstaff, *now Soldiers in the same.*
Boy, *Servant to them.*
A Herald.

Chorus.

Charles the Sixth, *King of France.*
Louis, *the Dauphin.*
Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, *and* Bourbon.
The Constable of France.

[illegible]

Isabel, *Queen of France.*
Katharine, *Daughter to* Charles *and* Isabel.
Alice, *a Lady attending on the* Princess Katharine.
Quickly, Pistol's *Wife, an Hostess.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French *and* English Soldiers, Messengers, *and* Attendants.

Scene,—*At the beginning of the Play, lies in* England; *but afterwards wholly in* France.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend

[illegible]

So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance; [them

[illegible]

ACT I.

Scene I.—London. *An Ante-chamber in the* King's *Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury *and the* Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self [illegible]
Is urg'd, [illegible]
Which in the eleventh year [illegible]
Was like, and had indeed [illegible]

But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question. [now?
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it
Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king, beside, [bill.
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention? [gard.
Cant. The king is full of grace and fair re-
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.
Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter:—that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
So that the art and practice part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric: [it,
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity. [nettle,
Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.
Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.
Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?
Cant. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal. [lord?
Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my
Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,—
As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done,—
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.
Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off? [stant
Cant. The French ambassador upon that in-
Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

[illegible]

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore [illegible]
'Gainst him whose wrongs [illegible] swords

[illegible]

As pure as [illegible]

Cant. [illegible]

That ow[illegible]
To this [illegible]
To make a [illegible]
Brother, [illegible]
In terram [illegible]
Ye women [illegible]
Which S[illegible]
To be the [illegible]

[illegible]

Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,

[illegible]

Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,—
To fine his title with some show of truth,—
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,—
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son

[illegible]

Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied

[illegible]

Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's
tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black
Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action! [dead,
Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the
earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
West. They know your grace hath cause and
means and might:—
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in
England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right:
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors. [French,
K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages. [reign,
Cant. They of those marches, gracious sove-
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing
snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbour-
hood.
Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.
West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—
If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.
Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at
home:
Yet that is but a curs'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high, and low, and
lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent;
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.
Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring
home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;

The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;

To one concent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many several ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin. [*Exit an* Attendant.

Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,

Your greeting is from him, not from the king.
1 Amb. May it please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?
K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject

Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master

Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.
K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.
K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;

wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,

That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,

That shall fly with them; for many a thousand
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands; [down;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles
And some are yet ungotten and unborn [scorn.
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action! [dead,
Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
West. They know your grace hath cause and means and might:—
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right:
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors. [French,
K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages. [reign,
Cant. They of those marches, gracious sove-
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.
Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.
West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—
If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.
Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a curs'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent;
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.
Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;

The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many several ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre:
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
[illegible]
Or lay these [illegible]
Tombless, [illegible]
Either our [illegible]
Speak freely [illegible]
Like Turki[illegible]
[illegible]
Not worshi[illegible]

En[illegible]

Now are we [illegible]
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.
1 Amb. May it please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our [illegible]
K. Hen. We are no tyrant, [illegible] king;
Unto whose grace our passion is [illegible]
As are our wretches fetter'd in o[illegible]
Therefore with frank and with u[illegible]ness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.
1 Amb. [illegible] Thus [illegible]
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
[illegible]
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.
K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.
K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for:
[illegible]
geance [widow
That shall fly with them; for many a thousar
Shall this his mock mock out of their de husbands; [down
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castle
[illegible]
[illegible] weep, more than did laugh a
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well
[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries,
For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found [out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,—
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge; and the [second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
Have, for the guilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,—
If hell and treason hold their promises,—
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest
The abuse of distance, while we force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton,—
There is the play-house now, there must y[ou] sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you sa[fely],
And bring you back, charming the narrow se[as]
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till the[n],
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.
[*Ex[it.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *Before the Boar's He[ad] Tavern, Eastcheap.*

Enter, severally, NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good-morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese: and it will endure cold as another man's sword will, and there's the humour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell:—things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.

Enter PISTOL *and* Hostess.

How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a

bawdy-house straight. [NYM draws [illegible]
O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not [illegible]
we shall see wilful adultery and m[illegible]
mitted.

Bard. Good lieutenant,—good [illegible]
offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*. [*Sheathing his sword*

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face,
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [PISTOL *and* NYM *draw*.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Couple a gorge!* That's the word.—I thee defy again
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess:—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy [illegible]

[illegible] down, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently. [*Exeunt* Hostess *and* Boy.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home. [PISTOL *and* NYM *draw*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym and Nym shall live by me;—
Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

SCENE II.—SOUTHAMPTON. *A Council Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust
these traitors.
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
West. How smooth and even they do bear
themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosom sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.
Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious
favours,—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will
aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge,—and my kind Lord of
Masham,— [thoughts:
And you, my gentle knight,—give me your
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of
France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?
Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do
his best. [persuaded
K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.
Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and
lov'd [subject
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Grey. True: those that were your father's
enemies [you
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of
thankfuln[illegible]
And shall forget th[illegible] hand
Sooner than quit[illegible] merit
According to the [illegible]
Scroop. So se[illegible] 'd sinews
toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.
K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful. [too.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish
Grey. Sir, you show great mercy if you give
him life,
After the taste of much correction. [of me
K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch
our eye [digested,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their
dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our
French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
there is yours;— [sir knight,
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham;—and,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—
Read them, and know I know your worthiness.— [eter,—
My Lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Ex-
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now,
gentlemen!
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—Look ye, how they
chan[illegible] [there
Their cheek[illegible] Why, what read you
That hath [illegible] chas'd your blood
Out of ap[illegible]
Cam. [illegible]
And do [illegible]
Grey, [illegible]
K. H[illegible]
By you[illegible]
You m[illegible]
For yo[illegible]
As do[illegible]
See y[illegible]

These English monsters! My
bridge here,—
You know how apt our love was

But, O,
What shall I say
Ingrateful, savage,
Thou that didst be
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

ason and murder ever kept together,
two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
rking so grossly in a natural cause
t admiration did not whoop at them:
thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
nder to wait on treason and on murder:

all glistering semblances of piety;
he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
re thee no instance why thou shouldst do
treason,

st them to the answer of the law;—

seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.
Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
body, pardon, sovereign.
you in his mercy! Hear
ce.
gainst our royal person,
proclaim'd, and from his

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to
slaughter,

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Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

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That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies [you
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steel'd sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

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There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham;—and,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—
Read them, and know I know your worthi ness.— [eter,—
My Lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Ex
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now gentlemen!
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—Look ye, how the change! [thei
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read yo
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey, Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in u but late
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of merc
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.—
See you, my princes and my noble peers,

[illegible]

[illegible] treason,

[illegible]

[illegible] swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:

[illegible]

At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear

[illegible]

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,

[illegible] and glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war:
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.

Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—LONDON. *The* Hostess's *House in Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* Boy.

Host. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;—
Boy, bristle thy courage up;—for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. *How now, Sir John!* quoth I: *what, man! be o' good cheer.* So 'a cried out—*God, God, God!* three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Host. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my moveables:
Let senses rule; the word is, Pitch and pay;
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And holdfast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore *caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—FRANCE. *A Room in the* FRENCH KING'S *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, *attended; the* DAUPHIN, *the* DUKE OF BURGUNDY, *the* Constable, *and others.*

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,—
And you, Prince Dauphin,—with all swift despatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,—
Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,—
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:

Train.
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ighty,
iven,
rown,
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y know
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anish'd

A little cloth.
Fr. King. Think we King Harr
And, princes, look you strongly a
him.

And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward Black Prince of Wales; [standing,
Whiles that his mountain sire
Up in the air,
Saw his heroic
Mangle the wo
The patterns th
Had twenty yea
Of that victoric
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.
Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.
Go, and bring them.
[*Exeunt* Mess. *and certain* Lords.
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.
Dau. Turn head and stop pursuit; for coward

what follows? [crown
traint; for if you hide the
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earth

cries,
, the pining maidens'
groans,

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.
Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this
further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.
Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,—
As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,—
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now: now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain:—that you shall read
In your own losses if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies; and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing,
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off, within.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—France. *Before Harfleur.*

Alarums. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloster, *and* Soldiers, *with scaling-ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:—
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,

Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull;
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,—
Poor we may call them in their native lords!

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret, high-constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpree, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient; for you shall remain with us.—
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The English Camp in P[illegible]*

Enter, severally, GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! [illegible] you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not,—God be praised and plessed!—any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an auncient there at the pridge,—I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Auncient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Flu. Here is the man.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
Of buxom valour, hath by cruel fate
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,—
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, Auncient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is

[illegible] [*Drum*
[illegible] g; and
[illegible] oldiers.
[illegible] st thou

[illegible]

Therefore, go speak,—the duke [illegible]
And let not Bardolph's vital threa[illegible]
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
[illegible]

at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done;—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellous mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower, I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the [illegible]

[illegible] majesty the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. [illegible]

[illegible] ty and cruelty play for a kingdom the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well, then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we [illegible] have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an [illegible] were full ripe:—now we speak upon [illegible], and our voice is imperial [illegible] repent his folly, see his weakness, a[illegible] sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider [illegible] his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, [illegible] would bow under. For our losses [illegible] is too poor; for the effusion of [illegible]

muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,—
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,—
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army but a weak and sickly guard:
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [*Exit.*

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The French Camp near Agincourt.*

Enter the Constable of France, *the* LORD RAMBURES, *the* DUKE OF ORLEANS, *the* DAUPHIN, *and others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans and my lord high-constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha!* he bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world,—familiar to us and unknown,—to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of nature*,—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser: for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O, then, belike she was old and gentle; and you rode like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horseman- [illegible]

[illegible]

trent; or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. [illegible] saw in y[illegible] sun upo[illegible]

Con. [illegible]

Dau. [illegible]

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would tr[illegible] Bears dismount[illegible]

Dau. Would I [illegible] His desert!—W[illegible] to-morrow a m[illegible] with English f[illegible]

Con. I will [illegible] faced out of [illegible] morning for [illegible] the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. [illegible]

Con. [illegible]

Orl. [illegible] gallant [illegible]

Con. Swears by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him [illegible]

[illegible]

devil his due.

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend [illegible]

[illegible]

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high-constable, the English [illegible]

[illegible]

they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour they could never wear such heavy head pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

[illegible]

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming-on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

[illegible] Then shall we find to-morrow they have only [illegible] to eat, and none to f[illegible] Now is it time to arm: come, shall we [illegible]

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—
by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of
night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful
neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned
English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes and visits all his host;
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and country-
men.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night:
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where,—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mockeries
be. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—FRANCE. *The English Camp at Agincourt.*

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in
great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.—
Good-morrow, brother Bedford.—God Al-
mighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences
And preachers to us all: admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good-morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me
better,
Since I may say, Now lie I like a king.
K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their pre-
sent pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good-morrow to them; and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.
Glo. We shall, my liege.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BEDFORD.
Erp. Shall I attend your grace?
K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.
Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble
Harry! [*Exit.*

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là?*
K. Hen. A friend.

[illegible]

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.
Pist. The king's a bawcock and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I [illegible] the name?

[illegible]

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.
Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.
Pist. The *figo* for thee, then!
K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!
Pist. My name is Pistol called. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, *severally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak fewer. It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld when the true and auncient prerogatifs and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant [illegible] of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb,—in your own conscience, now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and peseech you that you will. [*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, *and* WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.
Will. Under what captain serve you?
K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most [illegible]: I pray you, what thinks he [illegible]

K. Hen. [illegible]ven as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck;—and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my con[illegible] poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company,—his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,—
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe;
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation,—
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonance and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPREE.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel-bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon:—to the field!—
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God b' wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then joyfully,—my noble Lord of Bedford,—
My dear Lord Gloster,—and my good Lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
[illegible]

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
[illegible]

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French [illegible]
And will [illegible]
K. Hen. [illegible]
West. [illegible]
K. Hen. [illegible]
West. [illegible]
I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound
[illegible]

Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
[illegible]

Mark, then, abounding valour in our English,
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
*Let me speak proudly**—tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;
[illegible]
heads,
And turn them out of serv[illegible]

find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander,—Got knows, and you know,—in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he:—I can tell you there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. *Enter* King Henry, *with a part of the* English Forces; Warwick, Gloster, Exeter, *and others.*

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy:—go and tell them so.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to [be.

Enter Montjoy.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes,—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;—
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes;—and their wounded steed
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agin- [court,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is a honourable padge of the service; and I do pe lieve your majesty takes no scorn to wear th leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honou
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryma

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash yo majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I c tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it as lo as it pleases his grace and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's coun man, I care not who know it; I will confe to all the 'orld: I need not be ashamed of majesty, praised be Got, so long as your ma is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heral [with
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow h
[*Points to* Will. *Exeunt* Mont. *and o*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? Is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack sauce as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please Got of his grace that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favour

SCENE VIII.—*Before* KING HENRY'S *Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England!

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is,—praised be Got for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day.—Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did: I met this man

with my glove in his cap, and I have been as
good as my word.
Flu. Your majesty hear now,—saving your
majesty's manhood,—what an arrant, rascally,
beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty
is pear me testimony and witness, and will
avouchment, this is the glove of Alençon that
your majesty is give me, in your conscience, now.
K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look,
here is the fellow of it.
'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.
Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck
answer for it if there is any martial law in the
'orld. [tion?
K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfac-
Will. All offences, my liege, come from the
heart: never came any from mine that might
offend your majesty.
K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.
Will. Your majesty came not like yourself:
you appeared to me but as a common man;
witness the night, your garments, your lowli-
ness; and what your highness suffered under
that shape I beseech you take it for your own
fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took
you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech
your highness, pardon me.
K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove
with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
...ll I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
...nd, captain, you must needs be friends with
him.
Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow
has mettle enough in his pelly:—hold, there is
twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve
Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles,
and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant
you, it is the petter for you.
Will. I will none of your money.
Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you it
will serve you to mend your shoes: come,
wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes
is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you,
or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald,—are the dead num-
ber'd?
Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd
French. [*Delivers a paper.*
K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are
taken, uncle? [king;
Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.
K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten
thousand French [number,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights,
squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high-constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischard
Dauphin; [bant
John Duke of Alençon; Antony Duke of Bra
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpree and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestra
Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of our English dead?
[Herald *presents another pa*
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffo
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and of all other men
But five-and-twenty.—O God, thy arm was h
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all!—When, without stratager
But in plain shock and even play of battle
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other?—Take it,
For it is none but thine!
'Tis wonderful!
Exe.
K. Hen. Come, go we in procession
village:
And be it death proclaimed through our
To boast of this, or take that praise fro
Which is his only.
Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your
to tell how many is killed?
K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this
ledgment,
That God fought for us.
Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us g
K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te*
The dead with charity enclos'd in cla
We'll then to Calais; and to Englan
Where ne'er from France arriv'd m
men.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
[illegible]
boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler, 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;
And solemnly see him set on to London.
[illegible]
pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
[illegible]
play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment; and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—FRANCE. *An English Court of Guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

[illegible] Nay, that's right; but why wear [illegible] your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is [illegible]

There is occasions and causes why and [illegible] in all things: I will tell you, as my [illegible] Captain Gower:—the rascally, scald, peggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so [illegible] wear it in my cap till I see him once [illegible] then I will tell him a little piece of [illegible]

[illegible] y, here he comes, swelling like a [illegible]

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks.

Enter PISTOL.

Got pless you, Ancient Pistol! you scurvy, [illegible] knave, Got pless you!

Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
[illegible] me fold up Parca's fatal web?
[illegible] I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy [illegible] at my desires, and my requests, and my [illegible] this leek: because, [illegible] your affec- [illegible] digestions, [illegible] sire you to [illegible] all his goats. [illegible] [*Strikes* [illegible] knave, as [illegible] knave,—when [illegible] live in the [illegible] me, there is [illegible] You called [illegible] I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat, and eke, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, 'nd keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—TROYES *in Champagne.*

An Apartment in the FRENCH KING'S *Palace.*

Enter at one door, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other* Lords; *at another*, *the* FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, *the* PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, *&c.*, *the* DUKE OF BURGUNDY, *and his* Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day;—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—
And,—as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,—
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love.
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That face to face and royal eye to eye
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd!
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,

And everything that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembl'd: and my speech entreats
That I may know the let why gentle Peace

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections

which as yet

Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother [Gloster,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—

glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

Katharine; and I

langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits,—dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say, Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to

for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French,—*Notre très cher fils Henry, roi d'Angleterre, héritier de France;* and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now. welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal
That never may ill office or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, *Uncle to the* KING, *and Protector.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, *Uncle to the* KING, *and Regent of France.*
THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, Great-Uncle to the* KING.
HENRY BEAUFORT, *Great-Uncle to the* KING, *Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*

EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.

A Lawyer.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
Mayor of London.

WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
VERNON, *of the White-rose or York faction.*
BASSET, *of the Red-rose or Lancaster faction.*

CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.*
REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and Titular King of Naples.*
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENÇON.

An Old Shepherd, *Father to* JOAN LA PUCELLE.

MARGARET, *Daughter to* REIGNIER, *afterwards married to* KING HENRY.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called* JOAN OF ARC.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, *and several* Attendants *both on the English and French.*

Fiends *appearing to* LA PUCELLE.

SCENE,—*Partly in* ENGLAND, *and partly in* FRANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Westminster Abbey.*

Dead March. Corpse of KING HENRY THE

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets importing change of times and st

ings;
fire,

than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.
ourn we

And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings,
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not church-men pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may overawe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar:—heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mother's moisten'd eyes babes shall suck;
Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France.—
Give me my steeled coat! I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
Bedford, if thou be slack I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,—
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.

Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:

strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,

[*Exit.*

tion to

[*Exit. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—FRANCE. *Before Orleans.*

Enter CHARLES, *with his* Forces; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,

isure here we lie near Orleans;
whiles the famish'd English, like pale

rums; excursions; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!—
gs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled
: that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
fighteth as one weary of his life.
e other lords, like lions wanting food,
rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. [illegible] records,
gland [illegible]
ring the time Edward the Third did reign.
ore truly now may this be verified;
r none but Samsons and Goliasses
sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
an raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
ey had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
d hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
old I know them; rather with their teeth
e walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmers or device,
eir arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
se ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
ath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
: not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
holy maid hither with me I bring,
hich, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
dained is to raise this tedious siege,
nd drive the English forth the bounds of France.
e spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
ceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
hat's past and what's to come she can descry.
eak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
r they are certain and infallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit* BASTARD.] But first, to try her skill,
eignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
estion her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
this means shall we sound what skill she hath. [*Retires.*

Re-enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, *with* LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?—
Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success:
In cómplete glory she reveal'd herself;
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this,—thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true:
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katherine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Puc. And while I live I'll ne'er fly from a man. [*They fight.*

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:

state than.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

...

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired, then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try:—come, let's away about it:—
No prophet will I trust if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—LONDON. *Before the Gates of the Tower.*

Enter the DUKE OF GLOSTER, *with his* Serving-men *in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates: Gloster it is that calls.

[Servants *knock.*

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble Duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?

...

Tower-gates.

Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids.

...

fore me,—
Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we'll burst them open if that you come not quickly.

[GLOSTER'S Servants *rush again at the Tower-gates.*

Enter WINCHESTER, *with his* Serving-men *in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry! what means this?

Glo. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.
Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.
Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats.—Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Gloster, thou wilt answer this before the pope.
Glo. Winchester goose! I cry, a rope! a rope!—
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny-coats!—Out, scarlet hypocrite!

GLOSTER *and his* Servants *attack the other Party. In the tumult, enter the* Mayor of London *and* Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!
Glo. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.
Win. Here's Gloster, too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.
Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*
May. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation:—
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. [*Reads.*] *All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*
Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet and break our minds at large.
Win. Gloster, we'll meet, to thy dear cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
May. I'll call for clubs if you will not away:—
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.
Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.
Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head
For I intend to have it ere long.
[*Exeunt severally*, GLO. *and* WIN. *with their* Servants.
May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—FRANCE. *Before Orleans.*

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner *and his* Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I missed my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And even these three days have I watch'd if I
Could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's.
[*Exit*
Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care
I'll never trouble you if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the LORDS SALISBURY *and* TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the town.* SAL. *and* SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE *fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched

heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have

groan!

Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V.—*The same. Before one of the Gates.*

Alarum; skirmishings. Enter TALBOT, *pursuing the* DAUPHIN, *drives him in, and exit. then enter* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.
Here, here she comes.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee,—thou art a witch,—
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.
Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee. [*They fight.*
Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
[*They fight again.*
Puc. [*Retiring.*] Talbot, farewell: thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[LA PUC. *enters the town with* Soldiers.
Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am nor what I do:
A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now like to whelps we crying run away.
[*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*
It will not be:—retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head!
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* TALBOT *and* Forces, *&c.*

Flourish. Enter on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and* Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English:—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewell'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before Orleans.*

Enter to the Gate a French Sergeant *and two* Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit* Sergeant.] Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURG Forces, *with scaling-ladders; beating a d..d march.*

Tal. Lord regent and redoubted
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy are friends to us,—

But

If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour, as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed: I'll to yon corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
[*The* English *scale the walls, crying* St. George! *a* Talbot! *and all enter the Town.*
Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French *leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways,* BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *half ready and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all unready so?
Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

Alen Here cometh Charles: I marvel how
Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,

in? [case,
Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the
How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place

I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on; who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
[*To* SOMERSET.
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And till thou be restor'd thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attach'd, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes,—
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce
endure it! [house,
War. This blot, that they object against your
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
... then created York.

you,
... behalf would pluck a flower.

This quarrel will drink blood another day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in in a chair by two* Keepers.

Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer. [spent,—
These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent: [grief;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdenin
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet,—whose strengthless stay is
numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
1 Keep. ...

We sent ...
And answ...
Mor. ...

Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 Keep. My lord, your loving nephew no
is come. [come

neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York
great stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd
Plan. First, lean thine aged back again
mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue
... with my father's death:
... tongue,
... him.
... her's sake,
... cause
... all my flowering youth

For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permi
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard,—Edward's son
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir

Was, for that,—young King Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,—
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou see'st that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet methinks my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me,—as the slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral:
And so, farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—
[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out the body of* MOR.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:—
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *The Parliament House.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a bill;* WINCHESTER *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly:
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,—
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,

As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?

Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War.

Som.
And kno

War.

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

[*Aside.*

Civil dissension is a viperous worm

* *Enter the* Mayor of London, *attended.*

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—

Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers *of* GLOSTER *and* WINCHESTER, *with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself, [peace.—

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute. [*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,

Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?
Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.—
For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.
Glo. Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!
Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [*Aside.*
K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
1 *Serv.* Content: I'll to the surgeon's.
2 *Serv.* And so will I.
3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords.
[*Exeunt* Servants, Mayor, *&c.*
War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.
Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham Place I told your majesty.
K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.
War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.
K. Hen. Stoop, then, and set your knee against my foot;
And in reguerdon of that duty done
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.
Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!
Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York! [*Aside.*
Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.
K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* EXETER.
Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:
Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—FRANCE. *Before Rouen.*

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguised, and* Soldiers *dressed like Countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city-gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men
That come to gather money for their corn.

If we have entrance,—as I hope we shall,—

the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Guard. [*Within.*] *Qui est là?*

Puc. *Paysans, pauvres gens de France,*—
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

Guard. [*Opening the gates.*] Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll
to the ground.
[LA PUCELLE, &

Enter CHARLES, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, *and* Forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her
ants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from
tower;

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding-torch
hat joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
t burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;

and La Pucelle above.

larum. Ent

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
Talbot but survive thy treachery.—
celle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
ath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
hat hardly we escap'd the pride of France.
[*Exeunt into the Town.*

Al

CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, *and others.*

Puc. Good-morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel;—do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!

Bed. O let no words, but deeds, revenge this

Puc. What will you do, good gray-beard?
break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair? [spite.

speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;

from the wal

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be lo
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,—
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,—
Either to get the town again or die:
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,

And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this-late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,—
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt into the Town*, BUR., TAL., *and* Forces, *leaving* BED. *and others*.

Alarum: excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE, *and a* Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.
[*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit into the Town.*

Retreat: excursions. Re-enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c., and exeunt flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and others.*

Tal. Lost and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Harry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Plains near Rouen.*

Enter CHARLES, *the* BASTARD, ALENÇON, L. PUCELLE, *and* Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for awhile,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies
And we will make thee famous through the world

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drums heard.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English Mar [illegible] *distance,* [illegible]

There goes the T[illegible]
And all the troo[illegible]

A French March. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY *and his* Forces.

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[*A parley sounded.*
[illegible]

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.
Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.
Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.
Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lovely babe
[illegible]
help!
One drop of blood [illegible] bosom

Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this for proof,—
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
[illegible]
lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.
Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
[illegible]
turn again!
Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.
Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.
Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.
Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—PARIS. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other* Lords, VERNON, BASSET, *&c. To them* TALBOT *and some of his* Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Gloster,
That hath so long been resid

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.
K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young,—as yet I am not old,—
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and for these good deserts
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.
[*Exeunt* K. HEN., GLO., TAL., *and* Nobles.
Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?
Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.
Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.
Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that. [*Strikes him.*
Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—PARIS. *A Room of State.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the* Governor of Paris, *and others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!
Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,— [Governor *kneels.*
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt* Gov. *and his* Train.

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,—
[*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done,—because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.
Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.
Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should,—if I were worthy to be judge,—
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.
K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.
[*Exit* FASTOLFE.
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.
Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
[*Viewing the superscription*
No more but, plain and bluntly, *To the King!*

Hath he [illegible]
Or doth [illegible]
Pretend [illegible]
What's [illegible]

Mov'd [illegible]
Togethe[illegible]
Of such [illegible]
Forsake [illegible]
And joi[illegible]
O mons[illegible]
That in [illegible]
There [illegible]

K. H[illegible]
Glo. [illegible]

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth [illegible]
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Hen. [illegible]

[illegible]

prince! [illegible]
Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour [illegible]
K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
[wrong
[illegible]

[illegible]

When stubbornly he did repugn the truth

[illegible]

K. Hen. Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
[illegible]

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves
Let me persuade you take a better course.
Exe. It grieves his highness:—good my lords, be friends.
[combatants:
K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—
[illegible]

Destroy'd themselves and [illegible] of
O, think upon the conquest o[illegible]

My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we insitute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* K. HEN., GLO., SOM., WIN., SUF., *and* BAS.

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist he did,—but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.
[*Exeunt* YORK, WAR., *and* VER.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—FRANCE. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, *with his* Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter:
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General of the French Forces, *and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass that now begins to run
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt* General, *&c. from the Walls.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,—

[illegible]

But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.— [right,
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plains in Gascony.*

Enter YORK, *with Forces; to him a* Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
[illegible]
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege?
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am louted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our [illegible] strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
[illegible]
York! [illegible]
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's
York. O God, that Somerset,—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets,—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.
Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!
York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.
Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul; [since
And on his son, young John, who two hours
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.
[*Exit, with* Forces.
Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
[illegible]
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Other Plains of Gascony.*

Enter SOMERSET, *with his Forces; an Officer of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
[illegible]
name.
Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-matched forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?
Lucy. Whither, my lord! from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak *legions*:
And whiles the honourable captain

Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's
honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have
sent him aid. [claims;

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace ex-
Swearing that you withhold his levied horse,
Collected for this expedition. [the horse:

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had
I owe him little duty and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force
of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horse-
men straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en or
slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then, adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame
in you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT *and* JOHN *his Son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for
thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger: [horse;
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your
son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you
fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done;
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one
tomb? [womb.

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in
me. [lose it.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not

John. Yes, your renowned name: shall
flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee
from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fig
and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of su
blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heave
[*E*

SCENE VI.—*A Field of Battle.*

Alarum: excursions wherein TALBOT'S
hemmed about, and TALBOT *rescues*

Tal. Saint George and victory
soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his

And left us to the rage of France his s
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and
breath;
I gave thee life and rescu'd thee from
John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!

sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire

The help of one stands me in little stead.

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the same.*

Alarum: excursions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, supported by a* Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone:— John?—

Enter Soldiers, *bearing the body of* JOHN TALBOT.

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,

[*Dies.*

Exeunt Soldiers *and* Servant, *leave the two bodies. Enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, forces.

Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
would have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus, *Young Talbot was not born*
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:—
See where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!
Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. O, no; forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a* French Herald *preceding.*

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.
Lucy. [illegible] where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant [illegible] Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,—
Creat[illegible] success in arms,
Great [illegible] fford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord T[illegible] rig and Urchinfield,
Lord St[illegible] kmere, Lord Verdun of [illegible]
[illegible] Sheffield,
Lord Cr[illegible] ld, L[illegible] ival of
The thrice [illegible] d of [illegible] ge;
Knight of [illegible] of S[illegible]
Worthy S[illegible]
Great Mar[illegible]
Of all his w[illegible]
Puc. He[illegible]
The Turk, [illegible]
Writes not [illegible]
Him that th[illegible]
Stinking and [illegible]
Lucy. Is [illegible]

O were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.
Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.—
And now to Paris in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord: and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.
K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.
K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac,—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young;
And fitter is my study and my books

[illegible]

Win. Stay, my lord [illegible]
receive
The sum of money which I prom[illegible]
Shall be delivered to his h[illegible]
For clothing me in these grave orn[illegible]
Leg. I will attend upon [illegible]
leisure.
Win. Now Winchester [illegible]
trow,
Or be inferior to the pro[illegible]
Humphrey of Gloster, t[illegible]
That neither in birth [illegible]
The bishop will be [illegible]
I'll either make [illegible]
kn[illegible],
Or sack th[illegible]

Where I was wont to feed you with my blood
I'll lop a member off and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul,—my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.
[*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French *and* English, *fighting.* LA PUCELLE *and* YORK *fight hand to hand:* LA PUCELLE *is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
... your spirits now with spelling charms,
... if they can gain your liberty.—
...goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape!
Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning hag; enchantress, hold thy tongue!
Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a-while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples—whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going*
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, De-la-Poole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough
Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside*
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd
She is a woman, therefore to be won. [*Aside*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom—yea or no
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
[*Aside*
Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
[*Aside*
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he po--,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain,—are ye leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they n
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yiel

French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*

Suf. I

Mar.

Suf. S.

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER *on the Walls.*

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a

praise, and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going*

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Margaret,—

ome a

destly

But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord,—a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*
Mar. That for thyself:—I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt* REIG. *and* MAR.
Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth:
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Camp of the* DUKE OF YORK *in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!
Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,—
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.
Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.
[*Exit.*
York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
York. Ay, ay:—away with her to execution!
War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.
Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!
War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially since Charles must father it.
Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!

Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves! [*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,

Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?

peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe cove-
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it
agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclai

We come to be informed by yourselves

And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am pos-sess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,

means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
And now the matter grows to compromise
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,

serves. [*Aside to* CHARLES.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall;

Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,—
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
[CHARLES *and the rest give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord,—this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,—
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,—
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:
How shall we, then, dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower;
While Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,—
More than in women commonly is seen,—
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude w
That Margaret shall be queen, and none l she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of y report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping; post, my lord, France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:

[illegible]

If you do censure me by what you were,

[illegible]

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* EXETER.

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.
[*Exit.*

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, Great-Uncle to the* KING.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *his Sons.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, LORD CLIFFORD, YOUNG CLIFFORD, *his Son*, } *of the* KING'S *party.*
EARL OF SALISBURY, EARL OF WARWICK, } *of the York faction.*
LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHR[illegible]
WILLIAM STA[illegible]
SIR JOHN STA[illegible]
A Sea Captai[illegible]
and WAL[illegible]
Two Gentlem[illegible]
VAUX.
A Herald.

HUME *and* SOUTHWELL, *two Priests.*
BOLINGBROKE, *a Conjuror.*
A Spirit *raised by him.*
THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer.*
PETER, *his Man.*
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of Saint Alban's.
SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.*
Two Murderers.
JACK CADE, *a Rebel.*
GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH *the Weaver*, MICHAEL, *&c., his followers.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*

MARGARET, *Queen to* KING HENRY.
ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloster.*

SCENE I.—L[illegible]

Flourish of t[illegible]
on one si[illegible]
GLOSTER,
CARDINAL
MARGARET
SOMERSET,
following.

Suf. As by
I had in char[illegible]
As procurato[illegible]
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,—
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,

A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.
Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious lord,—
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,

by night, waking and in my dreams.

love.

All. [*Kneeling.*] Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French King Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

G

the

Foot

Hen

and delivered to the king her father,—

K. Hen. Uncle, how now!

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

quess, kneel down:

months
Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the

Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,

Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;

But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
that they are past recovery:
pe to conquer them again
shed hot blood, mine eyes

I never read but England's kings have had
[illegible] dowries with their wives;
[illegible] gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before— [hot:
Car. My Lord of Gloster, now you grow too
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.
Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long.
[*Exit.*
Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There 's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him—*Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloster;* [voice,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud
Jesu maintain your royal excellence!
With *God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!*
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.
Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And altogether, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat. [delay;
Car. This weighty business will not brook
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*
Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloster be displac'd, he 'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.
Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
Whiles these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,—
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:—
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:—
Join we together for the public good
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds
While they do tend the profit of the land.
War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land
And common profit of his country! [cause.
York. And so says York, for he hath greatest
Sal. Then let 's make haste away and look unto the main. [lost,—
War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win, [last!
And would have kept so long as breath did
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,—
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.
York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood

thy lord,

SCENE II

Ent

Duch.

Hanging

Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?

choleric
With Eleanor for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.
Glo. I go.—Come, Nell,—thou wilt ride with us?
Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Messenger.
Follow I must; I cannot go before
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.—
Where are you there, Sir John? nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!
Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised,—to show your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.
Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Albans we do make return
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
[*Exit.*
Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:—
I dare not say from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say,—A crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PETER *and other* Petitioners.

1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

Enter SUFFOLK *and* QUEEN MARGARET.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst anything with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [*Glancing at the superscriptions.*] *To my Lord Protector!* Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them:—what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that is some wrong indeed.—What's yours?—What's here! [*Reads.*] *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*—How now, sir knave!

2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter* Servants.]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a

Is this the fashion in the court of England?

That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,

Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,

grace.
As for the Duke of York,—this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter KING HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET; DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, CAR-

speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

tters,

f all.

ason,

will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;

The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,—
If they were known, as the suspect is great,—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The* QUEEN *drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?
[*Gives the* DUCHESS *a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?
Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.
K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.
Duch. Against her will! good king, look to't [in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no [breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[*Exit.*
Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul
As I in duty love my king and country!
But to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.
Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.
York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,

My Lord of Somerset will keep me
Without discharge, money, or furni
Till France be won into the Dauphi
Last time, I danc'd attendance on h
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, ar
War. That can I witness; and a
Did never traitor in the land commi
Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick
War. Image of pride, why should

Enter Servants *of* SUFFOLK, *br*
HORNER *and* PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'
Pray God the Duke of York excuse
York. Doth any one accuse York f
K. Hen. What mean'st thou, S
me, what are these?
Suf. Please it your majesty, this
That doth accuse his master of high
His words were these,—that Richa
York
Was rightful heir unto the English
And that your majesty was an usurp
K. Hen. Say, man, were these t
Hor. An't shall please your maje
said nor thought any such matter:
witness, I am falsely accused by the
Pet. By these ten bones, my lor
up his hands,] he did speak them t
garret one night, as we were scouri
of York's armour.
York. Base dunghill villain and
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the l
Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me if
the words. My accuser is my pr
when I did correct him for his fau
day, he did vow upon his knees he w
with me: I have good witness of
fore I beseech your majesty, do no
an honest man for a villain's accusa
K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we s
law?
Glo. This doom, my lord, if I m
Let Somerset be regent o'er the Fr
Because in York this breeds suspici
And let these have a day appointed
For single combat in convenient pl
For he hath witness of his servant's
This is the law, and this Duke H
doom.
K. Hen. Then be it so.—M
Somerset,
We make your grace regent over th
Som. I humbly thank your royal

[illegible]

my heart! [hang'd.

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be

K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next [month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. The* DUKE OF GLOSTER'S *Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, [illegible]WELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the [illegible] tell you, expects performance of your [illegible]

Boling. Master Hume, we are ther[illegible] vided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be [illegible]

HUME.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth;—John Southwell, read you;—and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS *above, and presently* HUME.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all.
To this gear,—the sooner the bet[illegible]

Boling. Patience, good lady; w[illegible] their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silen[illegible]
[illegible]

That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.
[illegible]

By the eternal God, whose name and power

[illegible] rom
[illegible] re!
[illegible] said

Boling. First of the king: what shall of him become? [*Reading out of a paper.*

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
[*As the* Spirit *speaks,* SOUTHWELL *writes the answers.*

Boling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die and take his end

Boling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

[illegible]

False fiend, avoid!
[*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit *descends.*

Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM *hastily, with their* Guards *and others.*

[illegible]

commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
[illegible]

[illegible] *above,* DUCHESS *and* HUME, *guarded, below,* SOUTH., BOLING., *&c., guarded.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] this is just,
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.

Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die and take his end.—
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood. [Albans,
The king is now in progress toward Saint
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them,—
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Saint Albans.*

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, CARDINAL, *and* SUFFOLK, *with* Falconers *hollaing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much; he would be above the clouds. [that?

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal,—how think you by
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer, [weal!
That smooth'st it so with king and common-

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? [malice;
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such
With such holiness can you do it? [comes

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well be-
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord,
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers;
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that! [*Aside to* CAR.

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.
[*Aside to* GLO.

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
[*Aside to* CAR.

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove.
[*Aside to* GLO.

K. Hen. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword. [*Aside to* GLO.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are ye advis'd?—the east side of the grove? [*Aside to* GLO.

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you.
[*Aside to* CAR.

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside to* CAR.

Car. *Medice teipsum;*
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.
[*Aside to* GLO.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman *of Saint Albans, crying* "A Miracle!"

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
Towns. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.
[illegible] [shrine,

ing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of St. Albans *and* [illegible]

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glo. Stand by, my masters:—bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind and now restor'd?
Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. [illegible]
Wife [illegible]
Glo [illegible]
K. H [illegible]
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your [illegible]
K. Hen [illegible]

Or of dev [illegible]
Simp. [illegible]
A hundre [illegible]
By good [illegible]
Come, offe [illegible]
Wife. [illegible]
Myself ha [illegible]
Car. [illegible]

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off a tree.

youth. [very dear.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing
Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well that wouldst venture so.
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd [illegible]

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.
K. Hen. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name? [illegible]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.—Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the* Beadle *has hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and the people follow and cry* "A Miracle!"

K. Hen. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came. [*Exeunt* Mayor, Beadle, Wife, *&c.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aside to* GLOSTER.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal:
And for my wife I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LONDON. *The* DUKE OF YORK'S *Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons;
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king,

Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
... of Henry the Fourth.

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
York. The third son, Duke of Clarence,—from whose line
I claim the crown,—had issue Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But, to the rest.

To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March; who was the son

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.

England's king!
York. We thank you, lords.
your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:

And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days:

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.
... this I do assure myself,—

SCENE III.—LONDON. *A Hall of Justice.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the* DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

K. Hen. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:

You four, from hence to prison
[*To* JOURDAIN, *&c.*
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
hree shall be strangled on the gallows.—
lam, for you are more nobly born,
l of your honour in your life,
er three days' open penance done,
our country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.
Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.
Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:

ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself

Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey,—no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and King Henry govern England's helm!
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff! here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As ere thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne!
[*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd and a limb lopp'd off:
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be,—in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER *and his* Neighbours, *drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it, a drum before him: at the other side,* PETER, *with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by* Prentices *drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron:—and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York. Despatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.—
Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!
[*Alarum. They fight, and* PETER *strikes down* HORNER.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—LONDON. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:

So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives; let her pass [by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they [gaze!

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!

For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's Parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

[before

sion. [mission stays

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Servants.

There to be us'd according to your stat

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach,—
And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully?
Stan. Like to a duchess and Duke Humphrey's lady;
According to that state you shall be us'd.
Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,—
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.
Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?
Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Abbey at Bury.*

Flourish. Enter to the Parliament KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and others.*

K. Hen. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And if we did but glance a far-off look
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars,—
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note that he is near you in descent;
And should you fall he as the next will mount.
Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, — Buckingham, — and York,—
Reprove my allegation if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.
Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,—
As, next the king, he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,—
Did instigate the bedlam brainsick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.
Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.
Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.
K. Hen. My lords, at once:—the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.
Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo.
Pardon,
Suf.

Unless
I do arr
Glo.
Nor ch
A heart
The pu
As I am
Who ca
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me
God!
York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was
protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;

malice,

If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,

And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch
Before his legs be firm to bear his body!
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt* Attendants *with* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the Parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,—
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty!
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I prov'd thee false or fear'd thy faith.
What lowering star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,—
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and 'twixt each groan,
Say, *Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.*

[*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,—
And yet herein I judge my own wit good,—
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,—
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
Wer't not all one an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and wer't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,—
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,

[illegible]

doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I. [it,

York. And I: and now we three have spoke
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. [illegible]

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
[illegible]

Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
[illegible]

York. [illegible]

Som. [illegible]

Car. [illegible]

[illegible]

York. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
[illegible]

man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
[illegible]

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
[illegible]

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And, undiscovered, come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
Say that he thrive,—as 'tis great like he will,—
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—BURY. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, *hastily.*

1 *Mur.* Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
2 *Mur.* O that it were to do!—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?
1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?
1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt* Murderers.

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, *and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
Q. Mar. Marry, God forfend!
Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word. [*The* KING *swoons.*
Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.
Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!
Suf. He doth revive again:—madam, be patient.
K. Hen. O heavenly God!
Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
K. Hen. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words:
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,—
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like laments his death:
And for myself,—foe as he was to me,—
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judg'd I made the duke away;

So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen and crown'd with infamy!
K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man! [he is.

caves: [shore,
And bid them blow towards England's blessed
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,

And threw it towards thy land:—the sea receiv'd it;
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,

Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me, I can no more! die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The* Commons *press to the door.*

bury,
With the rude multitude till I return.

My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul
rey's

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.
K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.
War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
hat instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See how the blood is settled in his face!
t have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
ing all descended to the labouring heart;
ho, in the conflict that it holds with death,
tracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
hich with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
blush and beautify the cheek again.
t see, his face is black and full of blood;
s eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
aring full ghastly like a strangled man:
s hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
is hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
nd tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd:
ok, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
is well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,
ke to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
cannot be but he was murder'd here;
e least of all these signs were probable.
Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
yself and Beaufort had him in protection;
nd we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes;
nd you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
is like you would not feast him like a friend;
nd 'tis well seen he found an enemy.
Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
s guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
nd sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
at will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
ho finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
it may imagine how the bird was dead,
lthough the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
ven so suspicious is this tragedy.
Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk?—where's your knife?
Beaufort termed a kite?—where are his talons?
Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
at here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
hat shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
hat slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
y, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
hat I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exeunt* CAR., SOM., *and others.*
War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
War. Madam, be still,—with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself was born in bastardy;
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!
Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.
[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.
K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
[*A noise within.*
Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.
Sal. [*To the* Commons *at the door.*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.— [*He comes forward.*
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,

They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;

They say, in care of your most royal person,

that slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffered in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk
With whose envenomed and fatal sting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his wo
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer fr
king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;

Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.
[*Exit* Sa

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead
Suffolk!

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call h
No more, I say: if thou dost plead fo
Thou wilt but add increase unto my w
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—
If after three days' space thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.
[*Exeunt* K. HEN., WAR., Lords, *&c.*

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction

wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;

taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses,—like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun,—recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this

To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand, [*Kisses his hand.*
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.—
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now, farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,—
Once by the king and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more:—live thou to joy thy life;
Myself to joy in naught but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the king. [*Exit* VAUX.
Ah me! what is this world! what news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,—
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;—
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woefull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—LONDON. CARDINAL BEAUFORT'S *Bedchamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others. The* CARDINAL *in bed;* Attendants *with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
[illegible]
Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
[illegible]
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—KENT. *The Sea-shore near Dover.*

[illegible]

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
[illegible]
Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall:—
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.
1 Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.
2 Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.
Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;
[*To* SUFFOLK.
And so should these, if I might have my will.
[illegible]
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *Water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.
Whit. *Gaultier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not:
[illegible]
Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William De-la-Poole.
Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!
[illegible]
board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay thus thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
And duly waited for my coming forth?

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain? [me.
Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath
Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou. [boat's side
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'st not, for thy own.
Cap. Yes, Poole.
Suf. Poole!
Cap. Poole! Sir Poole! lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground; [phrey's death,
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Hum-
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France;
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
..h slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
..d sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
As hating thee, are rising up in arms: [crown
And now the house of York,—thrust from the
By shameful murder of a guiltless king
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus.*
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away! convey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud; this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives:
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the Channel.
Cap. Walter,—
Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death. [I fear.
Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus:*—'tis thee
Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair. [rough,
Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:—
More can I bear than you dare execute.
Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more. [can,
Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye
That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exit* SUF., *with* WHIT. *and others.*
Cap. And as for these, whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the first* Gentleman.

Re-enter WHITMORE *with* SUFFOLK'S *body.*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*
1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that, living, held him dear.
[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE II.—*Blackheath.*

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.
John. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. There is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver,—

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* CADE, DICK *the Butcher*, SMITH *the Weaver, and others in great number*

Cade.

posed fat

Dick.

rings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us,—inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well; she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

Smith. But now of late, not able to travel

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

Dick. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall

lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a

who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper

thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the* Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises.*] Now have at him!

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and* WILLIAM *his Brother, with drum and* Forces.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:—
The king is merciful if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood
If you go forward: therefore yield or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman,—art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter,—did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*]—Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer if you can:—the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this,—can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS *and* Forces.

Cade. And you that love the commons follow me.—
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would—but that they dare not—take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of Blackheath.*

Alarums. The two parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS *are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—the Lent shall be as long again

SCENE IV.—London.

Enter KING HENRY, *re*

the DUKE OF BUCKIN

with him: at a distance

mourning over SUFFOLK'S *head.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent
That were unworthy to behold the same?

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste? [lord;

danger;
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope,

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[*Exeunt.*

Tower.

the Walls.

below.

your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself,—
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough;
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—LONDON. *Cannon Street.*

Enter JACK CADE *and his* Followers. *He strikes his staff on London stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there.
[*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them: but first, go and set London Bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—LONDON. *Smithfield.*

Alarums. Enter, on one side, CADE *and his* Company; *on the other,* Citizens, *and the* KING'S Forces, *headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH. *They fight; the* Citizens *are routed, and* MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [*Aside.*

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.
[*Aside.*

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the Parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *with the* LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this,—'tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

never.

tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but

have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. C

hind foll

Say.

Cade.

will mal

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you: I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me where[illegible] I offended most?

Cade. But is not this brave?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were,

SCENE VIII.—*Southwark.*

Alarum. Enter CADE *and all his* Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Fling up his cap, and say God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying *Villiaco!* unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying. [*Aside.*]—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very middest of you! and heavens and honour be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What! is he fled? go some and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.— [*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Killingworth Castle.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the terrace of the Castle.*

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* LORD CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of CADE's Followers, *with halters about their necks.*

Clif. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom of life or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallowglasses and stout kerns
Is marching hitherward in proud array:
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship that, having 'scap'd a tempest,

K. Hen. In any case be not too rough in
terms;
For he is f
Buck. I
de
As all thing
K. Hen.
govern better;
For yet may England curse my

SCENE X.—KENT. Idi

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie
have a sword, and yet am
These five days have I hid me in these woods,

court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and 's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. [*Aside.*] Ah, villain, thou wilt

stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,

mast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air

sheath, I beseech Jove, on my knees, thou

strous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:

victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man; and exhort all the world to be cowards,—for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour.

Iden. How much thou wrongst me, heaven be my judge. [thee!
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exeunt, dragging out the body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The KING'S *Camp on one side. On the other, enter* YORK *attended, with drum and colours: his* Forces *at some distance.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright;
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle naught but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words
Except a sword or sceptre balance it:
A sceptre shall it have,—have I a soul,—
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
[*Aside.*
Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well. [greeting.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:
O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
I am far better born than is the king;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.
[*Aside.*
Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state. [part:
Buck. That is too much presumption on thy
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and everything you wish.—
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, *attended.*

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.
K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring? [hence,
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *head.*

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
K. Hen. The head of Cade!—Great God, how just art thou!—
O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.— [him?
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew

Iden. I
K. Hen.

Iden.
A poor e
Buck.

He were
K. Hen.

We give
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,

Enter QUEEN MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.
York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.
Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these
If they
Sirrah,

I know
They

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with* Forces, *at one side; at the other, with* Forces *also*, LORD CLIFFORD *and his* Son.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*
York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we

Drums. *Enter* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with* Forces.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brainsick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have.
K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.
Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
War. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,—
As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,—
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.
Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.
Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.
Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.
Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*Saint Albans.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter LORD CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*
Clif. What see'st thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!
York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.
Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*
[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls and dies.*
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter YOUNG CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;

Into as many gobbets will I cut it

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting, and* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!
K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

... YOUNG CLIFFORD.

...hat my heart's on future mis-...

...Fields near Saint Albans.

Flourish; then enter YORK, ...ANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and drum and colours*

...bury, who can report of him,—

... day
is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.
Rich. My noble father,

And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.— ...
Richard:

God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.
York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of Parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth:—
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound drums and trumpets;—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall!
[*Exeunt.*

THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Son.*
LOUIS XI., *King of France.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET,
[illegible]
LORD CLIFFORD,
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards* KING EDWARD IV., EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,* GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,* RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloster,* } *his Sons.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK, MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE, EARL OF WARWICK, EARL OF PEMBROKE, LORD HASTINGS, LORD STAFFORD, } *of the* DUKE OF YORK'S *party.*
SIR JOHN MORTIMER, SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } *Uncles to the* DUKE OF YORK.

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a youth.*
LORD RIVERS, *Brother to* LADY GREY.
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
[illegible]
A Nobleman.
Two Keepers.
A Huntsman.
A Son *that has killed his Father.*
A Father *that has killed his Son.*

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to* EDWARD IV.
BONA, *Sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, *and other* Attendants *on* KING HENRY *and* KING EDWARD, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE,—*During part of the Third Act in* FRANCE; *during the rest of the Play in* ENGLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. [illegible]

Drums. Some Soldiers *in. Then enter the* [illegible] WARD, RICHARD, NO[illegible] WARWICK, *and other* [illegible] *their hats.*

War. I wonder how the King escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

[illegible]

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,

[illegible]

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down* SOMERSET'S *head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—

But, is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

SCENE III.—*Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarum. Enter RUTLAND *and his* Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD *and* Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him!
Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, forced off by* Soldiers.
Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look!
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die!—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore,— [*Lifting his hand.*
Rut. O let me pray before I take my death!
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son,—for his sake pity me;
Lest in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[CLIFFORD *stabs him.*
Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tua!*
[*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons,—God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried, *Courage, father! fight it out!*
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, *Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
And cried, *A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
With this we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves. [*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,

And in thy thought o'errun my former time;
And, if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and [this!

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two [*Draws.*

quer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.
North. What would your grace have done

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's [tooth!

deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the
child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy
wish: [will:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-
woman. [me so
North. Beshrew me, but his passions move
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet
boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*He gives back the handkerchief.*
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears:
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, *Alas, it was a piteous deed!*—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
curse; [*Giving back the paper crown.*
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!
North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my
kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord
Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's
death. [*Stabbing him.*
Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-
hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*
York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
thee. [*Dies.*
Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on
York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

Drums. Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with their* Forces, *marching.*

Edw. I wonder how our princely father
'scap'd,
Or whether he be 'scap'd away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en we should have heard the
news; [news;
Had he been slain we should have heard the
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have
heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,—
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son.—
See how the morning ope's her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!
Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect
sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,

As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.

[illegible] hts together, [illegible]

You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell [illegible]
too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
[illegible]
wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain.
[illegible]
thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
[illegible] body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For self-same wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
[illegible]
say:
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. *Enter* WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with* Forces.

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? [illegible] [recount
[illegible] s slain!
[illegible] that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in
[illegible]
queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent

To dash our late decree in parliament
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at St. Albans met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives, Blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers',—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George, your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry, Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day
That cries Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st,—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, — valiant Richard, — Montague,—
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,—
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,—
I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up drums:—God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why, then it sorts, brave warriors: let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before York.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—

flight,— [nest,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their

Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth

Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?

Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!
Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;

I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.—
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father,—call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but everything is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blood

Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd and many blows repai
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhi

Enter EDWARD, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, gentle death!
For this world frowns, and Ed
War. How now, my lord! wh hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope b

And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn

be drunken with our blood;

hand;—and,

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to

[*Exeunt.*

IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD.

CLIF. *flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
self will hunt this wolf to death
[*Exeunt.*

V.—*Another part of the Field.*

rum. Enter KING HENRY.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
ls contend with growing light,
herd, blowing of his nails,
rfect day nor night.
like a mighty sea
mbat with the wind;
like the self
of the win
is, and

Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,—
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times,—
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son *that has killed his Father, bringing in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth:
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father *that has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.*

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee, [ar
Throw up thine eye! see, see what show
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye
heart!—
O pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more th
common grief! [deeds
O that my death would stay these ruth
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembl
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, p
senteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must withe

Son. How will my mother for a father's de
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied! [

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country for these w
ful chances
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's deat

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his so

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for sub-

M

are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Ber-

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out,—ay, here it dies,

And who shines now but Henry's enemies?

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is; and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[Soldiers *bring the body forward.*

War. I think his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Chase in the North of England.*

Enter two Keepers, *with cross-bows in their hands.*

1 Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities:
For wise men say it is the wisest course.
2 Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him. [more.

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more; [wrong,
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath? [now.
2 Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not
K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England? [remain.

manded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
1 Keep. We are true subjects to the king,

your king's
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

It were no less; but yet

Glo. Yea, is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
[*Aside to* CLARENCE.

Clar. He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind! [*Aside to* GLOSTER.

Glo. Silence! [*Aside to* CLARENCE.

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. Ay, widow? then I warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
[*Aside.*

Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
[*Aside to* GLOSTER.

Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.
[*Aside to* CLARENCE.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. I think he means to beg a child of her.
[*Aside to* GLOSTER.

Glo. Nay, whip me, then; he'll rather give her two. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four if you'll be ruled by him. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it, then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
[*Aside, and retires with* CLARENCE.

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then, I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. But stay thee,—'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, thinkst thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then, you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then, thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then, mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:
Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;
No, if thou dost say no to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.

K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
[illegible]

To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along:—lords, use her honourable.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, LADY GREY, CLARENCE, *and* Nobleman.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.—
[illegible]

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the [illegible]
[illegible]

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,—
roud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
will not hence till, with my talk and tears,
oth full of truth, I make King Louis behold
hy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love;
or both of you are birds of self-same feather.
[*A horn sounded within.*

K. Lou. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
ent from your brother, Marquis Montague:—
hese from our king unto your majesty:—
nd, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.
[*To* MAR. *They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
miles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Louis stamps, as he were nettled:
hope all's for the best.

K. Lou. Warwick, what are thy news?—and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lou. What, has your king married the Lady Grey?
nd now, to soothe your forgery and his,
ends me a paper to persuade me patience?
s this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Louis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,—
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if King Louis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,—
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lou. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lou. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Louis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou see'st what's past,—go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning-weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit* Mess.

K. Lou. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock-bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,

serves it;
And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* WARWICK.
K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, *and others.*

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.
Glo. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, *attended,* LADY GREY, *as Queen,* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, *and others.*

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France or the Earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence wi
a cause,

offended too?
Glo. Not I:
No, God forbid that I should wish them se
Whom God hath join'd together; ay,

By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in alliance [W
Would more have strengthen'd this our com
'Gainst foreign storms than any home marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. But the safer when 'tis back'd France.
Hast. 'Tis better using France than tru France:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for
Glo. And yet methinks your grace hat done well,
To give the heir and daughte rd Sc
Unto the brother of your l
She better would have fitt
But in your bride you

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.
Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. [*Aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?
Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.
K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Louis unto our letters?
Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Louis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride.
K. Edw. Is Louis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?
Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.
Mess. *Tell him*, quoth she, *my mourning-weeds are done,*
And I am ready to put armour on.
K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit, and* SOMERSET *follows.*
Glo. Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.
[*Aside.*
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt* PEM. *and* STAF.
But ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

[illegible]

SCENE II.—*A Plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with French and other* Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.—
But see where Somerset and Clarence come!

Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

[illegible]
brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now, what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
[illegible]
steeds, [mantle,
So we, well cover'd with the night's black
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry* "Henry!"
Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—EDWARD'S *Camp, near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, *before the* KING'S *tent.*

1 *Watch.* Come on, my [illegible]
take his stand:
The king by this has set him [illegible]
2 *Watch.* What, will he [illegible]

1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow
[illegible]
If Warwick be so near as men report.
3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
1 *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend. [the king
3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?
2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous. [ness;
[illegible] shut up [tent,
2 *Watch.* Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and* Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1 *Watch.* Who goes there?
2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.
[WARWICK *and the rest cry all*—"Warwick! Warwick!" *and set upon the* Guard, *who fly, crying* "Arm! Arm!" WARWICK *and the rest following them.*

The drum beating and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK *and the rest, bringing the* KING *out in his gown, sitting in a chair.* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *are seen flying.*

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is the duke.
K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last
Thou call'dst me king?
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
[illegible]

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Louis and the Lady Bona send to him.—
Now, for awhile farewell, good Duke of York.
K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit, led out;* SOM. *with him.*
Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that 's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?
Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross:
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick, then, become?
Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, *and others.*

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way, to disport himself.
I have advértis'd him by secret means
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD *and a* Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.—
Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

SOMERSET, YOUNG RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,

I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well-using me?
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,

I here resign my government to thee
For thou art fortunate in all thy

War. Your grace hath still
virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as v

Clar. That he consents if Warwick yield con-
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,

Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope.—If secret powers

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend? [brother,
Mess. That Edward is escaped from your
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape? [Gloster
Mess. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest-side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd *him*;
For hunting was his daily exercise.
War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.
[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WAR., CLAR., Lieut., *and* Attendants.
Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.
Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.
Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Before York.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What, then, remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?
Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.
K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York *and* Aldermen.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.
May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone. [nose,
Glo. But when the fox hath once got in his
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*
Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends.
May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*
Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded! [were well,
Hast. The good old man would fain that all
So 'twere not 'long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor *and* Aldermen, *below.*

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys:
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town and thee.
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY *and* Forces, *marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms? [storm,
Mont. To help King Edward in his time of
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:

I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*A march begun.*

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,—
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice [illegible]

K. Edw. [illegible]
Till then, 'tis [illegible]

Hast. Aw[illegible]
must rule.

[illegible]

Mont. And whoso'er gainsays King Edward's right,
[illegible]

Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, MONTAGUE, CLARENCE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
[illegible]

[illegible]

Troy's true hope. [hand

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness'

K. Hen. Well minded Clarence, be thou [illegible]

[illegible]

got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to [illegible] demands,
Nor posted off their suits with [illegible]

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd: [me?
Then why should they love Edward more than
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.
Shout within, "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence:
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow: [dry,
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with* KING HENRY.
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Coventry.*

Enter upon the Walls, WARWICK, *the* Mayor of Coventry, *two* Messengers, *and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*

War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum. [lies;

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick. [friends.

War. Who should that be? belike unlook'd-for

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and* Forces.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle. [wall!

Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the

War. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come? [duc'd,
Where slept our scouts, or how are they se-
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:

[illegible]

Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, *with* Forces, *drum, and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

Oxf. O [illegible]

Glo. T [illegible]

K. Ed [illegible]

Stand we [illegible]
Will issue [illegible]
If not, th [illegible]
We'll qu [illegible]

War. [illegible]

Enter MONTAGUE, *with* Forces, *drum, and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his* Forces *enter the city*

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with* Forces, *drum, and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his* Forces *enter the city*

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with* Forces, *drum, and colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love!—
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[illegible]

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.

[illegible]

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?

[illegible]

leads the way.
Lords, to the field: Saint George and victory.
[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A field of Battle near Barnet.*

Alarums and excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.—
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE VII.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. KING EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne;* QUEEN ELIZABETH *with the infant* PRINCE, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset,—threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands,—two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and that shalt execute.
[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried, all hail! when as he meant all harm.
[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.
[*Exeunt.*



Photo Chancellor & Son, Dublin.

Henry V. in Courting Scene, making love to Katharine of France, in "King Henry V." (Sir Frank and Lady Benson)

King Henry O Kat nice customs court sy to great kings

Act V, Sc. II, p. 565

Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
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For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.
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Photo Window & Grove, London.

Edward V. (The Prince) in "Richard III." (Miss Lena Ashwell).

"I want more uncles here to welcome me."

Act III., Sc. I., p. 690.

And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,—
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul:—here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good-day: what means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?
Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glo. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what 's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.
Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.
Clar. By heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.
Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.
Glo. Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of anything we say:
We speak no treason, man;—we say the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;—
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.
Glo. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.
Brak. What one, my lord?
Glo. Her husband, knave:—wouldst thou betray me?
Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.
Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.—
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,—
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce: farewell.
[*Exeunt* CLAR., BRAK., *and* Guard.
Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands.—
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord! [him!

mew'd
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad a
home,—
The king is sickly, weak, anc
And his physicians fear him r
Glo. Now, by Saint Paul,
indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet
And overmuch consum'd his
'Tis very grievous to be thoug
What, is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.

daughter: [father?
What though I kill'd her husband and her
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,

SCENE II.—LONDON. *Another Street.*

Enter the Corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, *borne in an open coffin*, Gentlemen *bearing halberds to guard it; and* LADY ANNE *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—

Than I am made by my young lord and thee!—
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;

Anne. What black magician conjures up this
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!
1 Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.
Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.—
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death! [derer dead;
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the mur-
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast. [truth!
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the
Glo. More wonderful when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.
Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.
Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say that I slew them not?
Anne. Then say they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then, he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of Heaven, that hath him. [come.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never
Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!
Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glo. I know so.—But, gentle Lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner? [effect.
Anne. Thou wast the cause and most accurs'd
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks. [wreck;
Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's
You should not blemish it if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne [illegible]

Glo. [illegible]

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth. [could.
Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. [illegible]
Glo. The self-same name, [illegible] nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here. [*She spits at him.*] Why [illegible]

[illegible]

mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead! [once;
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears, [drops:
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,

[illegible]

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

[illegible]

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

[illegible] that provoked me.
[illegible] 'twas I that stabb'd young

[illegible] *e again offers at his breast.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,

[illegible]

Speak it again, and, even with the word,

[illegible]

Glo. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter
Glo. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glo. [illegible]
Anne. [illegible]
Glo. [illegible]

[illegible]

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad

[illegible]

But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt* LADY ANNE, TRESS., *and* BERK.

Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White Friars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt the rest, with the Corpse.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, *and* LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which I think proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—but that will never be:
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they that complain unto the king
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?

By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
[illegible]
By silke [illegible]
Grey. [illegible]
Glo. [illegible]
When I [illegible]
wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints. [matter.
Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the
The king, on his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else—
[illegible]
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement, and my friends';
God grant we never may have need of you!
Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
[illegible] worth
[illegible]
mean
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord; for,— [not so?
Glo. She may, Lord Rivers?—why, who knows

She may do more, sir, than denying that:
[illegible]
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
[illegible]

Enter Queen Margaret, *behind.*

Small joy have I in being England's queen.
Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech Him!
[illegible]
well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
[illegible]
Glo. In all which time you and your husband
Were factious for the house of Lancaster,—
[illegible]
don!—
Q. Mar. Which God revenge! [crown;
Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.

I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Glo. If I should be!—I had rather be a pedler:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,—
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. As little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make before I let thee go.
Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me,—
And thou a kingdom,—all of you allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.
Q. Mar. What, were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?—
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!
Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.
Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—
Glo. Margaret.
Q. Mar. Richard!
Glo. Ha!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:

And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

high

charity. [me:
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.

sky,
And there awake God's gentle sleeping peace.

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious

[*Exit.*
Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her
curses. [liberty.
Riv. And so doth mine: I muse why she's at
Glo. I cannot blame her: by God's holy
mother,

wrong.

clusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.
Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.
[*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me?
Riv. We wait upon your grace.
[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER.
Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,—
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them 'tis the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.—
But, soft! here come my executioners.

Enter two Murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout-resolved mates!
Are you now going to despatch this thing?
1 *Murd.* We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. Well thought upon;—I have it here about me: [*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
Glo. Your eyes drop millstones when fools' eyes fall tears:
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, despatch.
1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—LONDON. *A Room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily today?
Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,—
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,—
As 'twere in scorn of eyes,—reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Stopp'd in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?
Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, *What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an Angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!*

dren !—
Keeper, I pr'ythee, sit by me awhile;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.
Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!—
[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair.*
Sorrow breaks seasons and repos ng hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

1 *Mur*
Brak.

1 *Mur*

wisdom: fare you well. [*Exit* BRAKENBURY.
2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?
1 *Murd.* No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.
2 *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.
1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.
2 *Murd.* The urging of that word judgment

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the
1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks

to trust to
at my elbow,
and
thee
cannot pre-
that respects
to work?
d with the
and then throw him into the
next room.
2 *Murd.* O excellent device!
1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

rike!
o, we'll reason with him.
e art thou, keeper? give me a cup
ne.
ou shall have wine enough, my
anon.
od's name, what art thou?
man, as you are.
ot, as I am, royal.
or you, as we are, loyal.
voice is thunder, but thy looks
umble.
y voice is now the king's, my
mine own. [speak!
darkly and how deadly dost thou
menace me: why look you pale?
hither? Wherefore do you come?
To, to, to—
urder me?
Ay, ay. [so,
scarcely have the hearts to tell me
cannot have the hearts to do it.
friends, have I offended you?
fended us you have not, but the

ll be reconcil'd to him again.
ever, my lord; therefore prepare
e. [men
ou drawn forth among a world of
nocent? What is my offence?
vidence that doth accuse me?
quest have given their verdict up
ning judge? or who pronounc'd
tence of poor Clarence' death?
nvict by course of law,
e with death is most unlawful.
as you hope to have redemption
r blood shed for our grievous sins,
rt, and lay no hands on me:
undertake is damnable.
hat we will do, we do upon com-
l.
nd he that hath commanded is our
[kings
ueous vassals! the great King of
ble of his law commanded
lt do no murder: will you then
dict, and fulfil a man's?
or he holds vengeance in his hand,
their heads that break his law.
nd that same vengeance doth he
on thee
vearing, and for murder too:
ceive the sacrament to fight
he house of Lancaster.
nd, like a traitor to the name of

Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.
2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.
1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?
Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.
1 *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody minister
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and [thy faults,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.
Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me [dear:
Go you to him from me.
Both Murd. Ay, so we will.
Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.
1 *Murd.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.
Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.
1 *Murd.* Right as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself:
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.
Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.
2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life?—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit with the body.*

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!

2 *Murd.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit*

1 *Murd.* So do not I: go, coward as thou art.—

ACT II.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, *led in sick;* QUEEN
BUCKI

K. Ed.

You peer

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings

. Madam, yourself are not exempt
om this,—
m Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
een factions one against the other.
Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; I will never more remember

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace [*to the* QUEEN], but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,

ingham,

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Gloster, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.
Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Of you, Lord Woodville, and, Lord Scales, of you;— [all.
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen;—indeed, of
do not know that Englishman alive
th whom my soul is any jot at odds
than the infant that is born to-night:
thank my God for my humility. [after:—
Q. Eliz. A holiday shall this be kept here-
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.
K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is? [this!
Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is
Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest? [presence
Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd. [died,
Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done! [sorrow.
K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace: my soul is full of
Stan. I will not rise unless your highness hear me. [quest'st.
K. Edw. Then say at once what is it thou re-
Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man,—his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who su'd to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother not a man would speak,—
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once beg for his life.—
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.
Ah, poor Clarence!
[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, HAST., RIV., DOR., *and* GREY.
Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen

Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, *with a* Son *and* Daughter *of* CLARENCE.

gentle shape,
And with a virtuous visard hide deep vice!
He is my son; ay, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it.—Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *distractedly;* RIVERS *and* DORSET *following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?

are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss!

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss!

I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentation.
Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace:—humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.
Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!
Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her grace did leave it out. [*Aside.*
Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.
Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.
Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.
Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.
Hast. And so say I.
Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you, my mother,—will you go
To give your censures in this business?
[*Exeunt all but* BUCK. *and* GLO.
Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;
For by the way I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.
Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—my dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Toward Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—LONDON. *A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good-morrow, neighbour: whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?
1 *Cit.* Yes,—that the king is dead.
2 *Cit.* Ill news, by 'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter a third Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!
1 *Cit.* Give you good-morrow, sir.
3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?
2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!
3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.
3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child!
2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,
Which, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

[illegible]

and mother.

3 Cit. Better it were they all came by his father,

[illegible]

This sickly land might solace as before.

1 Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

[illegible]

SCENE IV.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *the young* DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they at Northampton lay;
And at Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:
To-morrow or next day they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear no; they say my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

[illegible] [supper,

[illegible]

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

[illegible] [not hold

[illegible]

madam.

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

[illegible]

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy:—go to, you are too

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Arch. Here comes a messenger.

Enter a Messenger.

What news? [report.

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes
Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why or for what the nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and awless throne:—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accurs'd and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go. [*To the* QUEEN.
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, CARDINAL BOUCHIER, *and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and his* Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all. [*Exeunt* Mayor, &c.
I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Enter HASTINGS.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother and your brother York
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from hence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary-men;
But sanctuary-children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'errule my mind for once.—
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [*Exeunt* CAR. *and* HAST.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

[illegible]

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.—
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word. [*Aside.*

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
[illegible]
I'll win [illegible]
Or die a [illegible]

Glo. [illegible]
spring. [*Aside.*

Buck. Now, in good time, [illegible]
Duke of York.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and* [illegible]

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay brother,—to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholding to you than I.

[illegible]
heart.
[illegible]
cousin. [illegible] it.
[illegible]

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—
[illegible]cle, my brother mocks both you and me;
[illegible]ause that I am little, like an ape,
[illegible] thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
[illegible]
[illegible] along?
[illegible] o pass
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
[illegible]

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
[illegible]

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[*Sennet. Exeunt* PRINCE, YORK, HAST., CAR., *and* Attendants.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby. [tend
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we in-
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle? [prince
Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby, [ings
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hast-
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
thou so too; and so break off the talk,
d give us notice of his inclination:
'or we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly. [I can.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glo. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both. [*Exit* CATESBY.
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—
And look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the movables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand. [kindness.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* LORD HASTINGS' *House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord!— [*Knocking.*
Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?
Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.
Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.
Hast. What then? [night
Mess. Then certifies your lordship that this
He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other. [pleasure,—
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance:
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good-morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good-morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring: [state?
What news, what news, in this our tottering

Cate. It is a reeling world indeed, my lord;

forward

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve month hence,—

lo
When men

Hast. O
it
With River
With some men else that think themselves as safe

For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good-morrow; and good-morrow, Catesby:—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,

spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot yo
what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might bette
wear their heads [hats.—
Than some that have accus'd them wear the
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this goo
fellow. [*Exeunt* STAN. *and* CATE
How now, sirrah! how goes the world wit
thee? [ask

Purs. The better that your lordship please t

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with m
now [meet
Than when thou mett'st me last where now w

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's goo
content! [mo

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that to
[*Throwing him his purse*

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit*

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to se
your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with al
my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord cham-
berlain!
Your friends at Pomfret, th eed the priest
Your honour hath no shr in hand.

Hast. Good faith, an this holy
man,
The men you talk of ca
What, go you toward th

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—POMFRET. *Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a* Guard, *conducting* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to execution.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God bless the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—LONDON. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the* BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *and others, sitting at a table:* Officers of the Council *attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation.
In God's name, speak,—when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good-morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit.*

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile; I'll go with you. [*Exeunt* GLO. *and* BUCK.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;

For I myself am not so well provided

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil:

for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;
And I did scorn it, and disdain to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

Hast. O bloody Richard!—miserable Eng-

[*Exeunt.*

NE V.—LONDON. *The Tower Walls.*

GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM *in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,

Speak and look back, and pry on every side,

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* CATESBY.

Buck. Lord mayor,—
Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!
Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent,—
Glo. Look back, defend thee,—here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!
Glo. Be patient, they are friends,—

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS' *head.*

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So dear I lov'd the man that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—
Would you imagine, or almost believe,—
Were't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,—the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster!
May. Had he done so?
Glo. What! think you we are Turks or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?
May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.
Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.
May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.
Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.
Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit* Lord Mayor.
Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.
Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden plea for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.
Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well learned bishops.
Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.
[*Exit.*
Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.—
Go thou [*to* CATE.] to Friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
[*Exeunt* LOV. *and* CATE.
Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice that no manner of person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—LONDON. *A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—

Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing:

Scene VII.—London. *Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter Gloster *and* Buckingham, *meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now! what say the citizens?
Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.
Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,

Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse:
And when my oratory drew toward end

His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again,—

Richard!
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—

Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I;
This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard:

lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part,—still answer nay, and take it.
Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.
Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks. [*Exit* Gloster.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.

... me, my lord: I dance attendance here;
... k the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter, from the Castle, Catesby.

... Catesby,—what says your lord to my request?
... He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
... sit him to-morrow or next day:
... within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation:
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,

Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,

say us nay!
Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby ...

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?
Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him:
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,—
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, *in a Gallery above, between two* Bishops. CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!
Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,—
True ornament to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.
Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology:
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.
Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!
Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Know, then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,—
Which here we waken to our country's good,—
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;—
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And, by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.
Glo. I cannot tell if to depart in silence
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,—
And much I need to help you, were there need;—
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,—
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!
Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy,—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,—
And afterward by substitute betroth'd

Save that, for reverence to some alive,

ou.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love. [suit!

Cate O, make them joyful, grant their lawful

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,

Cate. C

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CATESBY, *the* Mayor, *&c., coming forward.*

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this. [say it.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen. [crown'd?

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.— [*To the* Bishops.
Farewell, my cousin;—farewell, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, *and* MARQUIS OF DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, *leading* LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S *young Daughter.*

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.—
Daughter, well met.

together:—
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.

Enter BRAKENBURY.

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king has strictly charg'd the contrary.
Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?
Brak. I mean the lord protector.
Q. Eliz. The lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them. [mother:
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, madam, no,—I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the* DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.
Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder, [beat,
That my pent heart may have some scope to
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!
Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!
Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your grace? [gone!
Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous. [sent.
Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was
Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die ere men can say God save the Queen!
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.
Anne. No, why?—When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou*, quoth I, *accurs'd*
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife,—if any be so mad,—
More miserable by the life of thee [*death!*
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse,—
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.
Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.
Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours. [glory!
Q. Eliz. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of
Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!
Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!— [*To* DORSET.
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!— [*To* ANNE.
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [*To* QUEEN ELIZABETH.
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.
Q. Eliz. Stay yet, look back with me unto the Tower.—
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LONDON. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets.
his throne; BUCKIN
and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—
Buck. My gracious sovereign?
K. Rich. Give me thy hand.
thy advice

Buck.
K. Ric

Buck.
K. Ric
That Ed
prince!—

ness freezes:

fools [*Descends from his throne.*

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt into a close exploit of death?
Page. I know a discontented gentleman,

Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:

him hither, boy. [*Exit* Page.

Enter STANLEY.

it

nce'

[*Exit* CATESBY.

Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

[subject.
your most obedient
ed?
e, my gracious lord.
solve to kill a friend
[enemies.
I had rather kill two
K. Rich. Why, then, thou hast it two deep

rs,

to
them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:

Go, by this token:—rise, and lend thine ear: [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear the news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well, look to it.
Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the movables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just request?
K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps,—
Buck. My lord,—
K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord,—
K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.
K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.
K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein. [*Exeunt* K. RICH. *and* Train.
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock while my fearful head is on! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—LONDON. *Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done,—
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,*—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, *almost chang'd my mind*,
But, O, the devil,—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone; with conscience and remorse
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king:—
And here he comes:—

Enter KING RICHARD.

All health, my sovereign lord!
K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?
Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.
K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?
Tyr. I did, my lord.
K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?
Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.
K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.
Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good-night.

Enter RATCLIFF.

men,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,

here: [*Retires*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.
Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.
Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost, [usurp'd,

a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat! [here.
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls,
And send them thither:—but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says, God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:—
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd. [*Drum within.*
I hear his drum:—be copious in exclaims.

Enter KING RICHARD *and his* Train, *marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. Eliz. Hidst thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.



Photo London Stereoscopic Co

Anne Bullen in "King Henry VIII" (Miss Violet Vanbrugh

I would not be a queen
For all the world

Act II, Sc III,

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.
Q. Eliz. Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?
Q. Eliz. What, thou?
K. Rich. I, even I: what think you of it, madam?
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell [illegible] her uncle C[illegible].
Her [illegible] d'st aw[illegible] her sa[illegible]
Ma[illegible] aunt
[illegible] is no[illegible]
To [illegible]
[illegible]
Un[illegible]

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her?
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doating title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go:
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
[illegible]

That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Ca

too quick

and my crown,— [usurp'd.

virtue;

K. Rich. Now, by the world,—
Q. Eliz.
K. Rich.
Q. Eliz.
K. Rich.
Q. Eliz.
K. Rich.
Q. Eliz.

Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so,—

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.
Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?
K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.
K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell.
[*Kissing her.* *Exit* Q. ELIZ.
Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

How now! what news?
Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?
Cate. Here, my good lord.
K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.
Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.
K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither:—post to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain, [*To* CATESBY.
Stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?
Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby:—bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cate. I go. [*Exit.*
Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?
K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?
Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?
Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad but well may be reported.
K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?
Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, as you guess?
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England here, to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?
Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond;
But I'll not trust thee.
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.
K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men. But leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,

Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors [strong.
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows

E

3 *Mess.* M
har

K. Rich
of

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

SCENE V.—*A Room in* LORD STANLEY'S *House.*

Enter STANLEY *and* SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond th
from me:—

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—SALISBURY. *An open place.*

Enter the Sheriff *and* Guard, *with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,

This is the day which in King Edw
I wish'd might fall on me, when I
his children or his wife'
This is the day wherein I wish'

By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:
That high All-Seer which I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
When he, quoth she, *shall split thy heart with sorrow,*
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, *and others, with* Forces, *marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.
Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.
Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD *and* Forces; *the* DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent! Here will I lie to-night;
[Soldiers *begin to set up the* KING'S *tent.*
But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.—
Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction:—
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the Field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, *and other* Lords. *Some of the* Soldiers *pitch* RICHMOND'S *tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.—
My Lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert,—stay with me.—
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:—
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me,—
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,—

Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;

Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, *and* Catesby.

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—
Rat. My lord?

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.—
Ratcliff,—
Rat. My lord?

Ratcliff *and* Catesby.

Richmond's *tent opens, and discovers him* [illegible] *his* Officers, *&c.*

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,

upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* Lords, *&c.*, *with* Stan

The Ghost *of* PRINCE EDWARD, *son to* HENRY THE SIXTH, *rises between the two tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [*To* KING RICHARD.
Think how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost *of* KING HENRY THE SIXTH *rises.*

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body [*To* KING RICHARD.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die,—
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! [*To* RICHMOND.
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep: live, and flourish!

The Ghost *of* CLARENCE *rises.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [*To* KING RICHARD.
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, [*To* RICHMOND.
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

The Ghosts *of* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *rise.*

G. of R. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow, [*To* KING RICHARD.
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!

G. of G. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair! [*To* KING RICHARD.

G. of V. Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!— [*To* KING RICHARD.

All Three. Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom [*To* RICHMOND.
Will conquer him!—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost *of* HASTINGS *rises.*

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake, [*To* KING RICHARD.
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake! [*To* RICHMOND.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts *of the two young* Princes *rise.*

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost *of* QUEEN ANNE *rises.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!—
Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep; [*To* RICHMOND.
Dream of success and happy victory:
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost *of* BUCKINGHAM *rises.*

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown; [*To* KING RICHARD.
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid: [*To* RICHMOND.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The* Ghosts *vanish.* K. RICH. *starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why,—
Lest I revenge. What,—myself upon myself!
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.

RICHMOND *wakes.* *Enter* OXFORD *and others*

Lords. Good-morrow, Richmond! [men,
Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentle-
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls whose bodies Richard murder'd
Came to my tent, and cried on victory:

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, *and* Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained up in arms
K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then? [purpose

by

Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lower upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.
K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; caparison my horse;—
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:—
My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?
Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning. [*Giving a scroll.*
K. Rich. [*Reads.*] *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,*
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
thing devised by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry [illegible]
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's [illegible]
A milk sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in [illegible]
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the [illegible]
Lash hence these over-weening rags [illegible]
These famish'd beggars, weary of their [illegible]
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark! I hear their drum. [*Drum afar off.*
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!
Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarum: excursions. Enter NORFOLK *and* Forces; *to him* CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse
K. Rich. Sla[illegible] my life upon a cast,
I will stan[illegible] the die:
there b[illegible] in the field;
I slai[illegible] —
hors[illegible] horse!

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

Whither,

Richm.

Stan.

That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,

KING HENRY VIII.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambas. from the Emperor* CHARLES V.
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries *to* WOLSEY.
CROMWELL, *Servant to* WOLSEY.
GRIFFITH, *Gent.-Usher to* QUEEN KATHARINE.
Three Gentlemen.
DR. BUTTS, *Physician to the* KING.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor *to the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
BRANDON, *and a* Sergeant-at-Arms.
Doorkeeper of the Council Chamber.
Porter, *and his* Man.
Page *to* GARDINER. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to* KING HENRY, *afterwards divorced.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.*
An Old Lady, *Friend to* ANNE BULLEN.
PATIENCE, *Woman to* QUEEN KATHARINE.

Several Lords *and* Ladies *in the Dumb Shows;* Women *attending upon the* QUEEN; Scribes, Officers, Guards, *and other* Attendants; Spirits.

SCENE,—*Chiefly in* LONDON *and* WESTMINSTER; *once at* KIMBOLTON.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK *at one door; at the other, the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *and the* LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good-morrow, and well met. How have you done
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague

Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time

lous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

was royal;
To the disposing of it naught rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.
Buck. Who did guide—
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.
Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good dis-

[freed
pie is

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends; [grace
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose

ver

s he

im,
tha

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buck. O, many ['em
Have broke their backs with laying manors on
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke

Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise you shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the purse borne before him, certain of the* Guard, *and two* Secretaries *with papers. The* CARDINAL *in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?
1 Secr. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
[*Exeunt* WOLSEY *and* Train.
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore [best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant [king;
He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the
I'll follow, and outstare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench
Or but allay the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,—by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not treasonous.
Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.
Nor. Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,

To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON, *a* Sergeant-at-Arms *before him, and two or three of the* Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,

The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Here is a warrant from
attach Lord Montacute; and the
es
s confessor, John de la Car,
Peck, his chancellor,—

So, so;
e limbs o' the plot:—no more, I
e
monk o' the Chartreux.

O, Nicholas Hopkins?

He.

surveyor is false; the o'er-great
linal [ready:
him gold; my life is spann'd al-
of poor Buckingham,
this instant cloud puts on,
clear sun.—My lord, fare-
well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LONDON. *The Council Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the* Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, *and* Attendants. *The* KING *enters, leaning on the* CARDINAL'S *shoulder.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of
it, [level

He shall again relate.

[*The* KING *takes his state. The* Lords of the Council *take their several places. The* CARDINAL *places himself under the* KING'S *feet, on his right side.*

A noise within, crying, "Room for the Queen!" *Enter* QUEEN KATHARINE, *ushered by the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* KING *riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

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ut
lf

Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
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For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
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The ambassador is silenc'd?
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Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.
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Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
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I'll follow, and outstare him.
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And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
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That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
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And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench
Or but allay the fire of passion.
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I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,—by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
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Only to show his pomp as well in France
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Serg. Sir,

The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot:—no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

...eyor is false; the o'er-great [ready:

[*Exeunt.*

The Council Chamber.

...NG HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the* Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, *and* Attendants. *The* KING *enters, leaning on the* CARDINAL'S *shoulder.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the [level

He shall again relate.

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A noise within, crying, "Room for the Queen!" *Enter* QUEEN KATHARINE, *ushered by the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* KING *riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.
Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,—
Whose honour Heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears,—
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.
K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear 'em
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd your wars in France: this makes bold mouths;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.
K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.
K. Hen. Things done well
And with a care exempt themselves from fear
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.
Wol. A word with you.
[*To the* Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit* Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham

[illegible]

Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as [illegible]
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; [illegible]
hear—
This was his gentleman in trust,—of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,

[illegible]

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,

[illegible]

heirs,

[illegible]

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—
Go forward.

[illegible]

further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time:—being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on: what hence?

Surv. *If*, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence; which, if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.
K. Hen. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?
Q. Kath. God mend all!
K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee; what say'st?
Surv. After *the duke his father*, with *the knife*,
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.
K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night,
He is a daring traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—LONDON. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain *and* LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That sure they have worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?
Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either—
For so run the conditions—leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto,—as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,—renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again, like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they're going,—
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em:—now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r Lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?
Lov. To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,

To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall everywhere.
Cham. No doubt he's noble;
[illegible]

They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
[illegible]

SCENE IV.—LONDON. *The Presence Chamber in York Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, *a longer table for the guests. Enter, at one door,* ANNE BULLEN, *and divers* Lords, Ladies, *and* Gentlewomen, *as guests; at another door, enter* SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
[illegible]
come
Can make good people.—O, my [illegible]

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD [illegible] SIR THOMAS LOVEL[illegible]

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
[illegible]

To one or two of these!
Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
[illegible] will keep 'em
[illegible]
By my faith,
[illegible] your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN *and another Lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
[illegible]

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you're fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *attended; and takes his state.*

Wol. Ye're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady
[illegible]

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have
[illegible]

Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace they wou[illegible]k anon.
[*Drum and trumpe*[illegible] *bers discharged.*

Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye.
[*Exit a* Servant.
Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war ye're privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers,—
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.
[*Exit* Chamberlain *attended. All arise, and tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet: but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on you;—welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING, *and others, as maskers, habited like shepherds, with* Torch-bearers, *ushered by the* Lord Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the* CARDINAL, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace,—that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their [pleasures.
[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The* KING *chooses* ANNE BULLEN.
K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*
Wol. My lord,—
Cham. Your grace?
Wol. Pray tell them thus much from me:—
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord.
[*Goes to the Maskers, and returns.*
Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me see, then.—
[*Comes from his state.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—here I'll make
My royal choice.
K. Hen. Ye have found him, cardinal:
[*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you, cardinal
I should judge now unhappily.
Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: what fair lady's that?
Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,— [women.
The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness'
K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord.
In the next chamber. [sweet partner,
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one:—
I must not yet forsake you:—let's be merry:—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 Gent. Whither away so fast?
2 Gent. O, God save ye!
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1 Gent. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
2 Gent. Were you there?
1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.
2 Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.
1 Gent. You may guess quickly what
2 Gent. Is he found guilty?
1 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.
2 Gent. I am sorry for 't.

Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:

1 Gent.
He never was so womanish;
He may a little grieve at.
2 Gent. Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.
1 Gent. 'Tis likely,

1 Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally,—whoever the king favours
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.
2 Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy,—
1 Gent. Stay there, sir,

'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians

have mercies
You few that

And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.
Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart

Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his grace;
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:—
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* Train.

1 Gent. O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels, keep it from us!
Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gent. I think you have hit the mark: but is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gent. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LONDON. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain *reading a letter.*

Cham. My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young

main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master ... subject, if not before ... our mouths, sir.

I fear he will indeed: ...
He will have all, I th...

Enter the DUKES OF ...

Nor. Well met, my ...

... brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd

...

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

...

Suf. ... And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all

...

Suf. For me, my lords,

...

Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK *opens a folding door. The* KING *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who is there, ha?
Nor. Pray God he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

...

ness:

...

[*To* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.
Nor. [*Aside to* SUF.] This priest has no pride in him!

Suf. [*Aside to* NOR.] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Nor. [*Aside to* SUF.] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.
Suf. [*Aside to* NOR.] I another.
[*Exeunt* NOR. *and* SUF.
Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices: Rome the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,—
Whom once more I present unto your highness.
K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission;—by whose virtue,—
The court of Rome commanding,—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.
K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. — Where's Gardiner?
Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.
K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY *with* GARDINER.

Wol. [*Aside to* GARD.] Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.
Gard. [*Aside to* WOL.] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.
[*They converse apart.*
Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him
That he ran mad and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen. [*Exit* GARDINER.
The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—LONDON. *An Ante-chamber in the* QUEEN'S *Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an* Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:—
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than

'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
[illegible]
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
[illegible]
you,
[illegible]

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange: a threepence bowed would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
[illegible]

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
[illegible]

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
[illegible]

Anne I do not know
[illegible]
and wishes
[illegible]
her
[illegible] [*Aside.*
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king
And say I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
[illegible]

Anne. This is strange to me. [illegible]

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.

There was a lady once,—'tis an old story,—
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess:—say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—LONDON. *A Hall in* BLACK-FRIARS.

Trumpet, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, *with short silver wands; next them, two* Scribes, *in the habits of doctors; after them, the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the* BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* SAINT ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a* Gentleman *bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a Cardinal's hat; then two* Priests, *bearing each a silver cross; then a* Gentleman-usher *bareheaded, accompanied with a* Sergeant-at-Arms *bearing a silver mace; then two* Gentlemen *bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two* Cardinals, WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS; *two* Noblemen *with the sword and mace. Then enter the* KING *and* QUEEN *and their* Trains. *The* KING *takes place under the cloth of state; the two* Cardinals *sit under him as judges. The* QUEEN *takes place at some distance from the* KING. *The* Bishops *place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them the* Scribes. *The* Lords *sit next the* Bishops. *The* Crier *and the rest of the* Attendants *stand in convenient order about the hall.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so.—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The* QUEEN *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the* KING, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance,—glad or sorry
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,

Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore; if not, i' the [illegible]
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!
Wol. You h[illegible]
And of your choice,—these [illegible] men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.
Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.
Q. Kath. [illegible]
To you I speak.
Wol. Your pleas[illegible]
Q. Kath. [illegible]
I am about to weep; but, [illegible]
We are a queen,—or long [illegible] certain
The daughter of a king, my [illegible]
I'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wol. De[illegible]
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
[illegible]
Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
[illegible]
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wou[illegible]

And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
[illegible]
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
[illegible]
She's going away.
K. Hen. Call her again.
Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.
Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.
Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN, GRIF., *and her other* Attendants.
K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,—
[illegible]

And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.
Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?
K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you: yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't:—
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he,—
I mean the bishop,—did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in't by me: then follows that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd:—first, I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek
When I first mov'd you.
Lin. Very well, my liege.
K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.
Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.
K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on:
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.
Cam. So pleasure your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.
[*They rise to depart.*
K. Hen. I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor

ACT III.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the* QUEEN'S *Apartment.*

The QUEEN *and some of her* Women *at* t

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my
grows sad with troubles;
Sing and disperse 'em, if thou canst
working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now? [cardinals
Gent.
Wait in t
Q. Ka
Gent.
Q. Ka
To come

But all h

E

Wol.
Q. Kath.
hous
I would be al
What are your pleasures with me, reverend
lords? [withdraw
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. Kath. Speak it here;

Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even.

Pray, speak in English: here are some will
thank you, [sake,—
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress'
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord
cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,—
And service to his majesty and you,—
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,—
You have too much, good lady; but to know

mine
More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows,
looking
Either for such men or such business.

For her sake that I have been,—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—
T [illegible] honest,—
A [illegible] my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,—
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! would you have me,—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits,—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! has banish'd me his bed already,
His love too long ago! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long,—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,—a wife, a true one?
A woman,—I dare say without vain-glory,—
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes? [*To her* Women.
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me:—like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em,
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,

A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

pray, forgive me
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit

That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LONDON. *An*
KING'S *Apartment in*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFO
SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF
Lord Chamberlain.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?
Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:

Over the king in's tongue.
Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.
Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O, how, how?
Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried, [read
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was

Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him how he coasts

Sur. But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no;
re be more wasps that buzz about his nose
make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry Ha! louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.—
The cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart!
Suf. The king, the king!

Enter the KING, *reading a schedule, and* LOVELL.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.
Nor. It's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet
To bless your eye withal.
K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.
[*He takes his seat and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.
Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!
K. Hen. Good, my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which

You were now running o'er: you have scarce
time

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
K. Hen
Wol. And ever may you
gether,
As I will lend you cause, m
With my well saying !

home,
But par'd my present havings t
My bounties upon you.
Wol. What should this mean
Sur. The Lord increase this

K. Hen. Have
The prime man of the state? I
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal
If you are bound to us or no. What say
Wol. My sovereign, I confess your
graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than

That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd
honour, more

I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will
be,— [you,

The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-
ness;
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

;-enter *the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
› render up the great seal presently
.to our hands; and to confine yourself
› Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
ill you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay,—
'here 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
uthority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
:aring the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,—
mean your malice,—know, officious lords,
dare and must deny it. Now I feel
f what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy:
ow eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
s if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
e appear in everything may bring my ruin!
ollow your envious courses, men of malice;
ou have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
n time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
'ou ask with such a violence, the king,—
line and your master,—with his own hand gave me;—
:ide me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
)uring my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
'ied it by letters-patents: now, who 'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Vithin these forty hours Surrey durst better
Iave burnt that tongue than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
'hou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
'f noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
'he heads of all thy brother cardinals,—
Vith thee and all thy best parts bound together,—
Veigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
'ou sent me deputy for Ireland;
'ar from his succour, from the king, from all
'hat might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Vhilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
.bsolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
'his talking lord can lay upon my credit,
answer, is most false. The duke by law
'ound his deserts: how innocent I was
'rom any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; tho shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—M [lords
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell, nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.
Wol. All goodnes
Is poison to thy stomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king: you goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notori [ous.—
My Lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brow wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despis this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in th king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much faire
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry guilty, cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I'd rather want those than my head.— Have at you!
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or

To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance, [science,

By what means got I leave to your own con-

Cham. O my lord,

So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him. [is,—

The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear

I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,

I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

has

I humbly thank his grace; and from these

Crom. The heaviest and the worst

Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is that Sir Thomas More is chosen

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed.
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,—
I know his noble nature,—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say I taught thee;
Say Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And,—pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 Gent. You are well met once again.
2 Gent. So are you.
1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?
2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.
2 Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward,
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.
1 Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.
2 Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of C[illegible]

[illegible]

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets; then enter,

1. Two Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.
3. Choristers singing. [*Music.*
4. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.
5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on [illegible]

[illegible]

A royal train, believe me.—These I know
[illegible]

The Duke of Suffolk?
1 Gent. 'Tis the same,—high-stew[illegible]
2 Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?
1 Gent. Yes.
2 Gent. Heaven bless thee!
[illegible]

1 Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honour over her are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
2 Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
1 Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed;
And sometimes falling ones.
1 Gent. No more of that.
[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling? [a finger
3 Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2 Gent. You saw
The ceremony?
3 Gent. That I did.
1 Gent. How was it?
3 Gent. Well worth the seeing.
2 Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.
3 Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
[illegible]

3 Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces [saintlike,
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and,
[illegible]

Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York Place, where the feast is held.
1 *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York Place, that's past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.
3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd that the old name
Is fresh about me.
2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?
3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,—
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,—
The other, London.
2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
one, already, of the privy council.
Gent. He will deserve more.
3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.—
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Kimbolton.*

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.
Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me h he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madan
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him f ward,—
As a man sorely tainted,—to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abb
With all his covent, honourably receiv'd him
To whom he gave these words,—*O, father abb*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still: and three nights after this
About the hour of eight,—which he himself
Foretold should be his last,—full of repentanc
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peac
Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gent on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to spe hi
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that, by suggestio
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play
His own opinion was his law: i' the presenc
He would say untruths; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was nev
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtu
We write in water. May it please your highn
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffitl
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradl
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him sweet summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—

Grif. She is asleep; good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

THE VISION. *Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm* [illegible]

[illegible] *and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which,—as it* [illegible]

[illegible] ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
[illegible]

[illegible] pardon; [staying
haste made me unmannerly. There is
[illegible]entleman, sent from the king, to see you.
[K]ath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.
[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and* Messenger.

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

[illegible] If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
[illegible]

[illegible] I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Ca[illegible] Noble lady
[illegible]

And heartily entreats you take [illegible] comfort
Kath. O, my good lord, that [illegible] comes too late,
'Tis like a pardon after [illegible]
That gentle [illegible] time, had cur'd me;
But now I [illegible] all comforts here, but prayer.
How [illegible]?
Ca[illegible] Madam, in good health.
Kath. [illegible] ever do! and ever flourish,
When I [illegible] dwell with worms, and my poor name
[illegible]

Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter
I caus'd you write yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,—
I hope she will deserve well;—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—
And now I should not lie,—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men,—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me,—
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—LONDON. *A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester, a* Page *with a torch before him.*

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It has struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my Lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk,—
As they say spirits do,—at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry thee amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,— [master
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made
O' [illegible]

Sta[illegible]
With which the time will load him. The arch-bishop [speak
[illegible]

A most arch heretic, a pestilence [moved,
That does infect the land: with which they
[illegible]

Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.
Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant.
[*Exeunt* GARDINER *and* Page.

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* KING *and the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

[illegible]

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
Lov. S[illegible]
Almost e[illegible]
K. He[illegible]
Suf. G[illegible]
[illegible]

The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Will not be friendly to.
[illegible]
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

[illegible] [bishop,
[illegible]ght my lord the arch-
[illegible] Ha! Canterbury?
[illegible]rd.
[illegible]e: where is he, Denny?
[illegible]r highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit* DENNY.
[illegible] at which the bishop
[illegible] [*Aside.*
[illegible]*with* CRANMER.
[illegible]lery.
[LOVELL *seems to stay.*
Ha! I have said. Be gone.
What! [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.
Cran. I am fearful:—wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well. [*Aside.*
K. Hen. How now, my lord? you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
[illegible]

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.
K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.
Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.
Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's bless'd mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit* CRANMER.]
—He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an Old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say ay; and of a boy.
Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of Heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,—
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell,—

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir?
K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen [*Exit.*
Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Lobby before the Council Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, *&c.*, *attending.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Ho!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. [*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
[illegible] *Exit.*

[illegible] For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,—
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

The KING *and* BUTTS *appear at a window above.*

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

[illegible]

K. Hen. Ha! 'tis he indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above them yet. I had thought

[illegible]

sures,

[illegible]

En [illegible]

W [illegible]

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

[illegible]

sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your

[illegible]

My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,—
Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour,—this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,

[illegible]

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.
K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.
Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.
Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's bless'd mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit* CRANMER.]
—He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an Old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say ay; and of a boy.
Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of Heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,—
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell,—

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir?
K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen [*Exit.*
Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Lobby before the Council Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, *&c.*, *attending.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Ho!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. [*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
[illegible] [*Exit.*

[illegible]

Pray, heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,—
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

The KING *and* BUTTS *appear at a window above.*

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There my lord:
[illegible]

'Tis well there's one above them yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,—
At least good manners,—as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
[illegible]

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRAN. *approaches the Council-table.*

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—
[illegible]

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
[illegible]

bours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
[illegible]

Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships

That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.
Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.
Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment, [pleasure,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you; [pass
You are always my good friend; if your will
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,—
'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary.
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers, [ness.
men that understand you, words and weak-
Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us:—are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.—
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Cham. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Chan. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't!
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man,—whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,—
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye.

Enter the KING *frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;

But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man [*to* CRANMER], sit down. Now let me see the proudest,

[illegible]

At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,

[illegible]

glory

[illegible]

Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus,—*Do my Lord of*

[illegible]

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to

[illegible] gallows, and be hanged, [illegible] place to roar in?—Fetch [illegible] staves, and strong ones: [illegible] to them.—I'll scratch [illegible] be seeing christenings? [illegible] and cakes here, you rude

[illegible] e patient: 'tis as much [illegible] [cannons,— [illegible] em from the door with [illegible]

[illegible]

That had a head to hit, either young or old,

[illegible]

down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian [illegible]

this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out *Clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied them still: when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: the devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house and fight for bitten apples; that, no [illegible]ence, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill or [illegible]e limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, [illegible] able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: you're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, *with his marshal's staff*, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *two* Noblemen *bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four* Noblemen *bearing a canopy, under which the* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a* Lady; *then follows the* MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, *the other godmother, and* Ladies. *The troop pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever-happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING *and* Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace and the good queen,
My noble partners and myself thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.— [*The* KING *kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant,—Heaven still move about her!—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be,—

her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows

darkness,—
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,

K. Hen. Thou speak'st wonde
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness England,

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their eas
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frightened with our trumpets; so, '
clear,

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*
HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, HELENUS, *his Sons.*
MARGARELON, *a bastard Son of* PRIAM.
ÆNEAS, ANTENOR, *Trojan Commanders.*
CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*
PANDARUS, *Uncle to* CRESSIDA.
AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General.*
MENELAUS, *his Brother.*
ACHILLES, AJAX, *Grecian Commanders.*
ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, PATROCLUS, *Grecian Commanders.*
THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*
ALEXANDER, *Servant to* CRESSIDA.
Servant *to* TROILUS.
Servant *to* PARIS.
Servant *to* DIOMEDES.

HELEN, *Wife to* MENELAUS.
ANDROMACHE, *Wife to* HECTOR.
CASSANDRA, *Daughter to* PRIAM, *a Prophetess.*
CRESSIDA, *Daughter to* CALCHAS.

Trojan *and* Greek Soldiers, *and* Attendants.

SCENE,—TROY, *and the Grecian Camp before it.*

PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—TROY. *Before* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter TROILUS *armed, and* PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.
Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?
Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractis'd infancy.
Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this:

for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

[illegible]

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

[illegible]

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,—well, go to,—[illegible] comparison between the wor[illegible] part, she is my kinswoman [illegible] they term it, praise her,—b[illegible] body had heard her talk ye[illegible]

[illegible]

Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!—This thou [illegible]

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus,—how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks [illegible]

[illegible] time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit. An alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

[illegible]

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield? [sorts,

[illegible]

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might* were *may*.—
But to the sport abroad;—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we, then, together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—TROY. *A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA *and* ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men,—unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of everything; but everything so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good-morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good-morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of?—Good-morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he's not himself,—would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year,—

Cres. He shall not need it if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities,—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him,—his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day that Troilus, for a brown favour,—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Th[illegible] if she prai[illegible] higher than [illegible] the other [illegible] good comp[illegible] tongue ha[illegible] nose.

Pan. I swear to you I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek i[illegible]

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. [illegible] to him the other day into the compasse[illegible] —and, you know, he has not past thr[illegible] hairs on his chin,—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic [illegible] bring his particulars therein to a tota[illegible]

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pounds, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that Helen loves him,—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then:—but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing!—Queen [illegible]

[illegible] spied on Troilus' chin.

[illegible]

Cres. This is her question.

[illegible]

so laughed that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Æneas passes.

Pan. That's Æneas: is not that a [illegible]ve man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, [illegible] tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall se[illegible]

ANTENOR *passes.*

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks!—There's a countenance! Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good.—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! anything, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by god's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris:

PARIS *passes.*

look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha!—Would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

HELENUS *passes.*

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Helenus:—I marvel where Troilus is:—that's Helenus:—I think he went not forth to-day:—that's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus! no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry *Troilus?*—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus:—'tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him:—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty.—Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!—Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to h[im]; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would an eye to boot.

Cres. Here come more.

Forces *pass.*

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and chaff and bran! porridge after-meat!—I c live and die i' the eyes of Troilus.—Ne'er l ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows daws, crows and daws!—I had rather be a man as Troilus than Agamemnon an Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Ach—a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well!—Why, have you discretion? have you any eyes? do you k what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentle virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then t baked with no date in the pie,—for ther man's date's out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one k not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my b upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upor secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mas defend my beauty; and you, to defend all th and at all these wards I lie, at a thou watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I not ward what I would not have hit, I watch you for telling how I took the b unless it swell past hiding, and then it is watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit* I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good n

Cres. Adieu, uncle.
Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.
Cres. To bring, uncle.
Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.
Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.
[*Exit* PANDARUS.
[illegible]
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue:
[illegible]

SCENE III.—THE GRECIAN CAMP. *Before* AGAMEMNON'S *Tent.*

Sennet. *Enter* AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and others.*

Agam. Princes, [cheeks?
What grief hath set the jaundice on your
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below [disasters
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose so far
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy wa[illegible]
stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
[illegible]
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled. [seat,
Nest. With due observance of thy godlike
[illegible]
tains cut,
[illegible]
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade,—why, then the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key
Retorts to chiding fortune.
Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
[illegible]
I give to both your speeches,—which were such
[illegible]
ears [both,—
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.
Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect,
That matter needless, of importless burden,

Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.
Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down, [master,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: but when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states [shak'd,
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commérce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,—
Between whose endless jar justice resides,—
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general 's disdain'd
By him one step below; he by the next;
That next by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation;
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.
Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.
Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy? [crowns
Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion
The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action,—
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,—
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquar'd, [dropp'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries, *Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.*
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being drest to some oration.
That 's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O, enough, Patroclus;*

Or give me ribs of steel! I

Count wisdom as no member of the war;

measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?
Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?
Agam. Even this.
Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears not privately that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper [him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,

Speak frankly as the wind;
on's sleeping hour:
ow, Trojan, he is awake,
nself.
Trumpet, blow loud,

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince called Hector,—Priam is his father,—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;

He hath a lady wiser, fairer, truer
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but* ULYSS. *and* NEST.

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:—
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else oppose
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steal a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think perchance they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worst first. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.

Enter AJAX *and* THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon,—how if he had boils,—full, all over, generally?—

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?—

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou

greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus?—
How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax,—

[AJAX *offers to beat him*, ACHILLES *interposes.*

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit,—

Achil. Nay, I m

Ther. As will st
for whom he com

Achil. Peace,

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall,—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary,—no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so; a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:—
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you.—I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—TROY. *A Room in* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:—
Deliver Helen, and all damage else,—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, *Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen,—I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,—
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel though you bite so sharp at reasons:
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove
Or like a star disorb'd?—Nay if we
reason [
Let's shut our gates and sleep: manho
Should have hare hearts would they but f
thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustihood deject. [cost
Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth
The holding.

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand

A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

ick

truce, [desir'd; raptures

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There 's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canónize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—THE GRECIAN CAMP. *Before* ACHILLES' *Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-aimed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependént on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy say Amen.—What, ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter;

thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great

I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast

prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast

not served thyself in to my table so

meals? C

Ther.

me, Patro

Patr. T

pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the

memnon commands A

lord; I am Patroclus'

is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, foo

Achil. He is a

Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

suffices me thou art.—Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:

He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart:

Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus:—

We are too well acquainted with these answers:

We come to speak with him; and you shall
not sin
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier
than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this; and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report,—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter
you. [*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange? [*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair
request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's
sake only, [greatness:
He makes important: possess'd he is with
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud that the death tokens of it
Cry, *No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud
lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder, *Achilles go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this ap-
plause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my a
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An 'a be proud with me I'll p
Let me go to him. [

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs u

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness. [

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. He will be the physician t
be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [

Ajax. 'A should not bear it so, 'a shou
swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [A

Ulyss. 'A would have ten shares. [A

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple.
Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises: pour in, pour in: his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*
Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To* AGAMEMNON.
Nest.
Dio.

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
Would he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—
Ulyss. If he were proud,—
Dio. Or covetous of praise,—
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure; [suck;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee

Nest. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lo
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here;
Achilles

west,

ACT III.

SCENE I.—TROY. *A Room in* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS *and a* Servant.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus
Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.
Pan. I do desire it.
Serv. You are in the state of grace.
[*Music within.*
Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles.—What music is this?
Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.
Pan. Know you the musicians?
Serv. Wholly, sir.
Pan. Who play they to?
Serv. To the hearers, sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
Pan. Command, I mean, friend.
Serv. Who shall I command, sir?
Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning.

thes.
n business! there's a stewed

ARIS *and* HELEN,

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. —Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen. —My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you,—

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? —Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something:—you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

vant, Paris;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—TROY. PANDARUS' *Orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* TROILUS' Boy, *meeting.*

Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct [him thither.

Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit* Boy.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-repured nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making

Re-enter PANDARUS *with* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

rmance than they are able, and yet reserve ability that they never perform; vowing ore than the perfection of ten, and discharg- g less than the tenth part of one. They that ve the voice of lions and the act of hares, e they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: aise us as we are tasted, allow us as we ove; *our head shall go bare till merit crown*; no perfection in reversion shall have a aise in present: we will not name desert fore his birth; and, being born, his addition all be humble. Few words to fair faith: roilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy n say worst shall be a mock for his truth; d what truth can speak truest not truer than roilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not one talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I edicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to y lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me,—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridl'd children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother:—see, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of conscience!—Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;
Or else you love not; for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman,—
As, if it can, I will presume in you,—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,

As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed; which bed, because it

done you

Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Troj[an]
make demand. [Anteno[r]

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of hi[s]

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, an[d]

Nest. Nothing, my lord.
Agam. The better.
[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* NESTOR.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*
Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus?
Achil. Good-morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good-morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*
Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles? [to bend,
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune, [is,
Must fall out with men too. What the declin'd
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel on his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess [out
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses!
Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man,—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.
Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,—
That most pure spirit of sense,—behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd:
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.
Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,—
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of anything,—
Though in and of him there be much consisting,—
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are
Most abject in regard and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.
Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars,—neither gave to me
Good word nor look. What, are my deeds forgot? [back,
Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail [way;
In monumental mockery. Take the instant
For honour travels in a strait so narrow [path;
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by.

virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,

That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds, [past;
things
[eye
present

thee,

selves,
And drave great Mars to faction.
Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

gods,

Than breath or pen can give expressure to:
All the commérce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much

our great love to me, restrains you thus:
rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.
Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.
Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
ame is shrewdly gor'd.
Patr. O, then, beware;
e wounds heal ill that men do give themselves;

er;

sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,

Enter THERSITES

Ther. A wonder!
Achil. What?
Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself
Achil. How so?
Ther. He must fight singly to morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.
Achil. How can that be?
Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand:
an hostess that hath no arithmetic

to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, There were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said *Good-morrow, Ajax;* and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon.* What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in 's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains I know not: but, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubl'd, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHIL. *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—TROY. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, *and* Servant *with a torch; at the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, with torches.*

Par. See, ho! who's that there?
Dei. 'Tis the Lord Æneas.
Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dio. That's my mind too.—Good-morrow, Lord Æneas.
Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his hand,—
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.
Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome indeed! By Venus' hand I swear
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We sympathise.—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand cómplete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Tro. Ha! ha!
Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:
It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn.—For my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are ware: you'll be so true to him to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

As PANDARUS *is going out, re-enter* TROILUS.

Tro. How now! what's the matter?
Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash. There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.
Tro. Is it so concluded?
Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them:—and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.
Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.
[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* ÆNEAS.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now! what is the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born? I knew thou wouldst be his death!—O, poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.
Pan. Thou must.
Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in and weep,—
Pan. Do, do.
Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—TROY. *Street before* PANDARUS' *House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Tro. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,

Think it an altar; and thy brother Troil
A priest, there offering to it his own hea

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you walk in, my lords. [*E*

SCENE IV.—TROY. *A Room in* PANDARUS' *House.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in s
That the bless'd gods,—as angry wi
More bright in zeal than the devot
Cold lips blow to their deities,—ta
me.
Cres. Have the gods envy?

them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;

Genius so

root? [*Exit.*
Cres. I must, then, to the Grecians?
Tro. No remedy.
Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?
Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true

Cres. O heavens!—be true, again!

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cres. Do you think I will?
Tro. No.
But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.
Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is—plain and true; there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, *and* DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.
Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.
Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.
Dio. O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message
To be a speaker free; when I am hence
I'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say, be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, no.
Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt* TRO., CRES., *and* DIOMEDES.
[*Trumpet within.*
Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.
Æne. How have we spent this morning?
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.
Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with him.
Dio. Let us make ready straight.
Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—THE GRECIAN CAMP. *Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, *armed;* AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time. With starting courage
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse,
Now crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*
Ulyss. No trumpet answers.
Achil. 'Tis but early day.
Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, *with* CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?
Dio. Even she?
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.
Cres.
Patr.
Cres.
The kiss you take is better than you give,
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
[none.

Cres. Why, beg then, do.
Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss

out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

e! what
[purpose
do you
knights

Hector bade ask.
Agam. Which way would Hector have it?
Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.
Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely

great deal misprizing

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?
Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.
Æne. Therefore Achilles. But, whate'er,

you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam true
Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in
Not soon provok'd, nor, being
calm'd:

His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum.* HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight.*
Agam. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why, then will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain;
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say *This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds-in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,—
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes
Cries, *This is he,*—could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides
What further you will do.
Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,—
As seld' I have the chance,—I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.
Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
[*To* TROILUS.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who must we answer?
Æne. The noble Menelaus.
Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon; I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd,
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha! [morrow:—

Must kiss their own feet.

me o'er;

proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,

so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?
Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—THE GRECIAN CAMP. *Before* ACHILLES' *Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, fragment?
Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.
Patr. Who keeps the tent now?
Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.
Patr. Well said Adversity! and what need these tricks?
Ther. Pr'ythee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.
Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?
Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!
Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?
Ther. Do I curse thee?
Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.
Ther. No! why art thou, then, exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave-silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies,—diminutives of nature!
Patr. Out, gall!
Ther. Finch egg!
Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour; or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus!
[*Exeunt* ACHIL. *and* PATR.
Ther. With too much blood and too little brain these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Re-enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night to the Greeks'

Men.

Hect.

Ther.

sink, swe

Achil.

And welc

Agam.

[*Exeunt* AGAM. *and* MEN.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good-night, great [Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' [tent;
I'll keep you company. [*Aside to* TROILUS.

SCENE II.—THE GRECIAN CAMP. *Before* CALCHAS' *Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at a distance; after them* THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more [to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what,—

Dio. Pho, pho! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

Cres. In faith, I cannot: what would you [have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow

torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good-night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again. [will you go?

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something:
You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you, then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O, beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Whose was't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens:—Well said, Whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods?—O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why, then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go:—one cannot speak a word
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!
Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good-night: I pr'ythee, come.
[*Exit* DIOMEDES.
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads must err; O, then conclude,
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.
[*Exit.*
Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we, then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics,—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's own

Tro.

Admits no orifex for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.

In characters as red as Mars his heart [fancy
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Let all untruths stand by thy
And they 'll seem glorious.
Ulyss. C
Your passion draws ears hith

Enter ÆNE.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour,
my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy,
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince.—My courteous

[*Exeunt* TRO., ÆNE., *and* ULYSS.

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: a burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—TROY. *Before* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

to the day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter.
Cas. O, 'tis true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens,
sweet brother.
Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard [me swear
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish
vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd

Hect. Hold you
Mine honour keeps the weather
Life every man holds dear; bu
Holds honour far more precious

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade. [*Exit* CASSANDRA.
Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it. [fall,
Tro. When many times the captive Grecians
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by Heaven, Hector.
Hect. How now! how now!
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, savage, fie!
Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit* ANDROMACHE.
Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!
Tro. Away! away! [my leave:
Cas. Farewell:—yet, soft!—Hector I take
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim: [fight;
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night. [about thee!
Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand
[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM *and* HECTOR.
Alarums.
Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter from the other side* PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
Tro. What now? [girl.
Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor
Tro. Let me read.
Pan. A whoreson phtisick, a whoreson rascally phtisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that unless a man were cursed I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?
Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;

The effect doth operate another way.—
[*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*Plains between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling

Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[*Exeunt* TRO. *and* DIO., *fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? a

would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Plains.*

Enter DIOMEDES *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
Serv. I go, my lord.
[*Exit.*

Enter NESTOR.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles

lost a friend,
and at it,
day

As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:—
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What wouldst thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!
Dio. Ha! art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize. I will not look upon.
Tro. Come, both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee, ha! have at thee, Hector!
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother!

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off:—fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all.
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeun*

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting; the* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-mal
are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Pa
'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'l
Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'w
horns, ho! [*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELA

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.
Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bas
I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, b
in mind, bastard in valour, in everything i
mate. One bear will not bite anothe
wherefore should one bastard? Take h
quarrel's most ominous to us: if the s
whore fight for a whore he tempts ju
farewell, bastard.
Mar. The devil take thee, coward!

SCENE VIII.—*Another Part of the*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost th
Now is my day's work done: I'll
breath:

Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

[*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;

[illegible]

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man [HECTOR *falls.*

[illegible]

NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums! [Achilles!

[*Within.*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain,

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along.—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended;
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [*Exeunt, marching*

SCENE X.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

Enter ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector!—the gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so:

[illegible]

Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exit.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones!—O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set at work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth
Till he hath lost his honey and
And being once subdued in arm
Sweet honey and sweet notes t

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.
As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the old-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.
[*Exit.*

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

IMON, *a noble Athenian.*
UCIUS, LUCULLUS, EMPRONIUS, } *Lords and Flatterers of* TIMON.
ENTIDIUS, *one of* TIMON'S *false Friends.*
LCIBIADES, *an Athenian General.*
PEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*
LAVIUS, *Steward to* TIMON.
LAMINIUS, UCILIUS, ERVILIUS, } TIMON'S *Servants.*
APHIS, HILOTUS, ITUS, UCIUS, IORTENSIUS, } *Servants to* TIMON'S *Creditors.*
Two Servants of VARRO.
The Servant of ISIDORE.
Two of TIMON'S *Creditors.*
Cupid *and* Maskers.
Three Strangers.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
An Old Athenian.
A Page.
A Fool.
PHRYNIA, TIMANDRA, } *Mistresses to* ALCIBIADES.
Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, *and* Attendants.

SCENE,—ATHENS, *and the Woods adjoining.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ATHENS. *A Hall in* TIMON'S *House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and others, at several doors.*

Poet. Good-day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you are well.
Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

[illegible]

as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.
Jew. I have a jewel here.
Mer. O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for [that—

Poet. [Reciting to himself.] *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,*
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

[illegible]

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

else,

Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*To* LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

[missing,

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

[may

serve you!
give me

your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations,
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give. But you well know,

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Whither art going?

[brains.

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's

Apem. So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd,—he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt some* Attendants.
You must needs dine with me:—go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you:—when dinner's done
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his company.*

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

Apem. So, so, there!—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but* APEMANTUS.

Enter Two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ATHENS. *A Room of State in* TIMON'S *House.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attending; then enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and other* Athenian Senators, *with* VENTIDIUS, *and* Attendants. *Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Tim Nay, my lords, ceremony was but

none.

you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No;
You shall not make me welcome.
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.—

Nor is he fit for 't, indeed.

sits next him now, parts bread with him,

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

APEMANTUS' GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then; that then thou might'st kill

ne'er have use for 'em; and would most

benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [*Tucket sounded.*

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now!

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance.
Music, make their welcome! [*Exit* CUPID.

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, *with a mask of* Ladies *as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves,
And spend our flatteries to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives that's not depraved or depraves?
Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords *rise from table, with much adoring of* TIMON; *and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for 't.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you:
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.
[*Exeunt* CUPID *and* Ladies.

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—[*Aside.*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in his humour,
Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses!

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it, and wear it.
Kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near; why, then, another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to show 'em entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable

Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,—

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights.

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, *&c.*

O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

A Room in a Senator's *House.*

with papers in his hand.

e thousand;—to Varro and
[sum,
sand, besides my former
ive and twenty —Still in

It cannot hold, it will not.
beggar's dog
the dog coins gold:
and buy twenty more
give my horse to Timon,
him, it foals me, straight,
And ... no porter at his gate
But ... that smiles, and
... It cannot

Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak and haste you to Lord Timon;
Impórtune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him;
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspéct,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.
Caph. I will, sir.
Sen. Go.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ATHENS. *A Hall in* TIMON'S *House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense
That he will neither know how to maintain it
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the* Servants *of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

Caph. Good-even, Varro: what,
You come for money?
Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?
Caph. It is:—and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and* Lords, *&c.*

Tim. So soon as dinner's done we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put [me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you
That, with your other noble parts, you'll suit
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, [six weeks
And past,—
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath.—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly.—
[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES *and* Lords.
Come hither: pray you, [*To* FLAVIUS.
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?
Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do so, my friends.—
See them well entertained. [*Exit.*
Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*

Enter APEMANTUS *and* Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with
Apemantus: let's ha' some sport with 'em.
Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.
Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!
Var. Serv. How dost, fool?
Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?
Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.
Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—Come away.
[*To the* Fool.

Isid. Serv. [*To* Var. Serv.] There's the fool

do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy. [page.

Fool. Look you,

Ente

Page. [*To the* Fool

what do you in this w

thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast

gone.

Apem. E'en so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus. [Timon.

Var. Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

you anon. [*Exeunt* Serv.

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made you minister
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them [off,
And say you found them in mine honesty.

needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,— [*To* LUCIUS.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent,—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the meantime he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do't,—the more beast, I say. I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.
[*Exit* SERVILIUS.
True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed.
[*Exit.*

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Stran. Ay, too well.

1 Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet,—O see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 Stran. Religion groans at it.

1 Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me
To mark me for his friend; yet I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ATHENS. *A Room in* SEMPRONIUS' *House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS *and a* Servant *of* TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't,—hum!—'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal; for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge! His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now

That I'll requite it last? No:

And with their faint reply this answer join;

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his
house. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—ATHENS. *A Hall in* TIMON'S *House.*

Enter Two Servants *of* VARRO *and the* Servant *of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other* Servants *of* TIMON'S *creditors, waiting his coming out.*

1 Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius!
What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good-day at once.

at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorte

Phi. I am of your fear for that. [event

crowns: what's yours?

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Both Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friends?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

And take down th' interest r gluttonous

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

1 *Var. Serv.* How! What does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should much derive from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both. Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?—

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.
Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flam. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be 't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ATHENS. *The Senate House.*

The Senate *sitting.*

1 *Sen.* My lords, you have my voice to it; the fault 's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,—
An honour in him which buys out his fault,—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behove his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd [quarrelling
To bring manslaughter into form, and set

[illegible]

The worst that man ca[illegible]
his wrongs
His outsides,—to wear [illegible]
And ne'er prefer his inju[illegible]
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and e[illegible]
What folly 'tis to hazard [illegible]
Alcib. My lord,— [clear:
1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look
To revenge is no valour, but to bear. [me,

[illegible]

know
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

[illegible]

Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
1 *Sen.* What's that?
Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,

[illegible]

1 *Sen.* He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:

[illegible]

more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.
Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.
2 *Sen.* How!
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.
What! for-

[illegible]

Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.
Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.
1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt* Senators.
Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,

[illegible]

[SCE]NE VI.—ATHENS. *A magnificent Room in* TIMON'S *House.*

[Mu]sic. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords *at several doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON *and* Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both.—And how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. [*Aside.*]—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en ... that, when your lordship this ... I was so unfortunate a

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Lord.* All covered dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How! how!

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does: but time will—and so,—

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool with that spu as he would to the lip of his mistress: you diet shall be in all places alike. Make not city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we c agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The g require our thanks.—

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society thankfulness. For your own gifts make your praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deit despised. Lend to each man enough, that on not lend to another; for, were your godheads to of men, men would forsake the gods. Make th be beloved more than the man that gives it. assembly of twenty be without a score of vill there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O g senators of Athens, together with the comm people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, able for destruction. For these my present f they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes, when uncovere to be full of warm w*

Some speak. What does his lords

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast ne
You knot of mouth-friends! smo
warm water
Is your perfection. This is Tim
Who, stuck and spangled with
Washes it off, and sprinkles in
[*Throwing the wat*
Your reeking villany. Live l
Most smiling, smooth, deteste
Courteous destroyers, affab
bears,
You fools of fortune, trenc

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.
4 *Lord*
1 *Lord*
2 *Lord*
3 *Lord*
4 *Lord*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Walls of* ATHENS.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!

steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,

Amen. [*Exit.*

NE II.—ATHENS. *A Room in* TIMON'S *House.*

FLAVIUS, *with Two or Three* Servants.

Serv. Here you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm
And go along with him!

fellows.

And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.
Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortune,
We have seen better days. Let each take some.
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[Servants *embrace, and part several ways.*
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd to be most accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow and enquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Woods. Before* TIMON'S *Cave.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar and deny 't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the other's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots! [*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?—Thou 'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.
[*Keeping some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.
Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart
For showing me again the eyes of man!
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again. [change?
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

miseries. [perity.
Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had pros-
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time. [harlots.
Tim.
Timan

Void'd sc
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not that use thee;

The tub-fast and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard and griev'd,

heap,—
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That by killing of villains,

paps, [eyes
That through the window-bars bore at men's
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: spare no

And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor

Not all thy counsel.
Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!
Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade, [sluts,
And to make whores a bawd. Hold up, you
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,—
Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains six months [roofs
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold.—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do anything for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow [shins,
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears; [face
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them. [a dog

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bid welcome,
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself. [like thyself;

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'ernight's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the s
Of wreckful heaven; whose bare trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatte
O, thou shalt find,—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men

hate men? [given?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own by the lack of thine. [botch'd;

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,

rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlars sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who without those means thou talkest of didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEM. *retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world; and will love naught
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer and dear divorce [*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave, man, rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so!—
But not till I am dead.—I'll say thou 'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit* APEMANTUS.] I am quit.
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold and the falling-from of his friends drove him into this

Thieves. Where?
2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.
3 *Thief.* He; I know him.
Thieves. Save thee, Timon.
Tim. Now, thieves?
Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.
Tim. Both too; and women's sons
Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape

From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; [away,
Rob one another;—there's more gold;—cut throats;

our mystery.
2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!

master!

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?
Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?
Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
thou grant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—come nearer;—then I love thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For by oppressing and betraying me
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty, and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
But thus condition'd:—thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all; show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not; but fly whilst thou'rt bless'd and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Woods. Before* TIMON'S *Cave.*

Enter Poet *and* Painter; TIMON *watching them from his cave.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too,—tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and but in the plainer and simpler kind of people the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet and c

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.

Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures,—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough:
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm wrapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: therefore

n!—Thou draw's

t indeed the best
vely.

So, so, my lo
I say.—And, for
fiction, [*To the* Po
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine a smooth

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your hon
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you indee

Pain. I know not such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll gi you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in draught, [n
Confound them by some course, and come
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord; let's kno them. [in compan

Tim. You that way, and you this,—but t

Enter FLAVIUS *and two* Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends; the Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON *comes from his Cave.*

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak and be hang'd:
For each true word a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

1 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us to make their sorrow'd render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens,—thine and ours,—to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,—
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer; for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,

shall find him. [Athens,
Tim. Come not to me again: but say to

Coupled to nature.
2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.
1 Sen. It requires swift foot.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Walls of Athens.*

Enter two Senators *and a* Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: his files
As full as thy report?
Mess. I have spoke the least
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.
2 Sen. We stand much hazard if they bring not Timon.
Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Woods.* TIMON'S *Cave, and a rude Tomb seen.*

man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave,—what's on this tomb

town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators *on the Walls.*

When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.
2 Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess,
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation and a tithed death,—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes,—take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.
1 Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.
2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to't with thy sword.
1 Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before
To say thou'lt enter friendly.
2 Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.
Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.
Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.
Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.
[*The* Senators *descend and open the gates.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.
Alcib. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:*
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

CORIOLANUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*
TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
COMINIUS, }
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to* CORIOLANUS.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
YOUNG MARCIUS, *Son to* CORIOLANUS.
A Roman Herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant *to* AUFIDIUS.
Conspirators *with* AUFIDIUS.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to* CORIOLANUS.
VIRGILIA, *Wife to* CORIOLANUS.
VALERIA, *Friend to* VIRGILIA.
Gentlewoman *attending on* VIRGILIA.

Roman *and* Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants *to* AUFIDIUS, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE,—*Partly in* ROME, *and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ROME. *A Street.*

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Citizens. Speak, speak.

1 Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

Citizens. Resolved, resolved.

1 Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Citizens. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Citizens. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away!

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

1 Cit. Against him first: he's a very dog t the commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what services he ha done for his country?

1 Cit. Very well; and could be content t give him good report for't, but that he pay himself with being proud.

2 Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it wa for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even t the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his natur you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, t tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

Citizens. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft! who comes here?

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one tha hath always loved the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough; would al the rest were so!

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? the matter? speak, pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment: for the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity [slander
Thither where more attends you; and you
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob-off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile, [thus,—
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak,—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they,—

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then? [restrain'd

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small,—of what you have little,—
Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the storehouse and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once
You, my good friends,—this says the belly,—mark me,—

1 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1 *Cit.* It was an answer: how apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for, examine

Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly [find,
Touching the weal of the common; you shall

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!
Mar. Thanks.—What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?
1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.
Mar. He that will give good words to ye will flatter [curs,

Trust ye!
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What 's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,

The city is well stor'd.
Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They 'll sit by the fire and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol; who 's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?
Mar. They are dissolved: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,— [eat,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them,—a strange one,

Enter a Messenger, *hastily.*

Mess. Where 's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here: what 's the matter?
Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms. [to vent
Mar. I am glad on 't: then we shall ha' means
Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us,—
The Volsces are in arms.

They have a leader,
Mar. Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together.
Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with the other
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true bred!
1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy your priority.
Com. Noble Marcius!
1 *Sen.* Hence to your homes; be gone! [*To the* Citizens.
Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Exeunt* Senators, Com., Mar., Tit., *and* Menen. Citizens *steal away*.
Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.
Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.
Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he
Had borne the business!*
Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.
Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Corioli. *The Senate House.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius *and certain* Senators.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention! 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
They have press'd a power, but it is not know
Whether for east or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,—
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,—
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.
1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was r
To answer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till w
They needs must show themselves; wh the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the dis
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which
To take in many towns ere, almost, Ro
Should know we were afoot.
2 *Sen.* Noble Au
Take your commission; hie you to you
Let us alone to guard Corioli:

If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but I think you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.
Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties.

... the gods ... you!
Auf. And keep your honours safe!
1 *Sen.* Farewell.
2 *Sen.* Farewell.
All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ROME. *An Apartment in* MARCIUS' *House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA: *they sit down on two low stools and sew.*

bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a

Enter a Gentlewom...

Gent. Madam, the Lady Vale...
visit you.
Vir. Beseech you, give me ...
Vol. Indeed you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning
him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—

... His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!
Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a
man

Re-enter Gentlewoman, *with* VALERIA *and her* Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good-day to you.
Vol. Sweet madam.
Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.
Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

... 'twas, he did so set his ... O, I warrant, how he ... her's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.
Vir. A crack, madam.
Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must ... you play the idle huswife with me this ... noon

... wars.
Val. Fie, you confine yourself most un-

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;
If you'll stand fast we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Vols [illegible] *re-enter, and the fight is* [illegible] *Volsces retire into Corioli* [illegible] *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:— [illegible]
seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune [illegible]
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*He enters the gates.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness: not I.
2 *Sol.* Nor I.
[MARCIUS *is shut in.*
1 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.
All. To the pot, I warrant him.

[illegible]

Re-enter TITUS [illegible]

Lart. What is become of [illegible]

[illegible]

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And when it bows stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
[illegible]
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.
Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!
[illegible]

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.
2 *Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS *with a trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
[with them!—
[illegible]
haste
To help Cominius.
Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.
Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
[illegible]
charms [man,
[illegible] guide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentle-
[illegible]sperity be thy page!
Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest!—So farewell.
Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—
[*Exit* MARCIUS.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind: away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of* COMINIUS.

Enter COMINIUS *and* Forces, *retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
[illegible]
encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?
Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. [*Within.*] Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Enter MARCIUS.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
d tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where's he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file,—a plague!—tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did [budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you [directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here,—
As it were sin to doubt,—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus [*waving his hand*], to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a* Lieutenant, *a party of* Soldiers, *and a* Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field
We cannot keep the town.

Lieut. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf.

Thou shouldst not scape me

[*They fight, and cert*
the aid of

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp*

Shall say, against their hearts, *We thank the gods!*

Our Rome hath such a soldier!
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld,—

Mar. Pray now, no more; my mother,

Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you,—

A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;

done,—

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Vol. Vir. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night.—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much.—Brings a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded?—[*To the* Tribunes, *who come forward.*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken garland; with* Captains, Soldiers, *and a* Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon. [*To* VALERIA.

Vol. I know not where to turn.—O, welcome home;—
And welcome, general;—and you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes.—I could weep
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy.—Welcome:
A curse begin at very root on's heart
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle; and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on!
Cor. Your hand, and yours: [*To his wife and mother.*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,

Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse

I warrant him consul.

Bru. In that there's comfort.
Sic. Doubt not the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; which
That he'll give them make as little question
As he is proud to do't.
Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;

Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to

Than camels in their war; who have their provand

I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung

A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.
Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.
Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ROME. *The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 Off. Come, come; they are almost here.
How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes,—to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors *before them,* COMINIUS *the Consul,* MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, Senators, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS. *The* Senators *take their places; the* Tribunes *take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.

[CORIOLANUS *rises, and offers to go away.*
Nay, keep your place.

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,—
That's thousand to one good one,—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on's ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be.



Photo J Russell & Sons, London

Timon in "Timon of Athens" (Mr. J. H. Leigh)

What a god's gold

Act V., Sc. 1., p. 815.



Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,

And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example made the coward

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion

And with a sudden re-enforcement struck

To ease his breast with panting.
Men. Worthy man!
1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.
Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;

Men. He's right noble.
Let him be call'd for.
1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

please you
doing.
Sir, the people
s; neither will they bate

Put them not to 't.—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Of their breath only!—
Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them,—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* SIC. *and* BRU.
Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will require them
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.
Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ROME. *The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.
2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.
3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we m[illegible] tell him our noble acceptance of the [illegible]tude is monstrous: and for the m[illegible] ingrateful,

were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured; and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will,—'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return, for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man. Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

Men. O sir, you are not right; have you not known
The worthiest men have done't!
Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace.—*Look, sir;—my wounds;—*
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.
Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.
Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.
Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner.
Cor. Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean. [*Exit* MENENIUS.
So, here comes a brace:

Re-enter two Citizens.

You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.
1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.
Cor. Mine own desert.
2 *Cit.* Your own desert!
Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.
1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire!

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha' it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.—I have your alms: adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt two* Citizens.

Re-enter other two Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully

to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your vo

Here come more voices.

Re-enter other three Citizens.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of: for your voices have

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice:—remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have charg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon
To meet anon, upon your ap

Cor. Where? at the senat

Sic.

Cor. May I change these

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* COR. *and* MEN.

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 Cit. Amen, sir:—to my poor unworthy notice,
He mocked us when he begg'd our voices.

Certainly,

d of speech,—he did not mock us.

2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

your voices
I have no further with you—was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

A place of potency and sway o' the state,

That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you
Ere now denied the asker? and now again,
On him that did not ask but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which, most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,—
No impediment between,—but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of—
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say you ne'er had done 't,—
Harp on that still,—but by our putting on:
And presently when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Citizens. We will so; almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol,
Come: we will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—ROME. *A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first;

Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make
road
Upon's again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor.

Lart.

Against t

Yielded t

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to
sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his
fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to s
To oppose his hatred fully.—We

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do
despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no
further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men.

Com.

Bru.

Cor.

1 Sen.

Bru.

Sic. Stop,

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By
yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire
your way,

tler spirit;

et's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd; set on. This
palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

friends,

The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know 't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall?*
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. *Shall!*
O good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra leave to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monster, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd
not as common fools; if you are not,
[illegible]t them have cushions by you. You are plebeians
If they be senators: and they are no less
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.
Com. Well, on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,—
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates,—this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears: which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.—
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness; purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't; tha prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To vamp a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once plu out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lic
The sweet which is their poison: your dishon
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the s
Of that integrity which should become't;
Not having the power to do the good it wo
For the ill which doth control't.
Bru. Has said enc
Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and answer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch despite o'erwhelm th
What should the people do with thes tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fa

To the greater bench: in a rebellion, [law,

When what's not meet, but what

A

A

And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones

Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter BRUTUS, *with the* Ædiles *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about* CORIOLANUS.

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Citizens. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;

Confusion's near; I cannot speak.—You tribunes

To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!

Citizens. Let's hear our tribune: peace!—Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation,

And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,

This deserves de

our authority,

here pronounce,

Ædiles, seize him

Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!

Men. Hear me one wo

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word

Æd. Peace, peace! [frie

those cold ways

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisor

Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands u him,

And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die her

[*Draws his sw*

There's some among you have beheld fighting: [seen

Come, try upon yourselves what you h

Men. Down with that sword!—Tribu withdraw awhile.

You

Men. Go, get you to your house; be go away!

All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand f

We have as many friends as enemies.

they are not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,—

Men. Be go

Put not your worthy rage ur tongue;

One time will owe anoth

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* COR., COM., *and others.*
1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here 's goodly work!
2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tiber! What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.
1 *Cit.* He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.
Men. Sir, sir,—
Sic. Peace!
Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—
Sic. Consul!—what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He consul!
Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly, then;
For we are peremptory to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger; and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.
Men. O, he 's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost,—
Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath
By many an ounce,—he dropt it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country
Were to us all, that do 't and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.
Sic. This is clean kam.
Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.
Bru. We'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties,—as he is belov'd,—break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were so,—
Sic. What do you talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—come,—
Men. Consider this:—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd

[illegible]

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,

[illegible]

1 Sen. Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ROME. *A Room in* CORIOLANUS'S *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine [illegible] present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.
1 Pat. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother

[illegible]

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you: [*To* VOLUMNIA.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play

[illegible]

Enter MENENIUS *and* Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.
1 Sen. There's no remedy;

[illegible]

Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.

[illegible]

you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me
In peace what each of them by th' other lose
That they combine not there.
Cor. Tush, tush!

[illegible]

Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but rooted in

[illegible]

I should do so in honour: I am in this
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it,—here be with them,— [business
Thy knee bussing the stones,—for in such
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or say to them
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.
Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although I know thou had'st rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
Vol. He must, and will.—
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son,—as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tear take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do'
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Vol. At thy choice, t
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: le
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fea
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck from me;
But owe thy pride thyself.
Cor. Pray, be cont
Mother, I am going to the market-plac
Chide me no more. I'll mounteba loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and co
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I a
Commend me to my wife. I'll retur
Or never trust to what my tongue ca
I' the way of flattery further.
Vol. Do your will.
Com. Away! the tribunes do a arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are pre
With accusations, as I hear, more
Than are upon you yet.
Cor. The word is, mildly.—Pra go:
Let them accuse me by invention
Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay,
Cor. Well, mildly be it then;

SCENE III.—ROME. *The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*

Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.—
[*Exit Ædile.*

looks
With us to break his neck.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people. [I say!

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: peace,

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand.

As shall be proved upon you?

Cor. I am content.

ners,

ther,

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you that you have contriv'd

nd to wind

people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!

I should do so in honour: I am in this
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How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
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Thou hast not done before.
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Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
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Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
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Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
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To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself.
Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.
Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*
Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
Cor. The word is, mildly.—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.
[*Exeunt.*

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Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects

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Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

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Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.— [*Exit Ædile.*

looks
With us to break his neck.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

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Men.

Cor.

Will be

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, *with* Citizens.

To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:

Scars to move laughter only.

ther,

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you that you have contriv'd

nd

Cor. How! traitor!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

Sic. Mark you this, people?
Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know, I pray you,—
Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying Good-morrow.
Sic. For that he has,—
As much as in him lies,—from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it;—in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.
Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banished, and it shall be so.
Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—
Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.
Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that,—
Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.
Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air,—I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance,—which finds not till it feels,—
Making not reservation of yourselves,—
Still your own foes,—deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.
[*Exeunt* COR., COM., MEN., Senators, *and* Patricians.
Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!
[*Shouting, and throwing up their caps.*
Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.
Citizens. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come.
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—ROME. *Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young* Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
[illegible]

Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife,—my mother:
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
[illegible]

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.
Cor. O the gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee [of us,
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
[illegible]

SCENE II.—ROME. *A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an* Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—
[illegible]e nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
[illegible] his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.
Sic. Bid them home:
[illegible]
[*Exit* Ædile.
Let's not meet her.
Why?
[illegible] They say she's mad. [your way.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Vol. O, you're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace, be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,— [gone?
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be [*To* BRUTUS.
Vir. You shall stay too [*To* SICINIUS]: I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—
[illegible]

Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd
the rabble;—
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone: [this,—
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,—
This lady's husband here; this, do you see?—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do
[*Exeunt* Tribunes.
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.
Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's
go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

Enter a Roman *and a* Volsce, *meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, sir; and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well approved by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection; the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—ANTIUM. *Before* AUFIDIUS'S *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me
not, [stones
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.
Cit. And you.
Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?
Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.
Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before
Cor. Than

O world, thy slippery turn
sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal and exercise

t.

SCENE V.—ANTIUM *A Hall* *House.*

Music within. Enter a

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine!
here!
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter a second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.—Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door.

his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away! Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. *The first meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I

house: pr'ythee, call

to do here, fellow?

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy!

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him in.*

Enter AUFIDIUS *and the second* Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?
Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy [name?

Cor. If Tullus [*Unmuffling.*
me, dost

Auf. What is thy name?
[Servants *retire.*

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest,
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims [straight,
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would thee show but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.
Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say '*Tis true*, I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke
And scar'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbear. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.
Cor. You bless me, gods!
Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that sha[ll]
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcom[es!]
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your ha[nd:] most welcome!
[*Exeunt* COR. *and* A[UF.]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange al[teration!]
tion!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to [have] strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my [mind] gave me his clothes made a false report o[f him.]

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He [turned] me about with his finger and his thumb, [as one] would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face tha[t there] was something in him: he had, sir, a [kind of] face, methought,—I cannot tell how to [term it.]

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it [were]—would I were hanged, but I thought t[here was] more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he [is simply] the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is: but a grea[ter soldier] than he you wot on.

2 *Serv.* Who, my master?
1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.
2 *Serv.* Worth six on him. [illegible]

[illegible]

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

[illegible]

I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't! he will do't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends, whilst he's in dejectitude.

1 *Serv.* Dejectitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently; you shall have the drum [illegible]

[illegible]

ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's sprightly, [illegible]

[illegible]

His remedies are tame i' the present peace [illegible]

[illegible]

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd
But with his friends: the commonwealth [illegible]
stand,
And so would do, were he more angry at it.
Men. All's well, and might have been [illegible]
[illegible]
He could have temporiz'd.
S[illegible] [illegible] Where is he [illegible]
Men. Nay, I hear nothing: [illegible]
his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!
Sic. God-den, our neighbours.
Bru. God-den to you all, God-den to you all.
1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sic. Live and thrive!
Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.
Citizens. Now the gods keep you!
Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets
Crying confusion.
Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—
Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
Men. I think not so.
Sic. We should by this, to all our lamenta- [tion,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.
Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?
Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this slave,—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising;
Nothing but his report.
Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,—
How probable I do not know,—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely!
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
God Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already [to
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, a
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what ne
Com. You have holp to ravish your daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your nos
Men. What's the news? what's the ne
Com. Your temples burned in their ce and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, co
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your ne
You have made fair work, I fear me. your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volsc
Com. He is their god: he leads them like a
Made by some other deity than natur

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about yo...
Men.
Did shake down mell...
fair work!
Bru. But is this tr...
Com.

Your enemies and his find something in him.
Men. We are all undone unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand

So incapable of help.
Both Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beasts, [clusters,
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But I fear

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here comes the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when y... cast

1 Cit. For mine own part,

Capitol.
Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt* Com. *and* Men.
Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have
... Go home,
...is!—Come,
... we were i'
... let's home.
[*Exeunt* Citizens.
Bru. I do not like this news.
Sic. Nor I.
Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—would half my wealth
... let us go. [*Exeunt.*

...*at a small distance*
...*ome.*

Enter Aufidius *and his* Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the R...
Lieu. I do not know what ... him, but
Your soldiers use him ... meat,
Their talk at t... end,
And you are d... sir,
Even by your ow...
Auf. ... help it now,
Unl... I lame the foot
Of our d... He bears himself more ...
Even to ... than I thought
When first I embrace him: ...
In t... ...
What can... be amended.

I mean, for your particular,—you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely. [sure,
Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine
Whene'er we come to our account. [Rome?
Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
ich he was lord of; or whether nature,
ot to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these,—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him,—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a cheer
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—ROME. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.
Com. He would not seem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.
Men. Why, so,—you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!
Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.
Men. Very well:
Could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said 'twas folly
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.
Men. For one poor grain
Or two! I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are th
grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse yo
aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But, sure, if y
Would be your country's pleader, your go
tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No; I'll not medd
Sic. Pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I
Bru. Only make trial what your love can
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and say that Mar
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?
Sic. Yet your good

Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake 't:

[illegible]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

[illegible]

And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volscian Camp before Rome. The* Guard *at their stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay: whence are you?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return: our general

[illegible]

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name

[illegible]

Therefore, go back.

Men. Prythee, fellow, remember my name [illegible] —as [illegible] true [illegible] here- [illegible] or I [illegible]

the very defender of them, [illegible] popular ignorance, given [illegible] your shield, think to front [illegible] the easy groans of old wom[illegible] of your daughters, or w[illegible] of such a decayed do[illegible]? Can you think to b[illegible] are your city is ready to fl[illegible] weak breath as this? N[illegible], therefore, back to R[illegible] your execution: you are [illegible] general has sworn you [illegible]

[illegible] captain knew I were here [illegible] in estimation.

[illegible] my captain knows you not.

[illegible] my general.

My general cares not [illegible] go, lest I let forth [illegible] back; that's [illegible] back.

[illegible] Nay, but, fellow

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess but by my entertainment with him if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st!

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* COR. *and* AUF.

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, away! [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Tent of* CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,—
Though I show'd sourly to him,—once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this? [*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and* Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome and harrow Italy: I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir.

Cor.

[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and my- [self,
Are suitors to you.

Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics.—Tell me not

naught from Rome in private.—Your request?

[raiment

se..,

sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to see
The son, the husband, and the father tearing

womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,

you forth this boy, to keep your

'A shall not t me;
I'll run away till I am b then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, *This mercy we have show'd;* the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give thee all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods,
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she,—poor hen,—fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last.—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold's:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. [*After holding* VOLUMNIA *by the hands in silence.*] O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
If you were in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and, pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The* Ladies *make signs to* CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Ay, by and by;
[*To* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *&c.*
But we'll drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—ROME. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond coigne o' the Capitol,—yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't: our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub.

engine, and the ground shrinks before his

finished with his bidding. He wants nothing

respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:

Enter a second Messenger.

Sic. Friend,

hark you!

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, drums beaten, and shouting within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news.
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia

tidings; next,

have all

near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

We will meet them,
help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ROME. *A Street near the Gate*

VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, *&c.*, *accompanied by* Senators, Patricians, *and*

And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—ANTIUM. *A public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with* Attendants.

Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.

tendants.

FIDIUS's

Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.
3 Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and to this end
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.
3 Con. Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—
Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame
Which he made all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance as if
I had been mercenary.
1 Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—
Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!
[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*
1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns
Splitting the air with noise.
2 Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more:
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the City.*

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
1 Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge: making a treaty where
There was a yielding.—This admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, *with drums and colours; a crowd of* Citizens *with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
Cor. Traitor!—How now!
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,—
I say your city,—to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;

That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my [illegible]

[illegible]

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Conspirators. Let him die for 't.

[illegible]

Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

[illegible]

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus,—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

[illegible]

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone;
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—

[illegible]

Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of* CORIOLANUS. *A dead march sounded.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, — *Triumvirs after the death of* JULIUS CÆSAR.
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, — *Senators.*
MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA, — *Conspirators against* JULIUS CÆSAR.
FLAVIUS *and* MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*
ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, *a Poet.*
Another Poet.
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS MESSALA, YOUNG CATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS,—*Friends to* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS,—*Servants to* BRUTUS.
PINDARUS, *Servant to* CASSIUS.

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to* CÆSAR.
PORTIA, *Wife to* BRUTUS.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, *&c.*

SCENE,—*During a great part of the Play at* ROME; *afterwards at* SARDIS, *and near* PHILIPPI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ROME. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

2 Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave, thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,

To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?

l for

Mar. May we do so?

Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ROME. *A pu*

Enter, in procession, with m
ANTONY, *for the course;*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.
Ant. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, A
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders
The barren, touched in this holy
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I
When Cæsar says, *Do th*
Cæs. Set on; and leave

Sooth. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again!

of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March. [*Pass.*
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him.—
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* BRU. *and* CAS.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you do.
[part
some

Bru.
Be not deceiv'd: if I have
I turn the trouble of my co

haviours;
to my be

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy:
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink!*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout: flourish.*
Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he has grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.
Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:

[illegible]

I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his* Train.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
[illegible]

Cas. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
[illegible]
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
[illegible]

[illegible]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad?

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

[illegible] shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to [illegible] durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like,—he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, [illegible] falling sickness.'
[illegible] by that;
[illegible] tag-rag
[illegible] ling

as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!* —and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world. [*Exit* BRUTUS.
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—ROME. *A Street.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good-even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave,—you know him well by sight,—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides,—I ha' not since put up my sword,—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—they are natural;
For I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:



Brutus in ... ...ller).

Act II...

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna,—I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange [sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party,—

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find [us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ROME. BRUTUS'S *Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
[*Giving him a letter.*
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calender, and bring me [word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*
*Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.*—
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out,—
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
[illegible]

promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen [illegible]
[*Knocking* [illegible]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
[illegible]

Luc. [illegible]
Who do [illegible]

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discov[illegible]
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em e[illegible]
They are the f[illegible] O [illegible]
Sham'st thou [illegible]

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
[illegible]

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
[illegible]

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?
[BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
[illegible]

He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
[illegible]

Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,—
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O that we, then, could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the engrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does,—being then most flatter'd.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we 'll leave you, Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy;
And so, good-morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.
Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? it is no matter;
Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA

Por.
Bru. Portia, what mean you
you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical

Even from darkness.
Bru. Kneel not,
Por. I should not need if
Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, t
Is it excepted I should know no secrets

the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Enter LUCIUS *with* LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius,—how!
Lig. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new fir'd I follow you
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ROME. *A Room in* CÆSAR'S *Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR *in his night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them!

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:—
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And for thy humour I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good-morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day,—tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will,—I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know,—
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

mock,

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights
Is notwithstanding up.—
Good-morrow, Antony.

, Tre bonius!

will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæs. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ROME. *A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS *reading a paper.*

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to *na; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus* *ber, Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou* *wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but* *mind in all these men, and it is bent* *inst Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal,*

SCENE IV.—ROME. *Another part of the same Street, before the House of* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there and h again
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst d there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, lady.

r. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

t. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—
Sure the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
ng me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—ROME. *The Capitol; the* Senate *sitting.*

A crowd of People *in the street leading to the Capitol; among them* ARTEMIDORUS *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great [Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give plac

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in t street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest follow* *All the* Senators *rise.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may th

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you [*Advances to* C

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterpris thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to Cæs him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fe
Brutus, what shall be done? If this
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn ba
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be co
Popilius Lena speaks not of our pu
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth
Cas. Trebonius knows his tim you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of th
[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* TREB *the* Senators *take t*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimbe
And presently prefer his suit to

Bru. He is address'd: press him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Casca. Are we all ready?
Cæs. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
[illegible]
sweet words,
Low crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
[illegible]
own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
[illegible]
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it even in this,—
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
Cin. O Cæsar,—
Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. Great Cæsar,—
Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!
[CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.
Cæs. *Et tu, Brute!*—Then fall, Cæsar!
[*Dies. The* Senators *and* People *retire in*
[illegible]
out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!
Bru. People and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
[illegible]
people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
[illegible]
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, *Peace! freedom! and liberty!*
Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.
Bru. Soft, who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:—
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I lov'd Brutus, and I honour him; [him.
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Through the hazards of this untrod state
'ith all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman:
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*
Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.
Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.
Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.
Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands and this our present act
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not,—they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity,—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms no strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any [man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy Lethe.—
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—

Ant. That's all I seek:

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru.
I will myself into the pulpit

Ant. Be it so;

earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is com[ing;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*
Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

SCENE II.—ROME. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the* Citizens. BRUTUS *goes into the Rostrum.*

3 Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: there is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony:

Enter ANTONY *and others with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,—a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1 Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

4 Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

1 Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And for my sake stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake I am beholden to you. [*Goes up.*

4 Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

3 Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

[illegible]

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,

[illegible]

take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

[illegible]

my.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

[illegible]

will! read the will! [will?

[illegible]

2 *Cit.* Descend. [ANTONY *comes down.*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony,—most noble Antony!

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back; room; bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

[illegible]

heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 Cit. O piteous spectacle!

2 Cit. O noble Cæsar!

3 Cit. O woeful day!

4 Cit. O traitors, villains!

1 Cit. O most bloody sight!

2 Cit. We will be revenged: revenge,—about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay,—let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2 Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;—
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it;—they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

1 Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 Cit. Away, then! come seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not,—I must tell you, then.—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true;—the will:—let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will and under Cæsar's seal
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever,—common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 Cit. Never, never.—Come away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 Cit. Go, fetch fire.

3 Cit. Pluck down benches.

4 Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.
[*Exeunt* Citizens *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work: mischief, thou art afoot.
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ROME. *A Street.*

Enter CINNA *the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 Cit. What is your name?

2 Cit. Whither are you going?

3 Cit. Where do you dwell?
4 Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
2 Cit. Answer every man directly.
1 Cit. Ay, and briefly.
4 Cit. Ay, and wisely.
3 Cit. Ay, and truly, you we [illegible]
Cin. What is my name? [illegible] going? Where do I dwell? [illegible] man or a bachelor? Then t [illegible] man directly and briefly, wise [illegible] Wisely, I say I am a bachelor.
2 Cit. That's as much as to say they are fools th [illegible] that, I f [illegible]
Cin. [illegible]
1 Cit [illegible]
Cin. [illegible]
2 Cit. [illegible]
4 Cit [illegible]
Cin. [illegible]
3 Cit. [illegible]
Cin. [illegible]
1 Cit. [illegible]

[illegible]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—ROME. *A room in* ANTONY'S *House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die, [illegible] names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must die; [illegible] you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent.
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
[illegible]
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here or at the Capitol.
[*Exit* LEPIDUS.
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
[illegible]
In our black sentence and proscription. [you:
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than
[illegible]
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
[illegible]
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* BRUTUS'S *Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers; TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!
Luci. Give the word, ho! [illegible]and.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[PIN. *gives a letter to* BRU.
Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.
Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*
Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! speak the word along.
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them,—
Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of* BRUTUS.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,—
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me,—
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.



From picture by John H. Bacon. *By permission of C. W. Faulkner & Co. London.*

Juliet and the Nurse ("Romeo and Juliet")

Juliet "Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love?"
Act II Sc V, p 1080

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Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me,—
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.



From picture by John H. Bacon [illegible]

Juliet and the Nurse [illegible]

Juliet Sweet sweet [illegible]



From the painting by C. Becker.

Juliet, Friar Lawrence, and Ro

Friar Lawrence. "By your lea
Till holy church incorporat



Photo Berlin Photographic Co London.

…omeo ("Romeo and Juliet").

…ves, you sha'l not stay alone
…e two in one."

Act II, Sc VI, p 1081.



After the painting by John Opie, R.A., in Manchester Art Gallery.

Troilus meets Cressida ("Troilus and Cressida").

Pand. "Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture."

Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods
You shall d
T
I
W
Is it come to this?
Bru. Yo
Let it ap
And it sh
I shall be
Cas. Y ... every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too
I may d
Bru.
There is
For I am
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than
From the hard hands of peasants their
By any indirection;—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was th
Should I have answer'd Ca
When Marcus Brutus grows
To lock such rascal coun
Be ready, gods, with all
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool that brou
My answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my he
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they a
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like you
Cas. A friendly eye could never se faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though
As huge as high Olymp
so;
down.
ot give
Check'd like a bondman ... rgetful,
ook, learn ... am much
... teeth ... while,
... or two?
... you.
... does, my boy:
... ou art willing.
If that thou be ... [might:
I, that den ... ny duty past thy
Strike, as ... or a time of rest.
When thou ... rd, already.
... ne; and thou shalt
Than ever
Bru.
Be angry ... : if I do live
Do what ... [*Music and a Song.*
O Cassius ... —O murderous slumber,
This ... mace upon my boy
Who ... ?—Gentle knave, good-
And ...
... uch wrong to wake thee:
... t break'st thy instrument;
... ; and, good boy, good-
... ;—is not the leaf turn'd
Here i

Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.
Poet [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cas. How now! what's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion hence!
Cas. Away, away, be gone!
[*Exit* Poet.
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.
[*Exeunt* LUCIL. *and* TIT.
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine!
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods.

Enter LUCIUS *with wine and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
[*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
[*Drinks.*
Bru. Come in, Titinius!

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala!—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That, by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Cas.
Bru. Under your
beside,

And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi. [talk,
Bru. The dee
And nature must
Which we will ni
There is no more
Cas.
Early to-morrow
Bru. Lucius,

Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Everything is well.
Cas. Good-night, my lord.
Bru. Good-night, good brother.
Tit. and Mes. Good-night, Lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt* CAS., TIT., *and* MES.

Re-enter LUCIUS *with the gown.*

Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

it me. [forgetful.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;

—is not the leaf turn'd

Here it is, I think
[*Sits down.*

Enter the Ghost *of* CÆSAR

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
d my hair to

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well;
Then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.— [*Exit* Ghost.
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy Lucius!—Varro! Claudius!—sirs, awake!—
Claudius!
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!
Luc. My lord?
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see anything?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow, thou, awake!
Var. My lord?
Clau. My lord?
Bru. Why did you cry so out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. and Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay: saw you anything?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. and Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their* Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their* Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look,—

I draw a sword against conspirators;

Mes. ... what says my general?

Cas. Messala,

...

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;

...

But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,

...

The end of this day's business ere it come!

But it sufficeth that the day will end,

... Come, ho!

[*Exeunt.*

...

...ippi. *The*

...Messala.

..., and give

...and alarum.

...

SCENE III.—THE PLAINS OF PHILIPPI.

Another part of the Field.

...tinius.

... villains fly!

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil:
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius! fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again even with a thought. [*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.— [*Exit* PINDARUS.
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;—
Now, Titinius!—now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—
He's ta'en;—and, hark! they shout for joy. [*Shout.*
Cas. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,—
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!
Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala, [*Exit* MESSALA.
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me giv't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstru'd everything.
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods.—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, YOUNG CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

these ?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers *of both Armies; then* BRUTUS, YOUNG CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go [with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
[*Charges the enemy.*

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* YOUNG CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

1 Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony Brutus is ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the [general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

you,

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispering him.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace, then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!
[*Whispers him.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Volumnius;
o me
ence,

Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
[*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, [Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt* CLI., DAR., *and* VOL.
I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.
Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and* Army; MESSALA *and* LUCILIUS, *prisoners.*

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, [Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*
Oct. According to his virtue, let us use him
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.
[*Exeunt.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, — *Triumvirs.*

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIUS, EROS, SCARUS, DERCETAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO, — *Friends to* ANTONY.

MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS, — *Friends to* CÆSAR.

MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS, — *Friends to* POMPEY.

... CÆSAR.

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *Attendants on* CLEOPATRA.

A Soothsayer. A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *Sister to* CÆSAR *and Wife to* ANTONY.

CHARMIAN *and* IRAS, *Attendants on* CLEOPATRA.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE,—*Dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ALEXANDRIA. *A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

now turn

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see!

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with* Train; Eunuchs *fanning her.*

Cleo. If it be love, indeed, tell me how m
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me —the sum.
Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony.

Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:—
You must not stay here longer,—your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process?—Cæsar's I would say?—both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's [queen.

wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here

Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now:—what sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom everything becomes,—to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself in thee fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—speak not to us.
[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* CLEO., *with their* Train.

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ALEXANDRIA. *Another Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O that I knew this husband, which you say must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer,—

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, forsee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving than beloved. [drinking.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names:—pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

fiftyfold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

bus,—

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither.— Where's Alexas? [proaches

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord ap-

Attendants.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.— On:—

Things that are past are done with me.—'Tis thus;

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not th general tongue:

there!

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she!

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon: [seriou

Her length of sickness, with what else more

it:

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: we

see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea; our slippery people,—
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past,—begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ALEXANDRIA. *A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you:—if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return. [*Exit* ALEXAS.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way; cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool,—the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What 's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,—
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo.

So mightily betray'd

I saw the treasons pl

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,

Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd

going,

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill and well,
So Antony loves.

meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target.—Still he mends;
But this is not the best:—look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

To bear such idleness so near the h
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive

Sit laurel victory

go. Come;

And I,

SCENE IV.— An
CÆSAR'S House.

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news:—he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy [or
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience,
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.
Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.
Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for't: but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.
Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.
Cæs. I should have known no less:
It hath been taught us from the primal state
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love, [body,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.
Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.
Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this,—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now,—
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.
Lep. 'Tis pity of him.
Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.
Cæs. Till which encounter
It is my business too. Farewell. [meantime
Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ALEXANDRIA. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
[illegible]
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed!
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do [nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wott'st thou whom thou mov'st?
[illegible]
Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine [hath
[illegible]
heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. *Good friend,* quoth he,
Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-girt steed,
Who neigh'd so high that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
[illegible]
He was not sad,—for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,—
[illegible]
So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony
[illegible] k and paper, Charmian.—
[illegible] xas.—Did I, Charmian,
[illegible] that brave Cæsar!
[illegible] such another emphasis!
The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—but, come, away;
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.
[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—MESSINA. *A Room in* POMPEY'S *House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRAT[illegible] *and* MENAS.

Pom. If the great god[illegible] they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dullness.

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius!
Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:—
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for further travel.
Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war; his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.
Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.
Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ROME. *A Room in the House of* LEPIDUS.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,—
The rather for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir.
Cæs. Nay, then.
Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at

[illegible]

Once name you derogatel
It not concern'd me
Ant. My b [illegible]

[illegible]

Might be my question.
Ant. H [illegible]
Cæs. You may be [illegible] intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do mistake your business; my

[illegible]

It must not be with this.
Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.
Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,

[illegible]

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men
Might go to wars with the women.
Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say I could not help it.
Cæs. I wrote to you

[illegible]

you shall never

Soft, Cæsar!

[illegible]

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.
Ant. Neglected, rather

[illegible]

not make poor my greatness, nor my power

[illegible]

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.
Mec. If it might please you to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.
Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.
Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no [illegible] eturn it again: you [illegible] in when you have [illegible] nly speak no more.
Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.
Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.
Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.
Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, b

The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—
Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.
Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would then be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would, each to other and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!
Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily, amen!
Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon 's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
Ant. Where lies he?
Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.
Ant. What 's his strength
By land?
Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I 'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* CÆS., ANT., *and* LEP.
Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.
Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—
Agr. Good Enobarbus!
Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.
Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?
Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feasts, which worthily deserved noting.
Mec. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.
Eno. When she first met Mark Antony she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.
Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.
Eno. I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion,—cloth-of-gold of tissue,—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see

The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

[illegible]

hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast

[illegible]

And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart

[illegible]

panted,

[illegible]

SCENE III.—ROME. *A Room in* CÆSAR'S *House.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them, and* Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good-night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good-night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good-night, sir.

Cæs. Good-night. [*Exeunt* CÆS. *and* OCTA.

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

[illegible]

Sooth. To none but thee; no more but when to thee.

[illegible]

And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire; and what
Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.
Cæs. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.
Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.
Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,—
For this is from the present,—how you take
The offers we have sent you.
Cæs. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.
Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.
Cæs., Ant., and Lep. That's our offer.
Pom. Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and, thanks to you, [hither;
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose,
For I have gain'd by it.
Cæs. Since I saw you last
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery [Cæsar
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius
Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard Apollodorus carried,—
Eno. No more of that:—he did so.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?
Cæs., Ant., and Lep. Show us the way, sir.
Pom. Come.
[*Exeunt all but* MEN. *and* ENO.
Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.
Eno. At sea, I think.
Men. We have, sir.
Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

[illegible]

their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. [illegible]

Men. [illegible] a drinkir[illegible] his fortu[illegible]

Eno. [illegible] again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

[illegible]

SCENE VII.—*On board* POMPEY'S *Galley, lying near Misenum.*

Music. Enter two or three Servants *with a banquet.*

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in [illegible]

[illegible] cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other* Captains.

Ant. [*To* CÆSAR.] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth

[illegible]

he operation of your sun: so is

[illegible]

Pom. [*Aside to* MEN.] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and, the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*Aside to* MEN.] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [*Aside to* POM.] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside to* MEN.] I think thou 'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say?—
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and,
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales or sky inclips
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside.*] For this
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the* Attendant *who carries off* LEP.

Men. Why?

Eno. 'A bears
The third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!—
Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear't.
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor!
[*To* ANTONY.
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall beat as loud
As his strong sides can volley.
[*Music plays.* ENO. *places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good-night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong [illegible]

You have my father's house,—but, what? we are friends.
Come, down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not.
[*Exeunt* Pom., Cæs., Ant., *and* Attendants.
Menas, I'll not on shore.
Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out!
[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*
Eno. Hoo! says 'a.—There's my cap.
Men. Hoo!—noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria.*

Enter Ventidius, *in triumph, with* Silius *and other* Romans, Officers, *and* Soldiers; *the dead body of* Pacorus *borne in front.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
[illegible]
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,—
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
[illegible]
Antony?
Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.
Sil. Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter Agrippa *and* Enobarbus, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno. Cæsar? Why he's the Jupiter of men.
Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
Eno. Speak you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!
Agr. Of Antony. O thou Arabian bird!
Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say *Cæsar*,—go no further.
Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves Antony:
Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,—hoo!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.
[*Trumpets within.*] So,—
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.
Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.
Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.
Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! Fare thee well.
Octa. My noble brother!—
Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.
Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—
Cæs. What,
Octavia?
Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
Eno. [*Aside to* AGRIPPA.] Will Cæsar weep?
Agr. [*Aside to* ENO.] He has a cloud in 's face.
Eno. [*Aside to* AGRIPPA.] He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
Agr. [*Aside to* ENO.] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. [*Aside to* AGRIPPA.] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd:
Believe 't till I weep too.
Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses* OCTAVIA.
Ant. Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound within. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ALEXANDRIA. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afear'd to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter a Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill tongu'd or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps,—
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this
Mess. Or I have no observanc
Char.
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's v
I do perceive't:—there's nothir
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.
Cleo. Widow!—Charmian, hark!
Mess. And I do think she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't
Mess.
Cleo.
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.

SCENE IV.—ATHENS. *A Room in* ANTONY'S *House.*

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That
Of se
New
To p
Spoke
But p

He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.
Octa. O my good lord,

husband!
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.
Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which

e mine honour
e not yours
But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between's: the meantime, [lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest [haste;

Eno. How now, friend Eros!
Eros. There's strange news come, sir.
Eno. What, man?
Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars [upon Pompey.
Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eno. Then world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?
Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and [spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.
Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.
Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—ROME. *A Room in* CÆSAR'S *House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria: here's the manner of't:—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
d all the unlawful issue that their lust
nce then hath made between them. Unto [her
Ie gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.
Mec. This in the public eye?
Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audi- [ence,
As 'tis reported, so.
Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.
Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it: and have now receiv'd
His accusations.
Agr. Who does he accuse?
Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say he lent me
Some shipping, unrestor'd: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Cæs. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA, *with her* Train.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!
Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway!
Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You [come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which left unshown
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.
Octa. Do not say so, my lord.
Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?
Octa. My lord, in Athens.
Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his [empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assem- [bled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king

[illegible]

Octa. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:

[illegible]

To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray [you
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—ANTONY'S *Camp near the Promontory of Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these [wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denounc'd against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together
The horse were merely lost; the mares would [bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's [time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,

[illegible] d on't,

[illegible]

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. [illegible]

[illegible]

offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?
Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse.—We'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?
Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have used to conquer standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well:—away.
[*Exeunt* ANT., CLEO., *and* ENO.
Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.
Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.
Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcius Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.
Sold. While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.
Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say one Taurus.
Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.
Can. With news the time's with labour: and throes forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. —*A Plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, *and others.*

Cæs. Taurus,—
Taur. My lord?
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole; provoke not battle
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Another part of the Plain.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*Another part of the Plain.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his land* Army *one way; and* TAURUS, *the* Lieutenant *of* CÆSAR, *with his* Army, *the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,—
Hoists sails and flies.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.
Scar. She once being loof'd
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general

Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
[illegible]

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.—ALEXANDRIA. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't,—
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
[illegible]
sad,
[illegible]

Enter CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS, EROS *following.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him,—comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie!
Char. Madam,—
Iras. Madam, O good empress,—
Eros. Sir, sir,—
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—no matter.
Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.
Cleo. Well then,—sustain me:—O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort make the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation,—
A most unnoble swerving.
[illegible]
Cleo. O, my pardon!
[illegible]
Cleo. Pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full

Some wine, within there, and our viands!—
Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.—CÆSAR'S *Camp in Egypt.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.—
Know you him?
Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.
Cæs. Be 't so: declare thine office.
Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Eup. Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit* EUPHRONIUS.
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
[*To* THYR.
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyr. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.—ALEXANDRIA. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question: 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss to course your flying flags
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, *with* EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?
Eup. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.
Eup. He says so.
Ant. Let her know 't.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head.
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coins, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon [fore
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him there-
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* EUPHRONIUS.
Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show
Against a sworder.—I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my

square.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.
Cleo. Go on: right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O! [he

Cleo. What's your name?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.
Cleo. Most kind messenger,

in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Ant. Approach there!—Ay, you kite!—Now, gods and devils! [*Ho!*
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried,
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack and whip him.
Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him.—Were't twenty of the greatest tri-

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
O misery on't!—the wise gods seal our eyes;

In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. O, is 't come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out:—for I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts!—O that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants *with* THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?
1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?
1 *Att.* He did ask favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone.
[*Exit* THYREUS.
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our te[illegible]
Is now eclips'd; and it portends [illegible]
The fall of Antony!
Cleo. I must stay h[illegible]

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless,—till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held: our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood:
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There 's hope in 't yet.
Cleo. That 's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let 's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let 's mock the midnight bell.
Cleo. It is my birthday.
I had thought to have held it poor; but since my lord
Is Antony again I will be Cleopatra.
Ant. We will yet do well.
Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.
Ant. Do so; we'll speak to them: and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight
I 'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even wi[illegible] pestilent scythe.
[*Exeunt all but* ENO.
En[illegible] [illegible] the lightning. To
Is to [illegible] that m[illegible]
The [illegible] see[illegible]
A din[illegible]
Resto[illegible]
t eats [illegible]
e [illegible]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S *Camp at Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR *reading a letter;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,

[illegible]

Cæsar must think,

[illegible]

Palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll strike, and cry, *Take all.*
Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.—

Enter Servants.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou;—you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. [*Aside to* ENO.] What means this?
Eno. [*Aside to* CLEO.] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.
Serv. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
Cleo. [*Aside to* ENO.] What does he mean?
Eno. [*Aside to* CLEO.] To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night;

[illegible]

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort,—did desire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ALEXANDRIA. *Before the Palace.*

Enter two Soldiers *to their guard*

1 *Sold.* Brother, good-night. to-morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing What news?
2 *Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good-night to you.
1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good-night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
3 *Sold.* And you. Good-night, good-night.
[*The first two place themselves at their*

4 *Sold.* Here we: [*The third and fourth take their posts.*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
[*Music as of hautboys under the stage.*
4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?
1 *Sold.* List, list!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.
4 *Sold.* It signs well, does it not?
3 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I say!
What should this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
[*They advance to another post.*
2 *Sold.* How now, masters!
Soldiers. [*Speaking together.*] How now!
How now! do you hear this?
1 *Sold.* Ay; is't not strange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how't will give off.
Soldiers. [*Speaking together.*] Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—ALEXANDRIA. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and others attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS *with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on.—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart. False, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: despatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in't.—

Enter an Officer, *armed.*

Good-morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.
Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
[*Shout. Flourish of Trumpets within.*

Enter other Officers *and* Soldiers.

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good-morrow, general.
All. Good-morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.—
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt* ANT., EROS, Officers, *and* Soldiers.
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ANTONY'S *Camp near Alexandria.*

Trumpets sound within. Enter ANTONY *and* EROS; *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier

That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Sold. Who.
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee; write to him,—
I will subscribe,—gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Eros, despatch.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—CÆSAR'S *Camp before Alexandria.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
[illegible]

Enter a Soldier *of* CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.
Eno. I give it you.
[illegible]
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA *and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come
Scar. I'll ha [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. Enter Antony *marching;* Scarus *and* Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand; [*To* Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra, *attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.—Cæsar's *Camp.*

Sentinels *at their Post.*

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: the night
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to's.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night.—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close and list to him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace!
Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melanchol
The poisonous damp of night disponge up me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my hea
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will brea powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony!

2 *Sold.* Let's speak
To him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the thi speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But h

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad as his
Was never yet fore sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to hi

3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak

2 *Sold.* Hea

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath ra
[*Drums afar off.*] Hark! t
Do merrily wake the sleepers. L him
To the court of guard; he is of not
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on, then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt w*

Scene X.—*Ground between the two Camps.*

Enter Antony *and* Scarus, *with* Forces, *marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;

Scene XI.—*Another part of the Ground.*

Enter Cæsar, *with his* Forces, *marching.*

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the
And hold our best advantage.

Scene XII.—*Another part of the*

Enter Antony *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: where yond pine does stand
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight how 'tis like to go.
Scar. S
In Cleopatra's sails their ne
Say they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has and has not.
[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all.—Bid them all fly; begone.
[*Exit* Scarus.
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this!—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets

home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!
Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?
Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving, [thee,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown

'Tis

Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, ho!
[*Exit*

Scene XIII.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.
Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To the monument!—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;

Say that the last I spoke was *Antony*,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: hence, Mardian;
And bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.—ALEXANDRIA. *Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.
Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.
Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was, *Antony! most noble Antony!*
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly; go.
[*Exit* MARDIAN.
Off, pluck off;—
The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier.—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.—
[*Exit* EROS.
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture.—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come,—which now
Is come indeed—when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.
Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?
Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat

Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd?

thou not then
To do this when I bade thee?
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw
Eros. Turn from me then that
ance,

The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Eros. My dear master,
My captain and my emperor, let me say,

Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then [*falls on his sword*]:—thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*
Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and [Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me

The guard, ho!—O, despatch me!

Enter DERCETAS *and* Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: make an end
Of what I have begun.
2 Guard. The star is fallen.

Enter DIOMEDES.

re, Diomed, there.
Lives he?

[*Exit* DERCETAS.
omed? Draw thy

was dead;
how it might work, hath sent
he truth; and I am come,

Ant. Too late, good Diomed.—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.
Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls!

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra

Most heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that wel- [come

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.—

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world.—O Antony,
Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help,—
Help, friends below;—let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impórtune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe;
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw* ANTONY *up.*

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—
O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going:
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,

[ANTONY *dies.*

The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen: young boys and girls
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam,—

Iras. Royal Egypt,
Empress,—

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out!—Good sirs, take heart:—
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,

And make death proud to take us. Come, away:

body.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S *Camp*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA,
CÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCUL

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabell
Being so frustrate, tell him t
The pauses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsa

Enter DERCETAS *with the sword of* ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy

Splitted the heart.—This is his sword
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it st
With his most noble blood.
Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.
Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compe'
Our most persisted deed
Mec.
Weigh'd equal with him.
Agr.

Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.
Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,

our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season:

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him:
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?
Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—[*Exit* GALLUS.] Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?
Agr. and Mec. Dolabella!

And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it and then play.

Enter the Guard, *rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?
Char. Speak softly, wake her not.
1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent,—
Char. Too slow a messenger. [*Applies an asp.*
O, come apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.
1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.
2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.
1 *Guard.* What work is here!—Charmian, is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?
2 *Guard.* All dead.
Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his* Train.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.
Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was last with them?
1 *Guard.* A simple countryman that brought her figs.
This was his basket.
Cæs. Poison'd then.
1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,—
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.
Dol. Here on her breast
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.
1 *Guard.* This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*



Photo [illegible]

Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra" (Mrs Langtry)

Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at [illegible]

[illegible] Sc II p 627



Photo: Window & Grove, London.

Imogen in "Cymbeline" (Miss Ellen Terry).

CYMBELINE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

the name of MORGAN.

GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *Sons to* CYMBELINE, *disguised under the names of* POLYDORE *and* CADWAL, *supposed Sons to* BELARIUS.

A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.

QUEEN, *Wife to* CYMBELINE.
IMOGEN, *Daughter to* CYMBELINE *by a former Queen.*
HELEN, *Woman to* IMOGEN.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE,—*Sometimes in* BRITAIN; *sometimes in* ITALY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—BRITAIN. *The Garden behind*

1 *Gent*

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match. But not a [courtier,

And therefore banish'd,—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth

Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,—
Then old and fond of issue,—took such sorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king he takes the babe

And in's spring became a harvest: liv'd in court,—
Which rare it is to do,—most prais'd, most lov'd;
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 Gent. His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?

1 Gent. Some twenty years.

2 Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow
That could not trace them!

1 Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.

1 Gent. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
ne queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint.—For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
n tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
nething fear my father's wrath; but nothing,—
Always reserv'd my holy duty,—what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.—[*Aside.*] Yet I'll move him
To walk this way! I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,—
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here [*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a bracelet on her ar*

Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Post. Alack, the king!

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Lords.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the co

With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou art poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heapest
A year's age on me!
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation: I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way past grace.
Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!
Imo. O bless'd that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What, art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!
Cym. Thou foolish thing!—

Re-enter QUEEN.

They were again together: you have done [*To the Queen.*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beseech your patience.—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exit, with* Lords.
Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO.

Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done!
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?
Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.
Pis. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk awhile.
Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—BRITAIN.—*A Public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN *and two* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.—Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

1 *Lord.* Hurt him! His body's a passable carcass if he be not hurt: it is a throughfare for steel if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the back side the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] As many inches as you have oceans.—Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] So would I, till you had

measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—BRITAIN. *A Room in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'd'st every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
hat he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—ROME. *An Apartment in* PHILARIO'S *House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter,—wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own,—words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment,—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—Here comes the Briton: let him

Enter POSTHUMUS.

own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good,—a kind of

in-hand comparison,—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Brittany. If she went before others I have seen, as that

lustres many I have be-

but believe she excelled

not seen the most precious

you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I

mistress is

dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation

by your attempt.

by your attempt

a punishment

better acqu

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—let there be covenants drawn between us: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here 's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced,—you not making it appear otherwise,—for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand,—a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt* POST. *and* IACH.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—BRITAIN. *A Room in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, *and* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.— [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging,—but none human,—
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—
Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—

Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio!—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word. [*To* PISANIO.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has

[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater,—for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:

To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound

The hand-fast to her lord.—I have given hi
that

[*Exi*

SCENE VI.—BRITAIN. *Another Room in th Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady, [band
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that hus
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeate
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
miser

those,
it wills
his be

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,

esents a letter
nks, good sir
[most rich
is out of door

Rather directly fly.
Imo. [*Reads.*] *He is one of the noblest note to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied*

NATUS.

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich cope
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon th' unnumber'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,—
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,—ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well.—Beseech you, sir, desire [*To* PISANIO.
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness; and ofttimes
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton,—
Your lord, I mean,—laughs from 's free lungs, cries, *O,*
Can my sides hold, to think that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you,—which I count his beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here;—should I,—damn'd then,—
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood,—falsehood as
With labour,—then bo-peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That 's fed with stinking tallow,—it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces

That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity that doth make me sick! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double,—to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures

[illegible]

Iach. Should he make me

[illegible]

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. [illegible]

Imo. [illegible]

So long [illegible]
Thou wo[illegible]
For suc[illegible]
strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho, Pisanio!—

[illegible]

His beastly mind to us,—he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness

[illegible]

pardon.

I have spoke this to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord
That which he is new o'er; and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch
That he enchants societies unto him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,

[illegible]

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
[illegible] it concerns
[illegible] noble friends,

[illegible]

Pray, what is't?

[illegible] ns of us, and your [sums
[illegible] g,—have mingled

[illegible]

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:

[illegible]

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept
And truly yielded you. You 're very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—BRITAIN. *Court before* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN *and two* Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; [*aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at anything in the earth,—a pox on 't! I had rather not be so 'e as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger that 's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in 't.

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.
[*Exeunt* CLOTEN *and first* Lord.
That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,—
Betwixt a father by thy stepdame govern'd:
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—BRITAIN. IMOGEN'S *Bedchamber; in one part of it a Trunk.*

IMOGEN *in bed reading; a* Lady *attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours, then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [*Exit* Lady.
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO *comes from the trunk.*
Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,

How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would underpeep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such and such pictures;—there the window:—such
The adornment of her be[illegible]
Why, such and such;—a[illegible]
story,—

[illegible]

Screw'd to my memory?—She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;

[illegible]

If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

[illegible]

the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.—

Enter CYMBELINE *and* QUEEN.

Good-morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern [daughter?
Will she not forth?

[illegible]

You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow.
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good-morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt* CYM., QUEEN, Lords, *and* Mess.

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, ho!— [*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There is gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess!

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,—
To accuse myself,—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,—
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,—it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls,—
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary,—in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler,—not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.

Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio!
Clo. His garment! Now, the devil,—
Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently,—
Clo. His garment!
Imo. I am sprited with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually [me
[illegible]
Pis. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit* PISANIO.
Clo. You have abus'd me.—
His meanest garment?
Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.
[illegible]

SCENE IV.—ROME. *An Apartment in* PHILARIO'S *House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honour
[illegible]
hopes
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
[illegible]

Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe,—
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,—
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more ordered than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,—
Now mingled with their courage,—will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.
Phi. See! Iachimo!

Enter IACHIMO.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And therewithal the best; or let her
[illegible]
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I had lost it
[illegible]
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther: [illegible]

Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was,—
Post. This is true;
d this you might have heard of here, by me
r by some other.
Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons,—
I had forgot them,—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance,—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.
Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir,—I thank her,—that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said
She priz'd it once.
Post. Maybe she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too; [*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth where semblance; love
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.—
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows if one o' her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?
Post. Very true;
And so I hope he came by't.—Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true,—nay, keep the ring,—'tis true: I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoyed her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of,—
Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast,—
Worthy the pressing,—lies a mole, right proud

Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No [illegible]
If you will swear you have not done [illegible]
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny

Post. O, that I had her here to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father: I'll do something,— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ROME. *Another Room in* PHILARIO'S *House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
[illegible]
geance!—
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
[illegible] with
[illegible] that I
[illegible]
As chaste as unsunn'd snow.—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo in an hour,—was 't not?
Or less,—at first?—Perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
[illegible]
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that have a name, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather all;
[illegible]
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—BRITAIN. *A Room of State in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter, at one side, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, *and* Lords; *at the other* CAIUS LUCIUS *and* Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar,—whose remembrance yet
[illegible]
And, to kill the marvel,
[illegible]

Clo. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.
[illegible]

The first that ever touch'd him,—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
[illegible] upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point,—
O, giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,—
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,—against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. We do.

Cym. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws,—whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry:—Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar,—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers,—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms,—a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—BRITAIN. *Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter PISANIO *with a letter.*

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian,—
As poisonous tongu'd as handed,—hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal! No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading.*] *Do't: the letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity*:—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a fedary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord,—Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,

For it doth physic love;—of his content [be
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—bless'd
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he

in love, LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
O, let me 'bate—but not like me; yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind: O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,—say, and speak thick,—
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To the smothering of the sense,—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the

Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.
Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
... is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

—WALES. *A mountainous Country with a Cave.*

Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through,
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.
Gui. Hail, heaven!
Arv. *Hail, heaven!*
Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd, [know not

A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.
Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure.—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
Gui. Uncertain favour?
Bel. My fault being nothing,—as I have told you oft,—
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language.—He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I 'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt* GUI. *and* ARV.
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, *Thus mine enemy fell,*
And thus I set my foot on 's neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,—
Once Arviragus,—in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Wales, near Milford-Haven.*

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand.—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first as I have now.—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my steadier senses. What 's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he 's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.
Pis. Please you, read;

Pis. What, shall I need to draw my sword?

Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the
This viperous slander enters.—What
madam?
Imo. False to his bed? What is it
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed,
Is it?
Pis. Alas, good lady!
Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks
Thy favour's goo
Whose mother
him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And for I am richer than to hang by the walls
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,

Imo. ... honest men being heard, like false Æneas, [weeping
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's

Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus.

The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:

Thou shalt not damn my hand.
Imo.

defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus

betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself

knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.
Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.
Do't, and to bed then.
ine eyeballs blind first.
Wherefore then
Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action and thine own? our
The time inviting thee? the per

For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?
Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary: speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.
Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like,—
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not so neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.
Imo. Some Roman courtezan.
Pis. No, on my life:
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pis. If you'll back to the court,—
Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,—
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.
Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which to appear itself must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Privy and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus,—so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.
Imo. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.
Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,—into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it,—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.
Imo. Nay, be brief;
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,—
'Tis in my cloak-bag,—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy,—which you'll make him know
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—may the gods
Direct you to the best!
Imo. Amen: I thank thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—BRITAIN. *A Room in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and* Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.
Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our subjects, sir,
[illegible]

So farewell, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.
[illegible]

His war for Britain.
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
[illegible]

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no
[illegible]

Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her door's lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
[illegible]

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
[illegible]
[*Exit.*
and
naste
[illegible]

The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word,—no more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*

Clo. Let's see't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside.*] Or this or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!

Pis. [*Aside.*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me?—for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine,—wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon: even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time,—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st.—Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings on her!—This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—WALES. *Before the Cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
[illegible]
[illegible] in
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee
[illegible]
[illegible] yet
[illegible]
on't.
[illegible]
here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not i[n]
[*Looking into the Cav[e]*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stol'n nought; nor would not, thoug[h] I had found
Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money f[or] my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.
[illegible]

Imo. I see you are angry:
[illegible]

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
[illegible]
come!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friend[s]
If brothers.—[*Aside.*] Would it had been so tha[t] they

Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them,—laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—ROME. *A public Place.*

Enter two Senators *and* Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

1 *Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

1 *Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

1 *Tri.* We will discharge our duty.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—WALES. *The Forest near the Cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather,—saving reverence of the word,—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself,—for it is not vainglory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber,—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place: and the fellow dares not deceive me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—WALES. *Before the Cave.*

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Bel. [*To* IMOGEN.] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [*To* IMOGEN.] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as [me;
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom [me
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort

To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me
here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base th
base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt a
I'm not their father; yet who this sh
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.
Arv. Brother, farewell.

For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—
Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain

ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We are held as outlaws: hence!
Gui. He is but one: you and my brother
search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.
[*Exeunt* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
Gui. To whom? to thee? What art thou?
have not I

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,

Thou injurious thief,
and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear,—the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt fighting.*

Re-enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear.—But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,—
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads where,—thank the gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,—
As it is like him,—might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!

I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*
Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st

dear'st mother

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN *as dead in his arms.*

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Gui. Where?
Arv. O' the floor;

none,

Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.
Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.
Arv. We'll speak it, then.
Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less.

That angel of the world,—doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit* BELARIUS.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arv. So.—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS *with the body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here 's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[*Exeunt* BEL., GUI., *and* ARV.

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I have gone all night. Faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O gods and goddesses! [*Seeing the body.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't.—I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes, like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio,—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where 's that? Ay me! where 's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left thy head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, *a* Captain *and other* Officers, *and a* Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect

Cap. With the next benefit

Luc.

Makes our hopes fair. Comm
numbers [sir,
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose? [a vision,—

tends,—
Unless my sins abuse my divination,—
Success to the Roman host.

Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll, then, instruct us of this body.—
Young one,

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same: [name.
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy

the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.—
My friends,

SCENE III.—BRITAIN. *A Room in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, *and* Attendants.

Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.

with the absence of her son;

[*Exit an* Attendant.

ness, of which her life's in danger,—
Heavens,

Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome,—
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy [*To* PISANIO.
Does yet depend.

1 Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away!

[*Exeunt all but* PISANIO.

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all: the heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true to be true:
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—WALES. *Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death,—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands,—may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from 's
That which we've done, whose answer would be death,
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blessed beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I,—Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!

Till it fly out, and show them princes born.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—BRITAIN. *A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll ke
I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus.
ones,
If each of you should take this
many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither

SCENE II.—BRITAIN. *A Field between the Camps.*

Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, IMOGEN,

vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom

As I wear mine are titles but of scorn.

[*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE *is taken: then enter to his rescue* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. and Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the Britons: they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt. Then re-enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such

SCENE III.—BRITAIN. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a* British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did.
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,

And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a straight lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd; some falling [damm'd
Merely through fear; that the strait path was
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living,
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country:—athwart the lane
He, with two striplings,—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing,—with this word, *Stand, stand!*
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness,—which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,—gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example,—O, a sin in war
Damn'd in the first beginners!—'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly,
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves, [cowards,—
The strides they victors made: and now our
Like fragments in hard voyages,—became
The life o' the need; having found the back-door open [wound!
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
O'erborne i' the former wave: ten chas'd by one
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance,—
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do as he is made to do
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you're angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery,—
To be i' the field and ask what news of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan, [monster,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall [is
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take: for me, my ransom 's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains *and* Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found.—Stand! who's there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!—
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here:—he brags his service,
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.



Photo Window & Grove London

Arviragus in "Cymbeline" Mr Gordon Craig

our cage
We make a quire as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely"

Act III, Sc.



Photo: W. & D. Downey, London.

Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" (Miss Janette Steer).

"Give me my Romeo."

Act III., Sc. II., p. 1083.

Enter CYMBELINE *attended;* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and* Roman Captives. *The* Captains *present* ... *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers* ... Gaoler: *after which all go out.*

SCENE IV.—BRITAIN. *A* ...

Enter POSTHUMUS *and two* Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;
So, graze as you find pasture.
2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt* Gaolers.
Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By the sure physician death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

powers,

Thy spite on mortal flies:

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges

Whose father then,—as men report
Thou orphans' father art,—
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ripp'd,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,

2 *Bro.* For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,

And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.
Both Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The* Ghosts *fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:
And so away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.
[*Ascends.*
Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, Jupiter!
Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[Ghosts *vanish.*
Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,
Wake and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] *Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaoler.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty,—the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O, of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news,—I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged, then.

O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—BRITAIN. CYMBELINE'S *Tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, *and* Attendants

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we are honest.

Enter CORNELIUS *and* Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

1 *Lady.* We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothsayer, *and other* Roman Prisoners, *guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one, whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why nor wherefore
To say live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.
[CYM. *and* IMO. *converse apart.*

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. [*Aside.*] It is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.
[CYM. *and* IMO. *come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—[*To* IACH.] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [*Aside.*] What's that to him?
Cym. [illegible]

[illegible]

Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more: [illegible] speak.
Iach. Upon a time,—unhap[illegible]
That struck the hour!—it [illegible] accurs'd
The mansion where!—'twas [illegible]
Our viands had been poison'd, [illegible]
Those which I heav'd to [illegible]
Posthumus,—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
[illegible]
Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—T[illegible]
Posthumus,—
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,—took his hint;
[illegible] therein
[illegible]

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
[illegible]
it
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
[illegible]
let,—
O cunning how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
[illegible]
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
[illegible]
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
[illegible] very villain
[illegible] Imogen,
[illegible] ear, hear,—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*
Pis. O, gentlemen, help! [mus!
Mine and your mistress!—O, my lord Posthu-
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!
Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggers on me?
Pis. Wake, my mistress!
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.
Cym. The tune of Imogen.
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.
Cor. O gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: *If Pisanio*
Have, said she, *given his mistress that confection*
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.
Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.
Gui. This is sure Fidele.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for it.
[*To* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.
Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him
I further know not.
Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince. [me
Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.
Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[*To the* Guard.
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.
Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger 's
Ours.
Gui. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it, then!—
By leave,—thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.
Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence:
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot:
First pa[illegible] sons;
And let [illegible]
As I hav[illegible]
Cym. [illegible]
Bel. [illegible]
knee:
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
[illegible]
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.
Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.
Bel. Be pleas'd awhile.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.
Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. O, what, am I
[illegible]
Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle brothers,
[illegible]
I know not how much more, should be d[illegible]manded;
And all the other by-de[illegible]
From chance to chanc[illegible]

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen; [eye
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all.—Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.
[*To* BELARIUS.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again: [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd!
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are. [of Rome,

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads.*] *Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* CYMBELINE.
Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine
Is this most constant wife; who even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
By peace we will begin:—and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant,
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there!—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MORA.

Chiron,

Lucius,
Quintus,
Martius,
Mutius, } *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.
Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.
Publius, *Son to* Marcus *the Tribune.*

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths.*
Lavinia, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, *and a black* Child

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.

Scene,—Rome, *and the Country near it.*

ACT I.

Scene I.—Rome. *Before the Capitol*

The Tomb of the
Tribunes *and* Se
Saturninus *an*
and Bassianus
other, with drum

Sat. Noble patri
Defend the justice
And, countrymen,
Plead my successiv
I am his first-born
That wore the impe
Then let my father'
Nor wrong mine ag
Bas. Romans,—
of my righ
If ever Bassianus, C

To justice, contine
But let desert in pu
And, Romans, fight

Enter Marcus Andronicus *aloft, with the crown.*

Marc. Princes,—that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we [stand

thoughts!
Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,

Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.
[*Exeunt the* Followers *of* BAS.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.
[*Exeunt the* Followers *of* SAT.
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, tribunes, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
[*Flourish. Exeunt;* SAT. *and* BAS. *go up into the Capitol.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way. The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS; *after them two* Men *bearing a coffin covered with black; then* LUCIUS *and* QUINTUS. *After them* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, AARON, *and other* Goths, *prisoners;* Soldiers *and* People *following. The bearers set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,—
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.—
[*The tomb is opened.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you,—the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Graciou
conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the str
For valiant doings in their country's cause
O, if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with bloo
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the go
Draw near them, then, in being merciful
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and par
These are their brethren, whom you
beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethre
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die h
To appease their groaning shadows tha

Luc. Away with him! and ma
straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile o
Let's hew his limbs till they be clear
[*Exeunt* LUC., QUIN., MARC.,
with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so b

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to amb
Alarbus goes to rest; and we sur
To tremble under Titus' threaten
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; b

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!
Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS *and* bunes; *re-enter* SATURNINUS, BASSIAN *and* Attendants.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my belo brother,
Gracious triúmpher in the eyes of Rome!
Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.
Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive and you that sleep in fame!

empery [tell?
Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.
Sat. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not

The people's hearts, and wean them from their

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,

Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, *Long live our emperor!*

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;
And say, *Long live our emperor Saturnine!*
[*A long flourish.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
... them, then, the tribute that I owe,
... honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
Iow proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*To* TAMORA.] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him that for your honour and your state
Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
[*Flourish.* SAT. *courts* TAMORA *in dumb show.*

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. [*Seizing* LAVINIA.

Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest, then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt!—Where is the emperor's guard?—
Treason, my lord,—Lavinia is surpris'd!

Sat. Surpris'd! by whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt* BAS. *and* MAR. *with* LAV.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt* LUC., QUIN., *and* MAR.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome?
[*Stabbing* MUTIUS.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!
[*Dies.*

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou nor he are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit t
To ruffl
Tit.

Sat.
That, I

Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.
Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,

MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see,
done!
In a bad quarrel slain a v
Tit. No, foolish trib
mine,—

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:—

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast [wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Marc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
[MARCUS *and the Sons of* TITUS *kneel.*
Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature [speak,—
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—
Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

dumps,—

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS *attended;* TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* AARON: *at the other,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!
Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;
But if we live we'll be as sharp with you.
Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.
Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then at my suit look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last; [*Aside.*
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest, then, the people and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,—
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,—
Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your majesty and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia,—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.
Luc. We do; and vow to heaven and to his highness
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour and our own.
Marc. That on mine honour here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:
Stand up.—
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound we

your.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, ar

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ROME. *Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

So Tamora:
Upon her will do
And virtue stoops
Then, Aaron, arm
To mount aloft w
And mount her
long

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge

Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve and to deserve my mistress' grace;

ers

Dem. Why, boy, although our unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side
Are you so desperate grown to thre friends?

[*They draw.*

Aar. [*Coming forward.*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?

For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal

Aar. Away, I say!—

world.
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are you mad? or know ye not in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale
But straight they told me they would bind me
here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.
Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.
[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.
Chi. And this for me, struck home to show
my strength.
[*Also stabs* BAS., *who dies.*
Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous
Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!
Tam. Give me thy poniard;—you shall
know, my boys, [wrong.
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs
to her; [straw:
First thrash the corn, then after burn the
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty, [ness:
And with that painted hope braves your mighti-
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.
Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.
Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make
that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours. [face,—
Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's
Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with
her! [a word.
Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but
Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your
glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain. [the dam?
Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach
O, do not learn her wrath,—she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to
marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.
[*To* CHIRON.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove
myself a bastard? [lark:
Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a
Yet I have heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!
Tam. I know not what it means:—away with
her!
Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's
sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have
slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore away with her, and use her as you
will;
The worse to her the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.
Tam. What begg'st thou, then? fond woman,
let me go.
Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing
more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer. [fee:
Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. [long.
Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too
Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah,
beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall,—
Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—bring
thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
[DEM. *throws* BAS.'s *body into the pit; then
exit with* CHI., *dragging off* LAV.
Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make
her sure:—
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit

for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

Quin.

Whose r

me out

heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart

ow

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring that lightens all the hole,

Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive;
alas! here have we found him dead.

TAMORA, *with* Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ, [*Giving a letter.*

Sat. [*Reads.*] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him·
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?—
This is the pit and this the elder tree :—

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.
Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. [*Showing it.*
Sat. [*To* TITUS.] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!
Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,—
Accursed if the fault be prov'd in them,—
Sat. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.
Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their suspicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.—
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word,—the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt severally.* Attendants *bearing the body.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA *ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, and if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.
Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 'twere my case I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* CHI.

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Who is this,—my niece,—that flies away so fast?—
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?—
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece,—what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches,—those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honeyed breath.
But sure some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
And lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life!
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!
[*Exeunt.*

before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!

Be pitiful to my condem

Enter Lucius *with his sword drawn.*

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let plead.—

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,—
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death. [*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
[death:
from their
pronounc'd
befriended

Enter Marcus *and* Lavinia.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight
It would have madded me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.—
Look, Marcus!—ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband:
Perchance because she knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.
Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Marc. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes.
Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.
Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,—
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart I'll send the emperor
My hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.
Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.
Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.
Marc. My hand shall go.
Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!
Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.
Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.
Marc. And for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

be honest,
And never whilst I live deceive men so:—
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say ere half an hour pass.
[*He cuts off* TITUS's *hand.*

Re-enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;

[*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.
[*Exit*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call!—[*To* LAVINIA.] What, wilt thou kneel with me?

Enter a Messenger, *with two heads and a hand.*

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,—

deal;

less
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons' heads,

Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, *and* LAVINIA.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,—
The woefull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—ROME. *A Room in* TITUS'S *House. A Banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and* YOUNG LUCIUS, *a boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
[*To* LAVINIA.
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl; kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,—
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Y. Luc. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[MARCUS *strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.
Marc. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O.
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him
Flattering myself as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!
Yet I do think we are not brought so low
But that between us we can kill a fly
T[illegible] in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
[illegible] wrought
[illegible]
Come, boy,
And thou shalt read when [illegible]
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—ROME. *Before* TITUS'S *House.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter* YOUNG LUCIUS *running, with books under his arm, and* LAVINIA *running after him.*

Y. Luc. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Marc. Stand by me, Lucius: do not fear thine aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Y. Luc. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.
Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean.—
See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
[illegible] Orator.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
Y. Luc. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly—
[illegible] sweet aunt:
[illegible] ship.
Marc. [illegible]
[LAVINIA *turns over* [illegible] *the books which* LUCIUS *has let fall.*
Tit. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
[illegible] of these?—Open them, boy.—
[illegible] better skill'd:
[illegible] my library,
[illegible] ll the heavens
[illegible] of this deed.—
[illegible] sequence thus?
[illegible] s that there wa
Confederate in the fact;—ay, more there was,
Or else to heaven she heaves them for reveng
Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth s
Y. Luc. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorph sis;
My mother gave it me.
Marc. For love of her that's go
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leav
Help her:
What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I rea
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Marc. See, brother, see; note how she qu the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, s girl,
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was.
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gl woods?—
See, see!—
Ay, such a place there is where we did h
O, had we never, never hunted th
Pattern'd by that the poet here
By nature made for murders ar

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
Marc. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here:—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
[*He writes his name with his staff, guiding it with his feet and mouth.*
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display at last
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, guides it with her stumps, and writes.*
Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.
Marc. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?
Tit. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims,
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as, with the woeful fere
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?
Y. Luc. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bedchamber should not be safe
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.
Marc. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.
Y. Luc. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy,
Shalt carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
Y. Luc. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.
Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.—
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waite on.
[*Exeunt* TIT., LAV., *and* Y. LU
Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good m groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his hear
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shi
But yet so just that he will not revenge:—
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus
[

SCENE II.—ROME. *A Room in the P*

Enter AARON, DEMETRIUS *and* CHI *one door; at another door,* YOUNG *and an* Attendant, *with a bundle of* *and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of
He hath some message to deliver us.
Aar. Ay, some mad message from grandfather.
Y. Luc. My lords, with all the hu
I greet your honours from Andronic
And pray the Roman gods confoun

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius news?
Boy. [*Aside.*] That you are bot that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape.—
My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath
The goodliest weapons of his ar

To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both,—[*aside*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt* Y. LUC. *and* Attendant.
Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let's see:—
[*Reads.*] *Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,*
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.
Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.
Aar. Ay, just,—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.—
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass! [*Aside.*
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt;
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with [lines,

Dem. But me more good to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.
Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.
Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.
Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's dis- [grace!—
She is deliver'd, lords,—she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, she's brought a-bed.
Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful [issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,

undone. [choice!
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!
Chi. It shall not live.
Aar. It shall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:—
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it. [up.

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse-painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own,—excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself,—
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd,

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:
Look how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say, again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:
Go to the empress, tell her this I said:—
[*Stabs her, and she dies.*
Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,—
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic.
[*Pointing to the* Nurse.
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* CHI., *bearing off the dead* Nurse.

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—ROME. *A public Place.*

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, YOUNG LUCIUS, *and other* Gentlemen, *with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come:—kinsmen, this is the way.—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.—

Terras Astræa reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean and cast your nets;

hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Tit. Publius, how now! now now, my masters!

Ad Martem, that's for myself:—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—here, to Mercury:—
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy.—Marcus, loose when I bid.—

That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.—
Give me pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—ROME. *Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords, *and others;* SATURNINUS *with the arrows in his hand that* TITUS *shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of legal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there naught hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his freaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;—
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts.—[*Aside.*] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood on 't: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God and Saint Stephen give you good-den: I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[SATURNINUS *reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne,—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.—
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lord! Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power,
Of high resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

[illegible]

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

[illegible]

best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

LUCIUS *and* Goths, *with drum and colours.*

[illegible]

Andronicus, [illegible] [fort;

[illegible]

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you

[illegible]

Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee [illegible] *Goth;*
Who, when he [illegible] *empress' babe,*
Will hold thee [illegible] *mother's sake.*
With this, [illegible] I rush'd upon him,
Surpris[illegible] brought him [illegible]
To use as [illegible] of the man. [illegible]
[illegible] this is [illegible]
[illegible] of his [illegible]
[illegible] pleas'd ye

And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? No; not a word?—
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy,

Aar. Touch not the boy,—he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,—
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which* AARON *is obliged to ascend.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more,—but vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath;—for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears;
To that I'll urge him:—therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god,—what god soe'er it be
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover naught to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O détestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in't?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day,—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As, kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle stray and break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,

Desires to

Luc. Le

Welcome,

And we will come.—March away.

SCENE I

Enter T

Tam.

I will encounter with Andronicus,

[*They knock.*

Enter TITUS, *above.*

You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

name,—
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me

me.

Tit. Are these thy ministe[illegible] are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you the *empress! But we worldly men*
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee *in it* by and by.
[*Exit from above.*
Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house;—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome as you are. What shall we do?
Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.
Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.
Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?
Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him
As he regards his aged father's life.
Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.
[*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Tam. [*Aside to them.*] What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I come again.
Tit. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,—
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.
Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.
Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell! [*Exit* TAMORA.
Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS *and others.*

Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.
Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too
deceiv'd,—

sons. [manded.—
Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA; *he bearing a knife and she a basin.*

more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

And of the paste a coffin I will rear,

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and* Goths, *with* AARON *prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
1 *Goth.* And ours with thine, befall what fortune will. [Moor,

[*Exeunt* Goths *with* AAR. *Flourish within.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* ÆMILIUS, Tribunes, Senators, *and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself the sun?
Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;

Rome: [places.
you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
Marcus, we will
utboys sound. The company sit at table.

TITUS, *dressed like a cook,* LAVINIA, *ed,* YOUNG LUCIUS, *and others.* TITUS *es the dishes on the table.*

Welcome, my gracious welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well
To entertain your highness and your empress.
Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. And if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?
Sat. It was, Andronicus.
Tit. Your reason, mighty lord.
Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
[*Kills* LAVINIA.
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!
Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.
Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.
Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?
Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point. [*Kills* TAMORA.
Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed! [*Kills* TITUS.
Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There 's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[*Kills* SATURNINUS. *A great tumult.* LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and their partisans, ascend the steps before* TITUS's *house.*
Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend [*to* LUCIUS]: as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy,—
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory
And break my very utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.
Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas! you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.
Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child.
[*Pointing to the* Child *in an* Attendant's *arms.*

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
[illegible]
[illegible]

Romans. [*Several speak.*] [illegible] hail,
[illegible]

But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task:—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips, [*Kisses* TITUS.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marc. Tear for tear and loving kiss for kiss
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us [well:
To melt in showers: thy grandsire lov'd thee
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
[illegible]

spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave:
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Y. Luc. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants *with* AARON.

Æmil. You sad Andronici, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
[illegible]

I do repent it from my very soul. [hence,

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt.*

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*
HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*
CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*
PHILEMON, *Servant to* CERIMON.
LEONINE, *Servant to* DIONYZA.
Marshal.
A Pander; *and* BOULT, *his Servant.*
GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.
DIONYZA, *Wife to* CLEON.
THAISA, *Daughter to* SIMONIDES.
MARINA, *Daughter to* PERICLES *and* THAISA.
LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to* MARINA.
DIANA.
A Bawd.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, *and* Messengers.

SCENE,—*Dispersedly in various Countries.*

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria,—
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:—
Bad child; worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,—
To keep her still, and men in awe,—
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—ANTIOCH. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!

Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,

blance pale,

taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare

came;—

Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all save that, mayst thou prove prosperous!
In all save that, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

[*Reads the Riddle.*

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view me

hearken;

As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir
Either expound now, or receive your senten

Per. Great king,

And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see cle
To stop the air would hurt them. The bl
mole casts [throng

smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred
Then give my tongue like leave to love my hea

Ant. [*Aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy hea
[Ty
ince

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.
[*Exeunt* ANT., *his* Daughter, *and* Attendants.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,—
Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;—
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who, though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin I know another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner;
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold here's poison and here's gold;
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*

Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and as an arrow shot
From a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say *Prince Pericles is dead.*

Thal. My lord,
If I can get him once within my pistol's length
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit* THAL.] Till Pericles be dead
My heart can lend no succour to my head.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—TYRE. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [*To those without.*] Let none disturb us.—
Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
Be my so us'd a guest as not an hour
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,—
The tomb where grief should sleep,—can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me:—the great Antiochus,—
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,—
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,

[illegible]

Enter HELICANUS *and other* Lords.

1 *Lord.* [illegible]
bı [illegible]
2 *Lord.* [illegible]
Peaceful ar [illegible]
Hel. Pe [illegible]
p [illegible]
They do al [illegible]
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
[illegible]

[illegible]
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy serv[illegible]
What wouldst thou have me do?
Hel. To bear with pati[illegible]
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,

[illegible] incest:
[illegible]
succeed.
[illegible]
Ans, at [illegible]
[illegible]
earth,
From whence we had our being and our birt[illegible]
Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, a[illegible] to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength c[illegible] bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—TYRE. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for 't: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other* Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he 's gone to travel.
Thal. [*Aside.*] How! the king gone!
Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch,—
Thal. [*Aside.*] What from Antioch?
Hel. Royal Antiochus,—on what cause I know not,—
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal. [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now although I would;
But since he 's gone, the king's ears it must please
He 'scap'd the land to perish on the seas.
I'll present myself.—Peace to the lords of Tyre!
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—THARSUS. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?
Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.
Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.
Dio. I'll do my best, sir.
Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.
Dio. O 'tis too true.
Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late earth, sea, and air
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not us'd to savour hunger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,

[Wh]ould now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
[Th]ose mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
[Th]ought naught too curious, are ready now
[To] eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.

[illegible]

Lord. Where's the lord governor?
Cle. Here.
[Sp]eak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
[Fo]r comfort is too far for us to expect.
Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
[A] portly sail of ships make hitherward.
Cle. I thought as much.

[illegible]

[An]d come to us as favourers, not as foes.
Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:
[W]ho makes the fairest show means most deceit.
[B]ut bring they what they will, and what they can,

[illegible]

[A]nd what he craves.
Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*
Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
[I]f wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, *with* Attendants.

[illegible]

The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen,—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

[illegible]

And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb show.

Enter, at one side, PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON; *their* Trains *with them. Enter, at the other, a* Gentleman *with a letter to* PERICLES, *who shows it to* CLEON, *then gives the* Messenger *a reward, and knights him. Exeunt* PERICLES *and* CLEON *with their* Trains, *severally.*

Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone

n others' labours; for though he strive
killen bad, keep good alive;
l, to fulfil his prince' desire,
ıds word of all that haps in Tyre:
w Thaliard came full bent with sin
d hid intent to murder him;
ıd that in Tharsus was not best
ɔnger for him to make his rest.
e, knowing so, put forth to seas,
'here when men been, there's seldom ease;
or now the wind begins to blow;
'hunder above and deeps below
Iake such unquiet that the ship
should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text.
[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—PENTAPOLIS. *An open Place by the Sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilch!

2 *Fish.* Ho, come and bring away the nets!

1 *Fish.* What, Patchbreech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.

3 *Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half fish half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land,—the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside.*] A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly I would have kept such a jangling of the bells that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside.*] Simonides!

3 *Fish.* He would purge the land of these drones that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside.*] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be not a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it.

Per. Nay, see the sea hath cast upon your coast,—

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way.

Per. A man, whom both the waters and the wind
In that vast tennis-court hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you that never used to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practised it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold; my veins are chill,
And have no more life than may suffice

To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
... I am dead

flesh for holidays, ...
moreo'er puddings and flapjacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; *for if* all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt with* Third Fisherman.

Per. [*Aside.*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know ... ye are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

... King Simonides, do you call

... ment.

Per. He is a happy king, *since he gains from* his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and ...

I could wish to make ...

1 Fish. O, sir, things ... and what a man cann... deal for—his wife's sou...

Re-enter Second *and* ... *ing up* ...

2 Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.—

... crosses

... eri-

... his

... me,
Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death;—and pointed to this brace:—
For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,—
The which gods protect thee from!—may defend thee.

... n't again:
I thank thee for't: my shipwreck now's no ill;
Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

... court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
... my fortunes better,

... ly?
... ms.
... gods give thee good on ...

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea
... on my arm

... my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—PENTAPOLIS. *A public Way or Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the* King, Princess, Lords, *&c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?
1 Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.
Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.
[*Exit a* Lord.
Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.
Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown if not respected.
'Tis now your labour, daughter, to explain
The honour of each knight in his device.
Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; *he passes over, and his* Squire *presents his shield to the* Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?
Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*
Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you. [*The* Second Knight *passes.*
Who is the second that presents himself?
Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.*
[*The* Third Knight *passes.*
Sim. And what's the third?
Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device a wreath of chivalry;
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*
[*The* Fourth Knight *passes.*
Sim. What is the fourth?
Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*
Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.
[*The* Fifth Knight *passes.*
Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*
[*The* Sixth Knight (PERICLES) *passes.*
Sim. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?
Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*
Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.
1 Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.
2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.
3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*
[*Great shouts within, all crying* "The mean knight!"

SCENE III.—PENTAPOLIS. *A Hall of State: A Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.
Thai. But you my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;

And here I hope is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you're her labour'd scholar.—Come, queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat.
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son's like a glowworm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
He's [illegible] parent, and he is their grave,
A[illegible] what they

Thai. What is it
To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre,—my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;—
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas,
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.—
[illegible]

[illegible]

Sim. Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

[illegible]
Here is a [illegible]
And I have often heard you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as exce[illegible]—

Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord. [denied

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be Of your fair courtesy. [*The* Knights *and* Ladies *dance.*]—Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To* PERICLES.]—Pages and lights, to conduct [Yours, sir,
These knights unto their several lodgings!—
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—TYRE. *A Room in the* Governor's *House.*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, no; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer [store,
To withhold the vengeance that they had in
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot [him,
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk
That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof. [second it.

3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not

1 *Lord.* Follow me, then.—Lord Helicane, a word. [my lords.

Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day,

1 *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you love. [Helicane;

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,
Will soon to ruins fall,—your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane! [frages:

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suf-
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—PENTAPOLIS. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a letter; the* Knights *meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good-morrow to the good Simonides. [you know,

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord? [tied her

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
To her chamber that it is impossible. [livery;
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.





From painting by C. Papperitz. *Photo: Berlin Photographic Co., London.*

The Parting Scene in "Romeo and Juliet."

Romeo. "Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend."

Act III., Sc. V., p. 1087.

3 *Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*

The
She
Or
'Tis

I h
Not

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you

Ay, so well that you must be her master, [it.
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to
Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. [*Aside.*] What's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and [thou art
A villain.
Per. By the gods, I have not:

Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat,—unless it be the king,—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, I do ap

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father if my tongue

[glad
ake m
mptory?—
heart.—
jection.

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes de
And for further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir
Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.
Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, if't please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well that I will see you wed;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
Aye the blither for their drouth.

Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES *at one side, with* Attendants; *a* Messenger *meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter: he shows it to* SIMONIDES; *the* Lords *kneel to* PERICLES. *Then enter* THAISA, *with child, and* LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES *shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and* PERICLES *take leave of her father, and depart with* LYCHORIDA *and their* Attendants. *Then exeunt* SIMONIDES, *&c.*

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,—
Fame answering the most strange inquire,—
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these:—
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire,—
Which who shall cross?—along to go:—
Omit we all their dole and woe:—
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grizzly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near,
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*Enter* PERICLES, *on a ship at sea.*

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou [that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quencl
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O, how Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pa
Of my queen's travail!

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an* Infant.

Now, Lychorida!

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for su place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this pie
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychori

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assi storm.
Here's all that is left living of your quee
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you god
Why do you make us love your goodly
And snatch them straight away? W below
Recall not what we give, and therein
Vie in honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may b
For a more blusterous birth had neve
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcom'd to th
That ever was prince's child. Ha follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity

Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you!

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there!—Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, and the brine and

must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee.—Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre.
reach it?

SCENE II.—EPHESUS. *A Room in* CERIMON'S *House.*

Enter CERIMON, *a* Servant, *and some persons who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

nens

night
as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd. [turn;

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you re-

2 *Gent.* Good-morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

ship, having
tire about you, should at these early hours
off the golden slumber of repose.
most strange
e should be so conversant with pain,
thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;

th my practice,—made familiar
to my aid the blest infusions
in vegetives, in metals, stones;
speak of the disturbances
works, and of her cures; which
e me

A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death. [pour'd forth
2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never raze.

Enter two Servants *with a chest.*

1 *Serv.* So; lift there.
Cer. What is that?
1 *Serv.* Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:
'Tis of some wreck.
Cer. Set 't down, let 's look upon 't.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune that
It belches upon us.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.
Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—
Did the sea cast it up?
1 *Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.
Cer. Wrench it open;
Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.
2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.
Cer. As ever hit my nostril.—So, up with it.—
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!
1 *Gent.* Most strange! [entreasur'd
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and
With bags of spices full! A passport too!—
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!
[*Reads from a scroll.*

Here I give to understand,—
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,—
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.
2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.
Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too rough
That threw her in the sea.—Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.
[*Exit a* Servant.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recover'd.

Re-enter a Servant, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.—
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you. [block!—
The viol once more:—how thou stirr'st, thou
The music there!—I pray you, give her air.—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours: see how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!
1 *Gent.* The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.
Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich.—Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*
Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?
2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?
1 *Gent.* Most rare.
Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!
[*Exeunt, carrying out* THAISA.

SCENE III.—THARSUS. *A Room in* CLEON'S *House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* LYCHORIDA *with* MARINA *in her arms.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelvemonths are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady

[M]ake from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
[M]ake up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
[illegible] on us.
[illegible] queen!
[illegible] brought
[illegible]
[illegible]
To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina,—whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,—here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,—
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,—
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to't
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the shore,
Then give you up to the vast Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—EPHESUS. *A Room in* CERIMON'S *House.*

Enter CERIMON *and* THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea I well remember,
Even on my earing time; but whether there
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good-will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters, who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage [illegible]
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when the weav'd [illegible]
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle w[illegible]
The cambric, which she made more so[illegible]
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the [illegible]
That still records with moan; or when[illegible]

She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme,
Which never could I so convey
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—THARSUS. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't.
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience, [bosom,
Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.
Leon. I will do't; but yet she is a goodly creature. [her.—
Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.
Thou art resolv'd?
Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA *with a basket of flowers.*

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave [maid,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Do not [have
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come,
Give me your flowers ere the sea mar them.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.—
Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.
Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.
Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of this great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me
I can go home alone.
Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it. [you.—
Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.
Leon. I warrant you, madam.
Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for awhile:
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.
Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.—
[*Exit.* DIONYZA.
Is this wind westerly that blows?
Leon. South-west.
Mar. When I was born the wind was north.
Leon. Was't so?
Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried, *Good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.
Leon. When was this?
Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber: *Ha!* says one, *wilt out?*
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.
Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it. [hope.

Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates *whilst* MARINA *is struggling.*

1 Pirate. Hold, villain!

[LEONINE *runs away.*

2 Pirate. A prize! a prize!

3 Pirate. Half-part ...

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes,
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's dead
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—MITYLENE. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Boult,—

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much

whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true; 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven,—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them

so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they are too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms.—But I'll go search the market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not ... keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the ... as we stand upon with the gods will be ... with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling.—But here comes Boult.

Re-enter Boult, *with* MARINA *and the* Pirates.

Boult. [*To* MARINA.] Come your ways.—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has ...

Boult ...
and ha...
further ...
refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. It cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt* Pander *and* Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her,—the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!— [these pirates,—
He should have struck, not spoke;—or that
Not enough barbarous,—had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part [in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well: you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Re-enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. [*To* Mar.] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so the[y] must; for your bride goes to that with sham[e] which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do n[ot]. But, mistress, if I have bargained for t[he] joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the s[pit].

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, y[oung] one, I like the manner of your garments w[ell].

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall n[ot be] changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the [town:] report what a sojourner we have; you['ll lose] nothing by custom. When nature fram[ed this] piece she meant thee a good turn; th[erefore] say what a paragon she is, and thou [hast the] harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thun[der shall] not so awake the beds of eels as my g[iving out] her beauty stir up the lewdly incli[ned. I'll] bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow [me.]

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp[, or waters]
deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—THARSUS. *A Room in* CLEON'S *House.*

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious [world,

[illegible]

Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between

[illegible]

thorough;

[illegible]

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her [hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Monument of* MARINA *at Tharsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't;
Making, to take your imagination,—

[illegible]

Dumb show.

Enter, at one side, PERICLES *with his Train;* CLEON *and* DIONYZA *at the other.* CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the Tomb of* MARINA, *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt* CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'er-shower'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on* MARINA'S *Monument.*

The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does,—and swears she 'll never stint,—
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visard does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—MITYLENE. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall's go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do anything now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—MITYLENE. *A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would —but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but,—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [*Exit* BOULT.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk,—never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT *with* MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you:—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note this is an honourable man.

[*To* MAR., *whom she takes aside.*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that I know not.

[illegible]

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.—Go thy ways.—

[*Exeunt* Bawd, Pander, *and* BOULT.

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the [illegible]

[illegible] have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—
be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me in this sty,
Where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—
O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd
thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold
for thee:
Persèver in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold, here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
hear from me
It shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT *as* LYSIMACHUS *is putting up his purse.*

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned doorkeeper! Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away!

[*Exit.*

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest [illegible] a spaniel. [illegible] had taken [illegible] execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! What's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

[illegible]

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of womenkind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or, rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou'rt the damn'd doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy very food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear.—O that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!—
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*On board* PERICLES' *ship, off Mitylene. A Pavilion on deck with a curtain before it;* PERICLES *within it, reclining on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, *one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them* HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
[*To the* Sailor *of Mitylene.*
O, here he is.—
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?
Hel. Gentlemen,
There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray,
Greet them fairly.

[*The* Gentlemen *and the two* Sailors *descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS *and* Lords, *with the* Gentlemen *and the two* Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.
Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!
Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.
Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.
Hel. First, what is your place?
Lys. I am the governor
Of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king; [spoken
A man who for this three months hath not
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.
Lys. Upon what ground is his distempera- [ture?
Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;

But bootless is your sight,—he will not speak
To any.
Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.
Hel. Behold him [PERICLES *discovered*] This was a goodly person
Till the disaster that one mortal night
Drove him to this.
Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
Lys.

The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers first* Lord, *who goes off in the barge of* LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit [kindness

But weary for the staleness.
Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you:—
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, First Lord, *with* MARINA *and a young* Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for.—Welcome, fair one!—
Is't not a goodly presence?
Hel. She's a gallant lady.
Lys. She's such a one that, were I well assur'd
Came of gentle kind and noble stock, [wed.—

Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him
Lys. Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous!

[MARINA *sings*

Lys. Mark'd he your music?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us
Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.
Per. Hum, ha!
Mar. I am a maid,

But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—[*Aside.*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*
Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage— [you?
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say
Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage
You would not do me violence.
Per. I do think so.—
I pray you, turn your eyes upon me. [woman?
You are like something that—What country-
Here of these shores?
Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear. [weeping.
Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one [square brows;
My daughter might have been: my queen's
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry [you live?
The more she gives them speech.—Where do
Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe? [seem
Mar. If I should tell my history, it would
Like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.
Per. Pr'ythee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,—
Which was when I perceiv'd thee,—that thou cam'st
From good descending?
Mar. So indeed I did.
Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.
Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.
Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.
Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power,—
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion!—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea! what mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop there a little!—
[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's buried.—Well:—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
Mar. You'll scarce believe me: 'twere best I did give o'er.
Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave,—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred? [leave me;
Mar. The king my father did in Tharsus
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,

That thus hath made me weep

Hel.

Here is the regent, sir, of Mity

Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She woul

Her parentage; being demanc-

She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;

canus,—

She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been

Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.—

ay behold-

[music?—

ark, what

s to doubt,

But, what

Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. My lord, I hear. [*Music.*

[*Exeunt all but* PERICLES.

DIANA *appears to* PERICLES *as in a vision.*

Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, MARINA, *&c.*

Hel. Sir? [strike

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to

And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir,

and when you come ashore

You shall prevail,

daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.
This, my last boon, give me,—
For such kindness must relieve me,—
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus;* THAISA *standing near the altar as high priestess; a number of* Virgins *on each side;* CERIMON *and other* Inhabitants *of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, *with his* Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child, call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us, [she
Where, by her own most clear remembrance,
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*Faints.*

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.—
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin.
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you.—Look, Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing.—O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness [well,
Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom. [*Kneels to* THAISA.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, through whom

The gods have shown their power; 'tis he
That can from first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
[illegible]
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead 's the way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
[illegible]
ing. [*Exit.*

KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOSTER.
EDGAR, *Son to* GLOSTER.
EDMUND, *Bastard Son to* GLOSTER.
CURAN, *a Courtier.*
Old Man, *Tenant to* GLOSTER.
Physician.
Fool.

OSWALD, *Steward to* GONERIL.
An Officer *employed by* EDMUND.
Gentleman *attendant on* CORDELIA.
A Herald.
Servants *to* CORNWALL.

GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, } *Daughters to* LEAR.

Knights *attending on the* KING, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.

SCENE,—BRITAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in* KING LEAR'S *Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming. [*Sennet within.*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and* Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy,
Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt* GLO. *and* EDM.

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.—
Give me the map there.—Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,—
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,—

Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—
Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.
Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.
Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys [possesses;
Which the most precious square of sense
And find I am alone felicit
In your dear highness' love
Cor. [*Aside*]
And yet not so; since, I a
More ponderous than my tongue.
Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever

love
The vines of France and milk of Bur
Strive to be interess'd; what can
draw
A third more opulent than you
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing!
Cor. Nothing. [again.

speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,

Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. Ay, good my lord.
Lear. So young and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so,—thy truth, then, be thy dower:

arous
Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—who stirs?

retain
s to a king;
to confirm,
[*Giving the crown.*
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in m rs,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to [speak
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound
When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.
Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo,—
Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Alb. and Corn. Dear sir, forbear.
Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,—
Which we durst never yet,—and with strain'd pride
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,—
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,—
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from disasters of the world;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.
Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
[*To* CORDELIA.
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To* REGAN *and* GONERIL.
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new.
[*Exit.*

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER, *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and* Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what in the least
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?
Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our [oath,
Take her or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To* FRANCE.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.
France. This is most strange,
That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection

Fall into taint: which to believe of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,—
If for I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do 't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,—

Which often leaves the history unspoke

for we

WALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, *and* Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Well may you prosper!

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the* EARL OF GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter EDMUND *with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
shines [base?
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base,
base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund.
As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper.—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in
choler parted! [power!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund, how now! what
news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.
[*Putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed, then, that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [*Reads.*] *This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,*
EDGAR.

Hum—Conspiracy!—*Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,*—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and a brain to breed it in? When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet. [brother's?

Glo. You know the character to be your

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit that sons at perfect age and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him.—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—

Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I

thieves, and treachers by spherical predomin-

Enter Edgar.

Pat!—he comes like the catastrophe of the old

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between

the child and the parent; death, dearth, dis-

am no honest man if there be any good mean-

[*Exit.*

...om *in the* Duke of ...'s *Palace*

...l *and* Oswald.

...r strike my gentleman

[hour

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:

His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him; say I am sick.—
If you come slack of former services
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, madam: I hear him. [*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be overruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Osw. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I *may speak.*—I'll write straight to my sister
To hold my course.—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in* ALBANY'S *Palace.*

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I rais'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. *Enter* KING LEAR, Knights, *and* Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [*Exit an* Attendant.] How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in: and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old to dote on her for anything: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? *my fool?—Go you and call my fool* hither. [*Exit an* Attend.

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [*Exit a* Knight.]—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an* Attendant.]—Go you, call hither my fool.

[*Exit another* Attendant.

Re-enter OSWALD.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord: I beseech you

Lear.

rascal?

Osw. I

Kent.

player.

Lear.

me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes* OSWALD *out*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving* KENT *money*

Enter FOOL.

Fool. Let me hire him too; here's my cox-

nuncle; would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep

There's mine; beg

—the whip.

ust to kennel; he

the lady brach may

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

[*To* KENT.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou

hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [*Singing.*
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and puttest down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [*Singing.*
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

[whipped.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle:—here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*to* GON.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.—
That's a shealed peascod. [*Pointing to* LEAR.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto
you, [fearful,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the
fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you know, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left
darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your
good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—This is not
Lear: [his eyes?
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied.—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow. [of sovereignty,

Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks
Knowledge, and reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient
father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the
favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and
squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth
speak
For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd
By her that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your dis-
order'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[*to* ALB.]
O, sir, are you come? [Horses.—
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!
Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.
Lear. Detested kite! thou liest:
[*To* GONERIL.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support [fault,
The worships of their name.—O most small
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of
nature [love,
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in
[*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my
people. [ignorant
Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am
Of what hath mov'd you.
Lear. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear
Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her ...

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and cont...

Alb. Now, gods that we adore,
comes this? [it:
Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more of
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!
Alb. What's the matter, sir?
Lear. I'll tell thee,—Life and death!—I am
asham'd [*To* GONERIL.
That thou hast power to shake my manhood
thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me
perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and
fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse,
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha!
Let it be so: I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost
think
I have cast off for ever.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and* Attendants.
Gon. Do you mark that?
Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,— [bo
Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald,
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your
master. [*To the* Fool.
Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry,—take
the fool with thee.—
A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after. [*Exit*
Gon. This man hath had good counsel.—A
hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep [dream,

Gon Safer than ...

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald!
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Osw. Ay, madam. [horse
Gon. Take you some company, and away to
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return. [*Exit* OSWALD.]
No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and cour...
Though I condemn it not, yet...

You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then,—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Court before the* DUKE OF ALBANY'S *Palace.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why to keep one's eyes of either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong,—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy. [*Exeunt* Lear *and* Gentleman.]

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the* EARL OF GLOSTER.

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not.—You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act:—briefness and fortune work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of night.—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Co
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' haste,
And Regan with him: have you nothing sa

Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

[illegible]

Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!—So, farewell. [*Exit* EDGAR.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, *and* Servants *with torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, whe[illegible]

Edm. Here stood he in [illegible]
sword out,
Mumbling of wicked char[illegible]
To stand auspicious mistress,—

Glo But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could,—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after [*Exeunt* Servants.]—By no means what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

[illegible]

Glo Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found, despatch'd.—The noble duke my master,

[illegible]

If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue or worth, in thee [*deny,—*
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should

[illegible]

Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.

Glo. O strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him. [*Trumpets within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes —
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture

[illegible]

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and* Attendants.

Corn How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,—
Which I can call but now,—I have heard strange news.

Reg If it be true, all vengeance comes too [short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, [illegible]

[illegible]

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend [illegible]

[illegible]

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them, and with such

[illegible]

to sojourn at my house,

For I [illegible] tree, Regan.—

[illegible]

'Twas my [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Corn. Is he pursu'd?
Glo. Ay, my good lord.
Corn. If he be taken he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
Glo. For him I thank your grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—
Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night:
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.
Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter KENT *and* OSWALD *severally.*

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?
Kent. Ay.
Osw. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I' the mire.
Osw. Pr'ythee, if thou lovest me, tell me.
Kent I love thee not.
Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold I would make thee care for me.
Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Osw. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou denyest the least syllable of thy addition.
Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee?
Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*
Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.
Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.
Osw. Help, ho! murder! help.
Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*
Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Edm. How now! What's the matter?
Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.
Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?
Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?
Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.
Corn. What is your difference? speak.
Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.
Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.
Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?
Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.
Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?
Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard,—
Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?
Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?
Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.
Corn. Why art thou angry?
Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.
Corn. This is some fellow
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he 's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,

till noon. [night too.
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all
Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog
You should not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks! [*Stocks brought out.*
Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,

Corn. Is he pursu'd?
Glo. Ay, my good lord.
Corn. If he be taken he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose, [Edmund,
How in my strength you please.—For you,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
Glo. For him I thank your grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,— [night:
Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers [friend,
From hence attend despatch. Our good old
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.
Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter KENT *and* OSWALD *severally.*

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?
Kent. Ay.
Osw. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I' the mire.
Osw. Pr'ythee, if thou lovest me, tell me.
Kent I love thee not.
Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold I would make thee care for me. [thee not.
Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Osw. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou denyest the least syllable of thy addition.
Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee?
Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*
Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.
Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.
Osw. Help, ho! murder! help.
Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*
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Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Glo.
Say that.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.
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Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants

discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no

Osw. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,

Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you,—

till noon. [night too
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all
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You should not use me so.
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Come, my lord, away

for thee.
Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

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Osw. What dost thou know me for?
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You beastly knave, know you no reverence?
Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.
Corn. Why art thou angry?
Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Kent. No contraries hold more
Than I and such a knave.
Corn. Why dost thou call him kr
Kent. His countenance likes me
Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.
Corn. This is some fellow
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,—
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To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,

till noon. [night too.
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all
Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog
You should not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks! [*Stocks brought out.*
Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good-morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw,—
Thou *out of heaven's benediction com'st*
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery:—I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies,—*All weary and o'er-watch'd*,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, *good-night: smile once more*; turn thy wheel! [*He sleeps.*

SCENE III.—*The open Country.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
by the happy hollow of a tree
ap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
iat guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!
That's something yet:—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before* GLOSTER'S *Castle.* KENT *in the Stocks.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the head; dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't.
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve or they impose this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,—
Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,—
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.
Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;

But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
[illegible]

you speak of?
Kent. None. [number?
How chance the king comes with so small a
[illegible]

gives it.
That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.
Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?
Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.
Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course. [fusion!—
Lear. Vengeance! plague! [illegible]
Fiery? what quality? why, Gl[illegible]
I'd speak with the Duke of C[illegible]
wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.
Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand [illegible]

selves [mind
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
[illegible]

ear

[*Exit.*
Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down!
Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put them i' the paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, *Down, wantons, down!* 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Lear. Good-morrow to you both.
Corn. [illegible]

Reg. [illegible]
Lear [illegible]
reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepúlchring an adultress.—O, are you free?
[*To* KENT.

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan! [hope
Reg. I pray you sir, take patience: I have
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.
Lear. Say, how is that?
Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curses on her!
Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.
Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
[*Kneeling.*
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.
Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.
Lear. [*Rising.*] Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
Corn. Fie, sir, fie!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!
Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me when the rash mood is on.
Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.
Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?
[*Tucket within.*
Corn. What trumpet 's that?
Reg. I know 't,—my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?
Lear. This is a slave whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!
Corn. What means your grace?
Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope [O heavens,
Thou didst not know on 't.—Who comes here?

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old, [part!—
Make it your cause; send down, and take my
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—
[*To* GONERIL.
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks? [orders
Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own dis-
Deserv'd much less advancement.
Lear. You! did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life a-foot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing to* OSWALD.
Gon. At your choice, sir.

daughter;

But she knows what she does.
Lear. Is this well spoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers?
Is it not well?
Yea, or so ma
danger
Speak 'gainst sc
Should
Hold a
Gon.

From
Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you, [me,—
We could control them. If you will come

taries;

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

d:

ie?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest

hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall,—I will do such things,— [be

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.
Reg. This house is little: the old man and his people

But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster? [turn'd.
Corn. Follow'd the old man forth —he is re-

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. The king is in high rage.
Corn. Whither is he going?
Glo. He calls to horse, but will I know not whither [himself.
Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads
Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay [winds
Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the high
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Heath.*

A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT *and a* Gentleman, *meeting.*

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have,—as who have not, that their great stars
Throne and set high?—servants who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;—
But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet,—
That when we have found the king,—in which your pain
That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR *and* Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in; ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join

Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
[illegible] continents, and —
[illegible]
tempest:
[illegible]
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.—
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has and a little tiny wit,— [*Singing.*
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* KENT.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:—
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
[illegible]
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is [illegible] between the dukes; and a worse [illegible] than that: I have received a letter this [illegible] —'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have [illegible] the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; [illegible] already footed: we [illegible] I will seek him, and [illegible] you and maintain talk [illegible] charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened

me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses,—no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A part of the Heath with a Hovel. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in.—
In, boy; go first [*to the* Fool].—You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.— [Fool *goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The* Fool *runs out from the hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised as a madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. —Bless thy five wits!—Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—there could I have him now,—and there,—and there, —and there again, and there. [*Storm continues.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:—
Halloo, halloo, loo loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

[illegible]

many oaths as I spake words, and br[illegible] in the sweet face of heaven: one tha[illegible] the contriving of lust, and waked t[illegible]

[illegible]

out of plackets, thy pen from lender[illegible] and defy the foul fiend.—Still thr[illegible] hawthorn blows the cold wind: sa[illegible] mun, nonny. Dolphin my boy, bo[illegible] let him trot by. [*Storm still* [illegible]

Lear. Why, thou wert better in [illegible] than to answer with thy uncovered [illegible] extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but [illegible]

[illegible]

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks [illegible]

[illegible]

pher.—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned [Theban.—]
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend and to kill [vermin.]

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord;
[illegible] unsettle.
Canst thou blame him?
[illegible] his death:—ah, that good
[illegible] be thus,—poor, banish'd man!—
[illegible] [friend,
[illegible] I had a son, [illegible]
[illegible] blood. he sought my
[illegible] lov'd him, friend,—
[illegible] true to tell thee,
[*Storm continues*
[illegible] wits.—What a night's this!—

[illegible]

[illegible] all, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words: Hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in a Farm-house adjoining the Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, *and* EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience:—the gods reward your kindness! [*Exit* GLOSTER.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.—Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;— [*To* EDGAR.
Thou, sapient sir, sit here [*To the* Fool].—Now, you she-foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?
Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;— [*To* EDGA
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the* Foo
Bench by his side:—you are o' the commissio [*To* KEN
Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.
Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth
Thy sheep shall take no harm.
Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I take my oath before this honourable assem she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!—
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo.

Kent.

Glo.

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:

Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [*To the* Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt* KENT, GLOSTER, *and the* Fool, *bearing off* LEAR.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,

king bow;
He childed as I father'd!—Tom, away!
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought -files thee,
proof repeals and reconciles thee.
hap more to-night, safe 'scape the
ng! [*Exit.*

—*A Room in* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL,

mund, keep you our sister company: the re-

of Gloster.

Enter OSWALD

How now! where's the king? [hence:

boast
To have well armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.
Gon. Farewell, sweet lord and sister.
Corn. Edmund, farewell.
[*Exeunt* GON., EDM., *and* OSW.
Go seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.
[*Exeunt other* Servants.
Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.—Who's there? the traitor?

Re-enter Servants, *with* GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.
Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.
Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.
Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants *bind him.*
Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!
Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.
Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find,— [REGAN *plucks his beard.*
Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and such a traitor!
Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.
Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?
Glo. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril,—
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.
Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time
Thou shouldst have said, *Good porter, turn the key,*
All cruels else subscrib'd:—but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
Corn. See't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.
[GLOSTER *is held down in his chair, while* CORNWALL *plucks out one of his eyes and sets his foot on it.*
Glo. He that will think to live till he be old
Give me some help!—O cruel!—O you gods!
Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.
Corn. If you see vengeance,—
1 Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog!
1 Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*
1 Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.
[*Draws. They fight.* CORN. *is wounded.*
Reg. Give me thy sword [*to another* Servant].
—A peasant stand up thus!
[*Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*
1 Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on them.—O! [*Dies.*
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
[*Tears out* GLOSTER'S *other eye, and throws it on the ground.*
Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell [*Exit one with* Glo.
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.

[*Exit* CORNWALL, *led by* REGAN; *Servants unbind* GLOSTER, *and lead him out.*

1 Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do
If this man come to good.

2 Serv. If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.

2 Serv. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
[illegible]
here?

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an Old Man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*
I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not
So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,—
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside.*] How should this be?—
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: if, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
[illegible]
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone. [*Exit.*

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—[*Aside.*] I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits:—bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!—five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of [illegible]ness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murde[illegible] [illegible]*bertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing, [illegible] possesses chamber

His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.
Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!
Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?
Gent. 'Tis so they are a-foot.
Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The French Camp. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, *and* Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an* Officer.]—What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.
Phys. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter REGAN *and* OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself in person there?
Osw. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord [at home?
Osw. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to [him?
Osw. I know not, lady.
Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious [matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.
Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay [with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Osw. I may not, madam:
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike
Something,—I know not what:—I'll love thee much—
Let me unseal the letter.
Osw. Madam, I had rather,—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange eyeliads and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her [bosom.
Osw. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I [know't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's.—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The C* [illegible]

Enter GLOSTER, *and* [illegible] *pea* [illegible]

Glo. When shall I [illegible] same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we [illegible]
Glo. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
[illegible]
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire,—dreadful trade!
[illegible]
surge,
[illegible]
Edg. Give me your hand:—you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now, fare you well, good sir.
[*Seems to go.*
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
[illegible]
[GLOSTER *leaps, and falls along.*
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir!—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed:—yet he revives.—
What are you, sir?
Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost [illegible]
[illegible]
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
[illegible]
Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—so.—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.
Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient th[illegible]—But who comes here?

His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.
Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!
Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?
Gent. 'Tis so they are a-foot.
Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

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As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
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Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an* Officer.]—
What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.
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The which he lacks; that to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
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All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

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Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* G

Enter REGAN *and*

Reg. But are my brother'
Osw.
Reg. Himself in person t
Osw. Mada
Your sister is the better sol
Reg. Lord Edmund spak
Osw. No, madam.
Reg. What might import
Osw. I know not, lady.
Reg. Faith, he is poste
It was great ignorance, Glo
To let him live: where he
All hearts against us: Edmu
In pity of his misery, to de
His nighted life; moreover,
The strength o' the enemy.
Osw. I must needs after
my letter.
Reg. Our troops set fort
The ways are dangerous.
Osw. I m
My lady charg'd my duty in
Reg. Why should she v
Might not you
Transport her purposes by w
Something,—I know not wh
much—
Let me unseal the letter.
Osw. Madam
Reg. I know your lady d
husband;
I am sure of that: and at he
She gave strange eyeliads an
looks
To noble Edmund. I know
Osw. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understan
Therefore I do advise you, tak
My lord is dead; Edmund and
And more convenient is he for
Than for your lady's.—You ma
If you do find him, pray you, g
And when your mistress hears
you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdo
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that
Preferment falls on him that cuts
Osw. Would I could meet him,
should show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee

SCENE VI.—*The Country n*

Enter GLOSTER, *and* EDGAR *peasant.*

Glo. When shall I come to
same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we [labour.
Glo. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then, your other senses
imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be indeed:

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:

surge,

Edg. Give me your hand:—you are now
within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the [moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glo. Let go my har
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a je
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairie
gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee go
Edg. Now, fare you well,

Glo.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus
Is done to cure it.
Glo. O you mig
This world I do renounce, and in your sights

Edg. Gone, sir:—farewell,—
[GLOSTER *leaps, and falls along.*
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself [thought,
Yields to the theft: had he been where he

Glo. Away, and let me die.
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alky
so far

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
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m-

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—so.—How is't? Feel you your legs?
You stand.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff what thing was that
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Edg. As I stood here below, methought his
eyes

honours

who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantastically dressed up with flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard!—They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say *ay* and *no* to everything I said!—*Ay* and *no*, too, was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was everything; 'tis a lie,—I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life.—What was thy cause?—
Adultery?—
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;—
The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness,
There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand! [tality.

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mor-

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world [me?
Shall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou know

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it. [one.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none,—I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem [now, now:
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now,
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder:—so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness! [my eyes.

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take



Photo W & D Downey London

Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" (Miss Mary And-

'My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!'
Act I

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Whose face between her forks presages snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;—
The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness,
There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

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Shall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou know me?

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Photo W & D Downey London

Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet [illegible] M[illegible]ss Mar[illegible] Anderson)

My on[illegible] sp[illegible]ng f[illegible]

Too early seen unk[illegible]

2 L

Act I, Sc. [illegible] p. 1073.



Photo: Alfred Ellis & Walery, London

Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet" (Mr. Henry Ainley).

"Can I go forward when my heart is here?"

Act II., Sc. I., p. 1073.

[illegible]

We wawl and cry.—I will preach to thee: mark.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come [illegible]

To this great stage of fools.—This' a [illegible]

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I'll put 't in proof;

And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,

Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, *with* Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upon him.—Sir,

Your most dear daughter,—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;

You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;

I am cut to the brains.

Gent. [illegible]

Lear. No seconds? [illegible]

Why, this would make [illegible]

To use his eyes for gar[illegible]

Ay, and for laying Au[illegible]

Gent. [illegible]

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What!

I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,

My masters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. [*Exit running; Attendants follow.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,

Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse

Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, [illegible]

Edg. [illegible]

Gent. [illegible]

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,

How near's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry

Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit* Gent.

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;

[illegible]

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's blows;

[illegible]

The bounty and the benison of heaven

To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!

That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh

To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,

Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out

That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand [illegible]

[illegible]

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And chud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my bat be the harder: chill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor your foins.

[*They fight, and* EDGAR *knocks him down.*

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me:—villain, take my purse:

[illegible] [my

[illegible] about

[illegible] [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;

As duteous to the vices of thy mistress

As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father [illegible]—

Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of

May be my friends.—[illegible]: I am only sorry

He had no other dea[illegible]

Leave, gentle wax [illegible]

To know our enemies' minds we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.*

Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant, GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.
[*Exit* EDGAR, *dragging out the body.*

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
[*Drum afar off.*
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Tent in the French Camp.* LEAR *on a bed asleep, soft music playing;* Physician, Gentleman, *and others attending.*

Enter CORDELIA *and* KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord.—How does the king? [*To the* Physician.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there!

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch,—poor perdu!—
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fare your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know m

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

Cor. Still, still far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake: let him al[one awhile.]

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?
Fair daylight?—
I am mightily abus'd.—I should e'en die
To see another thus.—I know not what to s
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's

I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me I will drink it.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces near Dover.*

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, *and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—
She and the duke her husband!

Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, *disguised.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.
[*Exeunt* EDM., REG., GON., Officers, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.
Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper. [*Exit* EDGAR.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*
Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their* Forces; *and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again
I'll bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit* EDGAR.

Alarum and Retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man,—give me thy hand,—away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.
Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.
Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all:—come on.
Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near Dover*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colour EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA *prisoner* Officers, Soldiers, *&c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: go guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.
Cor. We are not the fi
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down
Myself could else out-frown false fort frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters and sis
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the c
When thou dost ask me blessing I'll kneel
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll li
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogu
Talk of court news; and we'll talk wit too,—
Who loses and who wins; who's in,
And take upon's the mystery of things
As if we were God's spies: and we'll

In a wall'

That ebb

Edm.

Lear.

The gods

caught thee? [heaven,

starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* COR., *guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive

Off.

Edm.

Flourish. *Enter* ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,

Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

manded

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but asquint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good-will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine. [*To* EDMUND.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

T

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit* REGAN *led.*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*

Herald. [*Reads.*] *If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound! [1 *Trumpet.*

Herald. Again! [2 *Trumpet.*

Herald. Again! [3 *Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, *armed, and preceded by a trumpet.*

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
on this call o' the trumpet.

Herald. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself:—what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which,—for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,—
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak!

[*Alarums. They fight.* EDMUND *falls.*

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloster:
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd,

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.
[*Gives the letter to* EDMUND.

Gon. Say, if I do,—the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her. [*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I.—But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee:

Let sorrow split my heart if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!
Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?

Edg. Kent, sir, the
disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman *hastily, with a bloody knife.*

Gent. Help, help, O, help!
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, ma
Edg. What means that bloody knife?
Gent. 'Tis hot, it smoke
It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead

run, run, O, run! [Ser
Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office
Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.
Alb. Haste thee, for thy life.
[*Exit* EDGA
Edm. He hath commission from thy wi
and me

hence
awhile. [EDMUND *is borne of*

Re-enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in h*
arms; EDGAR, Officer, *and others following.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, yo
are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd them

That heaven's vault should crack.—She 's gone
for ever!—
I know when one is dead and when one lives;
She 's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Alb. Fall, and cease!
Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*
Lear. Pr'ythee, away.
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors
all! [ever!—
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever
soft, [woman.—
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.
Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting
falchion,
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you
straight. [hated,
Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and
of them we behold. [Kent?
Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not
Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent.—Where is your servant
Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—he's dead and
rotten. [man,—
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very
Lear. I'll see that straight. [decay
Kent. That from your first of difference and
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else:—all's cheerless,
dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have foredone themselves,
And desperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says; and vai
That we present us to him.
Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That 's but a trifle he
You lords and noble friends, know our int
What comfort to this great decay may con
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—you to
rights; [*To* EDGAR *and* K
With boot, and such addition as your hon
Have more than merited.—All friends shall
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd!
no, no, life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life
And thou no breath at all? Thou 'lt com
more,
Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you, undo this button:—thank you, s
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,
lips,—
Look there, look there!— [*He*
Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lo
Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break
Edg. Look up, my
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him
he hates him
That would upon the rack of this rough w
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd so
He but usurp'd his life. [bus
Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our pr
Is general woe.—Friends of my soul, you t
[*To* KENT *and* ED
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sus
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to g
My master calls me,—I must not say no.
Alb. The weight of this sad time we must
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to
The oldest hath borne most: we that are y
Shall never see so much nor live so long.
[*Exeunt, with a dead m*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Escalus, *Prince of Verona.*
Paris, *a Young Nobleman, Kinsman to the*

to Romeo.

Sampson, } *Servants to* Capulet.
Gregory, }

Peter, *Servant to* Juliet's Nurse.
Abraham, *Servant to* Montague.

Page.

Lady Montague, *Wife to* Montague.
Wife to Capulet.
to Capulet.

a; several Men *and* Women, *relations to both Houses;* Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, *and* Attendants.

Scene,—*During the greater part of the Play in* Verona; *once, in the Fifth Act, at* Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

Which but their children's end naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*A public Place.*

Enter Sampson *and* Gregory, *armed with swords and bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and

Sam Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

thou hadst been poor-John.—Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

Enter ABRAHAM *and* BALTHASAR.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law of our side if I say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. Say better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do.
[*Beats down their swords.*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

Enter several of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens *with clubs.*

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET *in his gown, and* LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

Lady C. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not, let me go.

Lady M. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, *with* Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:—
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;—
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.—
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
[*Exeunt* PRIN. *and* Attendants; CAP., LADY C., TYB., *Citizens, and* Servants.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.
Lady M. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?—
Right glad I am he was not at this fray. [sun

seen,

Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,

grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.
Ben. See where he comes: so please you, step aside;

Ben. Good-morrow, cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that which, having, makes them short.
Ben. In love?

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Ben. Soft! I will go along:
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness who is that you love.

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman
Ben. I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's fair I love.

thou hadst been poor-John.—Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

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Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

Enter several of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens *with clubs.*

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET *in his gown, and* LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

Lady C. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not, let me go.

Lady M. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, *with* Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:—
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;—
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.—
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
[*Exeunt* PRIN. *and* Attendants; CAP., LADY C., TYB., Citizens, *and* Servants.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.
Lady M. O, where is Romeo?—saw you

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself,—I will not say how true,—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.
Ben. See where he comes: so please you, step aside;

cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that which, having, makes them short.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out,—
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,

ore with

coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

ast
shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Farewell, my coz. [*Going.*
Ben. Soft! I will go along:
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness who is that you love.

e?
no;
ill,—
ce his

Ben. I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow,—she hath Dian's wit;
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine or else die in debt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,—
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there [*gives a paper*], and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET *and* PARIS.

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—in good time.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented, and—God-den, good fellow.
Serv. God gi' god-den.—I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read anything you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the [language.
Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither?
Serv. To supper; to our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's. [before.

[*Exit.*

best.

Lady C. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,— [bird!—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

hour.
Lady C. She's not fourteen.
Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
How long is it now
fortnight and odd days.
odd, of all days in the year,
at night shall she be fourteen.

idge.
it time it is eleven years;
could stand alone, nay, by the rood

wit,
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said *Ay:*

To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said *Ay.*

Lady C. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam;—yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say *Ay:*
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said *Ay.*

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

Lady C. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

Lady C. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

Lady C. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

Lady C. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

Lady C. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

Lady C. We follow thee. [*Exit* Servant.]—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six* Maskers, Torch-bearers, *and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And to sink in it should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in:
[*Putting on a mask.*
A visard for a visard!—what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in

[illegible]

The game [illegible]

Mer. T[illegible]

If thou art [illegible]

Of this— [illegible]

Up to the [illegible]

Rom. [illegible]

Mer. [illegible]

We waste [illegible]
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. [illegible]

Mer. [illegible]

Rom. [illegible]

Mer. [illegible]
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone,
On the fore-finger of an alderman,

[illegible]

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,—
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

[illegible]

Making them women of good carriage:
This is she,—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.

[illegible]

ourselves:
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

[illegible]

one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and as thou lovest me let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

1 Serv. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, *&c., with the* Guests *and the* Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with you.—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear hath corns; am I come near you now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visard; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.—
A hall,—a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.—
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
Iore light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
d quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r Lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady is that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—what, dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo, is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain, Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,—
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd:
What, goodman, boy!—I say he shall;—go t
Am I the master here or you? go to. [sou
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend n
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the mar

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go
You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scath you,—I kn
what:
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox;
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!— [he
shame!
I'll make you quiet.—What,—cheerly.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful c
meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their dif
greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter ga

Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too? [prayer.
Jul.
Rom.

They
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake. [I take.

Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good-night.—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed. [late:
Ah, sirrah [*to 2 Cap.*], by my fay, it waxes
I'll to my rest.
[*Exeunt all but* JULIET *and* Nurse.
Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he that now is going out of door? [truchio.
Nurse. Marry, that I think be young Pe-

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal.
[*One calls within*, "Juliet."
Nurse. Anon, anon!
Come, let's away; the strangers are all gone.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers us'd to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved anywhere: [meet,
But passion lends them power, time means to
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open place adjoining* CAPULET'S *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied;
Cry but, Ah me! pronounce but Love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young auburn Cupid, he that shot so trim
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these [trees.
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
ow will he sit under a medlar tree,
nd wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good-night.—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—
[Juliet *appears above at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.—
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,

perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
Jul. If they do see thee they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

My life were better ended by their hate
Than death prorogued wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou this place?
Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

Jul. Do not swear at a
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love
Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,

meet.

night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faith vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for wh purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee agai
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

Re-enter JULIET *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and goo night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-mo

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied;
Cry but, Ah me! pronounce but Love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young auburn Cupid, he that shot so trim
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these [trees.
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good-night.—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—CAPULET'S *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—
[JULIET *appears above at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.—
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus screen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,

And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
Jul. If they do see thee they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou b... sweet,

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

... fair Montague, ...
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

Rom. If my heart's dear love,—
Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[Nurse *calls within.*
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!—
... be true.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter JULIET *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. I come anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good-night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring slowly.*

Re-enter JULIET *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—FRIAR LAWRENCE'S *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE *with a basket.*

Fri. L. The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good-morrow, father!

Fri. L. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:

mine. [Rosaline?

Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:

love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;

The other did not so

Fri. L.

Thy love did read

But come, young

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench,—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose,—

Enter ROMEO.

Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump; that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, sole singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; not art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good-den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings.*

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent:
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,—

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute

double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do pro-

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—
Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as

Nurse. Peter, take my fan and go before.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—CAPULET'S *Garden.*

Enter JULIET

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send
the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.—
O God, she comes!

Enter NURSE *and* PETER.

O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.
Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.
[*Exit* PETER.
Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.
Nurse. I am a-weary, give me leave awhile;— [had I
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I
Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news: [nurse, speak.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good
Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?
Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better n any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; d for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—ough they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy,—but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?
Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?
Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!
Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love? [man,
Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentle-
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother!—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?
Nurse. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward, do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here's such a coil!—come, what says Romeo? [day?
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-
Jul. I have. [cell;
Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence'
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—FRIAR LAWRENCE'S *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,—
It is enough I may but call her mine. [ends,
Fri. L. These violent delights have violent
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Good-even to my ghostly confessor.
Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both. [much.
Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
[illegible]
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.
Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, *and* Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no [illegible] been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

[illegible]

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!
Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.
Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT *and others.*

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—Gentlemen, good-den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.
Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.
Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir.—Here comes my man.

Enter ROMEO.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him man.
Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—Thou art a villain.
Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
[illegible]
draw.
Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.—
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!—
Tybalt,—Mercutio,—the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.—
Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio.—
[*Exeunt* TYBALT *and his* Partizans.

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both your houses!—I am sped.—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit* Page.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too.—Your houses!
[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman.—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.
[*They fight;* TYBALT *falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.—
Stand not amaz'd. The prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit* ROMEO.

Enter Citizens, *&c.*

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter PRINCE, *attended;* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their* Wives, *and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Lady C. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!—
O prince!—O husband!—O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal

Your high displeasure.—All this,—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
[illegible]
And to't they go like lightning; for ere I
[illegible]
The life of Tybalt.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
[illegible]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That rude day's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
[illegible]
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night;—come, Romeo,—come, thou day in night;
[illegible]
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
[illegible]

Enter Nurse *with cords.*

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch?
Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*Throws them down.*
Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou [illegible] thy hands? [illegible] he's dead!
[illegible] well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
[illegible] lady, we are undone!—
[illegible] —he's gone, he's kill'd, he's
[illegible]
[illegible] ven be so envious?
Romeo can,
[illegible] heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,
And that bare vowel I shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I if there be such an I;

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.—
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!—
Tybalt,—Mercutio,—the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.—
Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio.—
[*Exeunt* TYBALT *and his* Partizans.

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both your houses!—I am sped.—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit* Page.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

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And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—

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O prince!—O husband!—O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.—
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Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal

Your high dis[illegible]
With gentle b[illegible]
bow[illegible]
[illegible]

It back to Ty[illegible]
Retorts it: R[illegible]
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
[illegible]

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
[illegible]

SCENE II.—*A Room in* CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. [illegible]

[illegible]

bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night;—come, Romeo,—come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night,—come, loving black-brow'd night,
[illegible]

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch?
Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
[*Throws them down.*
Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?
Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
[illegible]

Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
[illegible]

Or those eyes shut that make thee answer I.
If he be slain, say I; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood;—I swooned at the sight.
Jul. O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt,
break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I
had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.
Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all are perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua
vitæ*.— [old.
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me
Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin? [husband?
Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth
thy name, [it?—
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my
cousin? [husband:
That villain cousin would have kill'd my
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have
slain; [husband:
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I, then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's
death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished.
That *banished*, that one word *banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's
death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said Tybalt's dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead: *Romeo is banished*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe
sound.—
Where is my father and my mother, nurse?
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's
corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine
shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are
beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-
bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Lawrence' cell. [knight,
Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true
And bid him come to take his last farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—FRIAR LAWRENCE'S *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's [lips,—

For exile hath more terror in ...
M... than death: do not say banishment.
... thou banished:
J

Where Juliet lives, and e...
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished,—
This may flies do, when I from this must fly.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death!
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so [mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word banishment?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me speak a little,—

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not,—talk no more.

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men [have no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
... as I do now,
... nmade grave.
... cks; good Romeo,
[*Knocking within.*
... breath of heart-sick

... the search of eyes.
[*Knocking.*
... hey knock!—Who's
... arise;
Thou wilt be taken ... y awhile;—stand up;
[*Knocking.*
Run to my study.—By and by.—God's will!
What simpleness is this!—I come, I come.
[*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in and you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,—
Just in her case!

Fri. L. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.
Lady C. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. Why, how now, Juliet!
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
Lady C. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
Lady C. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
Lady C. Well, girl, thou weep'st not *so much* for his death
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
Lady C. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
Lady C. That is because the traitor murderer lives.
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge *my* cousin's death!
Lady C. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!
Lady C. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
Lady C. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
Lady C. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at St. Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
Jul. Now, by St. Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—these are news indeed!
Lady C. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.—
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
Lady C. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!
Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will *she none?* doth *she* not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud you have; but thankful that you have:

Photo Johnston & Hoffmann, London

...yn Millar

...ay veins"

Act IV, Sc.



Photo: Alfred Ellis & Walery, London.

Macduff in "Macbeth" (Mr. Matheson Lang).

"Is the king stirring, worthy thane?" Act II., Sc. I., p. 1108.

it

is thus ,—

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you

And yet not proud :—mistress minion, you,

You tallow-face!

Lady C. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church

Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce

bless'd

That God had lent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her:

Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,

For here we need it not.

Lady C. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:

time, work, play,

I am too young,—I pray you pardon me;—

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:

Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:

Trust to 't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*

a word;

for I have done with thee.

[*Exit.*

how shall this be

stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!— [joy?

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of

Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis. Romeo

Is banished; and all the world to nothing

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first: or if it did not,

he were,

soul too,

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

cell

done. [*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—FRIAR LAWRENCE'S *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.
Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. L. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.—
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. L. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price
Being spoke behind your back than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.
[*Exit.*
Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!
Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris; Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off · [run
When, presently, through all thy veins shall
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
... ople government,
... eth·
... ath

And then awake a ... ... rning
Now, when the bridegroom in the ... comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead
Then,—as the manner of our country is,—
In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come · and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it

Jul Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. L Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II —*Hall in* CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, *and* Servants

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.— [*Exit first* Servant
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.
... [*Exit second* Servant.
... time.—
... rence?
... n her:
... e good

Cap Well, he may ...
A peevish self will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding? [sir

Jul Where I have learn'd me to repent the
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you [this:

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning

Jul I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up,—
This is as't should be.—Let me see the count
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

Lady C No, not till Thursday; there time enough

Cap Go, nurse, go with her —We' church to-morrow
[*Exeunt* JULIET *and* N

Lady C We shall be short in our prov
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir abo
And all things shall be well, I warrant wife
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night,—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once —
They are all forth well, I will walk my
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow my heart is wondro
Since this same wayward girl is so recl

SCENE III.—JULIET'S *Chamber.*

Enter JULIET *and* Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?
Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.
Lady C. Good-night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt* LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse.
Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, vial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[*Laying down her dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:—
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?—
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*Throws herself on the bed.*

SCENE IV.—*Hall in* CAPULET'S *House.*

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Lady C. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.
Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.
Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.
Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.
Lady C. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.
[*Exeunt* LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse.
Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,

Enter Servants, *with spits, logs, and baskets.*

What's there?
1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.
Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* 1 Serv.]
—Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.
2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*
Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:

Re-enter Nurse.

aaste,
eadly:
reunt.

SCENE V.—JULIET'S *Chamber;* JULIET *on the bed.*

Enter Nurse

bride!—
pennyworths

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
Lady C. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
Lady C. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

dead, she's dead! [cold;
Cap. Ha! let me see her:—out, alas! she's
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!
Nurse. O lamentable day!
Lady C. O woeful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE *and* PARIS, *with* Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return —

h's.
this
such a sight as this? [day!

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?— [child!—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my

For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She 's not well married that lives married long;
But she 's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. L. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, Sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lower upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.
[*Exeunt* CAP., LADY CAP., PARIS, *and* Friar.

1 *Mus.* Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, Heart's ease:* O, an you will have me live, play *Heart's ease.*

1 *Mus.* Why *Heart's ease?*

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays *My heart is full of woe:* O, play me some merry dump to comfort me.

1 *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not, then?

1 *Mus.* No.

Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek,—I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound—

why *silver sound?* why *music with her silver sound?*—What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say *silver sound* because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-post?

3 *Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is *music with her silver sound* because musicians have no gold for sounding:—

Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit.*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack!—Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—MANTUA. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

straight. [*Exit* BALTHASAR.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O mischief, thou art
swift

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou
art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have

The world affords no law to make thee
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to
men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst
not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?
Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is
again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection. [hood,
by my brother-
ll of charge
ting it
ohn, go hence;
g it straight

bring it thee
[*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Churchyard; in it a Monument belonging to the* CAPULETS.

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page *bearing flowers and a torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,—
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,—
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*Aside.*] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew:
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones!
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew;
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
[*The* Page *whistles.*
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
[illegible] cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
[illegible]ss my obsequies and true love's rite?
[illegible], with a torch!—muffle me, night, awhile. [*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR, *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is partly to behold my lady's face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring,—a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—
Take thou that:
Live and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—
[*Advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me:—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy! [*They fight.*

Page. O lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. [*Exit.*

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;—

O, what more favour can I do to thee
Than with that hand that cut thy
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,

your last!

Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, FRIAR LAWRENCE, *with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

knows you well. [my friend,
Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument. [master,
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my
One that you love.
Fri. L. Who is it?

alone:—fear
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri. L. Romeo! [*Advances.*

from that nest

no longer stay. [away.—
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not
[*Exit* FRIAR LAWRENCE.
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?

[*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!

Th

and dies.

Enter Watch, *with the Page of* PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch
doth burn. [the churchyard:
1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody; search about
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
[*Exeunt some of the* Watch.
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—
[*Exeunt others of the* Watch.
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch *with* BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found
him in the churchyard.
1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety till the prince
come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch *with* FRIAR LAWRENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,
and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him
As he was coming from this churchyard side.
1 *Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the friar
too.

Enter the PRINCE *and* Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad?
Lady C. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.
Prince. What fear is this which startles in
our ears?
1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County Paris
slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.
Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes. [Romeo's man,
1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs. [daughter bleeds!
Cap. O heaven!—O wife, look how our
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

Lady C. O me! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE *and others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early
up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.
Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?
Prince. Look, and thou shalt see. [this,
Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in
To press before thy father to a grave? [awhile,
Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true
descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.
Prince. Then say at once what thou dost
know in this. [breath
Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this
city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To County Paris:—then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:

tague,—
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with

Can I demand.
Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,

the

vault,

lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;

For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } *his Sons.*
MACBETH, BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
FLEANCE, *Son to* BANQUO.
SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.*
YOUNG SIWARD, *his Son.*
SEYTON, *an Officer attending on* MACBETH.
BOY, *Son to* MACDUFF.
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor. A Soldier. A Porter. An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman *attending on* LADY MACBETH.
HECATE, *and three* Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, *and* Messengers.

The Ghost of BANQUO, *and several other* Apparitions.

SCENE,—*In the end of the Fourth Act, in* ENGLAND; *through the rest of the Play, in* SCOTLAND; *and chiefly at* MACBETH'S *Castle.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!
All. Paddock calls:—anon.—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
[Witches *vanish.*

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Sold. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald,—
Worthy to be a rebel—for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him,—from the Western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that name,—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,

Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.
Dun. Great happiness
Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves
tion;

deceive
Our bosom interest:—go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.*
2
3
1

lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:
—*Give me*, quoth I:
Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

within.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—you

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macb. Speak, if you can;—what are you?
1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!
2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!
3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter! [to fear
Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope, [not:
That he seems rapt withal:—to me you speak
If you can look into the seeds of time, [not,
And say which grain will grow, and which will
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.
1 *Witch.* Hail!
2 *Witch.* Hail!
3 *Witch.* Hail!
1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.
3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you. [Witches *vanish.*
Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, [ish'd?
And these are of them:—whither are they van-
Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had stay'd! [about?
Ban. Were such things here as we do speak
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so? [Who's here?
Ban. To the self-same tune and words.

Enter ROSS *and* ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the devil speak true?
Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?
Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind [*aside*].—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?
Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme [*aside*].—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting [*Aside.*

Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion

Macb. [*Aside.*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends

SCENE IV.—FORRES.

Flourish. Enter DUNC
ALBAIN, LENNOX

Dun. Is execution do
not
Those in commission yet
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:

He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!

In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and

after
The Prince of Cumberland

My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. [*Aside.*] The Prince of Cumberland!
—That is a step,

Dun. True, worthy Banquo,—he is full so
valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed,—
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,

Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—INVERNESS. *A Room in* MACBETH'S *Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with* Hail, king that shalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it:*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true:—our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. [*Exit* Attendant.
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters:—to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants *of* MACBETH *attending.*

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards
By your leave, hostess.

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Lobby*
Castle.

At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—INVERNESS. *Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO, *preceded by* FLEANCE *with a torch.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out:—take thee that too.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep:—merciful powers,
Restrain me in the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.
Who's there?

Enter MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you!
[*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one-half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace, [design

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, and it is done; the bell inv
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a k
That summons thee to heaven or to

Enter LADY MACBETH.

about it:

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!
Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed, [ready;
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband!

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. No
Macb.
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight.

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: [them
But they did say their prayers, and address'd
Again to sleep.

Amen!

no more!

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house: [*Cawdor*
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore
Shall sleep no more,—Macbeth shall sleep no more! [worthy thane,
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things.—Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
y hand will

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Porter. *Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, i' the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor, here you may roast your goose.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and it unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call.
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit* MACDUFF.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb., Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror!

[*Alarum-bell rings.*

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls t
The sleepers of the house? speak,

Macd. O
'Tis not for you to hear what I can
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Re-enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.—
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found

Wherefore did you so?

nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let's away;

[LADY MACBETH *is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:

d.

m

blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way

Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Without the Castle.*

Enter ROSS *and an old* Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp;
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
Ross. And Duncan's horses,—a thing most strange and certain,—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,—adieu!—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—FORRES. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now,—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't; yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH *as King.* LADY MACBETH *as Queen;* LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice,—
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,—
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.

foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.— [*Exit* BANQUO.

be
with you!

Sirrah, a wo
Our pleasure
Attend T

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the
Who wrought with them, and all things else
that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say, *Thus did Banquo.*
1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so; and went further, which is
now

Both Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him,—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.
Both Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within. [*Exeunt* Murderers.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter LADY MACBETH *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.
Lady M. Come on;
Gently my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
[Ou]r offices, and what we have to do,
[T]o the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
[Th]e west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
[N]ow spurs the lated traveller apace,
[T]o gain the timely inn; and near approaches
[Th]e subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

1 *Mur.*
3 *Mur.*
[T]o all men
[M]ake it the
2 *Mur.*
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch.*

Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down.
[*Assaults* BANQUO.
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave!
[*Dies.* FLEANCE *escapes.*
3 *Mur.*
1 *Mur.*
3 *Mur.*
2 *Mur.*
1 *Mur.*
is

SCENE IV
the I

Enter M
LEN

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
For my heart speaks they are welcome.
Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.—
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

Enter first Murderer *to the door.*

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he [within.
Is he despatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Most royal sir,
[been perfect;
[Co]mes my fit again: I had else
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

[a]bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again. [*Exit* Murderer.
Lady M My royal lord,

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
Macb. The table 's full.
Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not [well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,—
Impostors to true fear,—would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?—
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost *disappears.*
Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill [full.—
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Ghost *rises again.*

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [Ghost *disappears.*
Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good-night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good-night; and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady M. A kind good-night to all!
[*Exeunt* Lords *and* Attendants.

Mach. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood: [speak;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to

A

know, [good,
By the worst means, the worst

Mach. Come, we'll to sleep My strange and
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use —
We are yet but young in deed [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Heath*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, *meeting* HECATE.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason

Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done

And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells

There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that

away &c.
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*
1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

VI.—FORRES. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENNOX *and another* Lord.

My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
can interpret further: only, I say,
have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth —marry, he was dead.—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,

sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd

he shall not,—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
Lord The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid

To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these,—with Him above
To ratify the work,—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,—
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I*,
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron Boiling.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harpier cries:—'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—
Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,—
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangl'd babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,—
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our caldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.

[*Exit* HECATE.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

Mach. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Mach. I cónjure you, by that which you profess,—
Howe'er you come to know it,—answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble altogether,
Even till destruction sicken,—answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Mach. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten

From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. *An* Apparition *of an armed Head rises.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:

[illegible]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks; [word more,—
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—but one
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *An* Apparition *of a bloody Child rises.*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. *An* Apparition *of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to't.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care

[illegible]

ments! good!

[illegible]

Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:— [this?
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is
[*Hautboys.*
1 *Witch.* Show!
2 *Witch.* Show!
3 *Witch.* Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

Eight Kings appear, and pass over in order, the last with a glass in his hand; BANQUO *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down! [hair,

[illegible]

eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What! is this so?
1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Music.* *The Witches dance, and then vanish.*
Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour

[illegible]

ce's will?

o, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't c

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England!
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—FIFE. *A Room in* MACDUFF'S *Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, *her* SON, *and* ROSS.

Lady Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!
L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.
Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*
L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.
L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,
The pit-fall nor the gin.
Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.
L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. Macd. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors that do so?
L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.
Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?
L. Macd. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
L. Macd. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.
L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

[illegible]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
[illegible]

Enter Murderers.

1 *Mur.* Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
[illegible]

SCENE III.—ENGLAND. *Before the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
[illegible]

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;

[illegible] of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,—
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,—
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
Thy title is affeer'd.—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,

That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such a one to reign.
Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink. [be
We have willing dames enough; there cannot
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.
Mal. With this there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd. [graces,
Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime, [should
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live!—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father [thee,
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare-thee-well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight [ing
No less in truth than life: my first false speak-
Was this upon myself:—what I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent? [at once
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you? [souls
Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.
Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*
Macd. What's the disease he means?
Mal. 'Tis called the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.
Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter Ross.

The means that makes us strangers!
Ross. Sir, amen.

nothing,

Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;

Macd. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest [sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes

our brows; [speak
row words: the grief that does not
the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I have said.
Mal.
Let's make us medicines
To cure this deadly grief
Macd. He has no
Did you say all?—O
What, all my pre
At one fell sw
Mal. Disp
do so,
were,
—Did heaven
And w
Sinful Macduff
They w
naught that I am,
for mine,
heaven rest them

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—DUNSINANE. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic *and a* Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature,—to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching!—In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you, here she comes!

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a taper.*

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.—
God, God forgive us all!—Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—so, good-night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, *and* Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
[illegible]

Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd course
[illegible]

Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.—DUNSINANE. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? [illegible]
know
All mortal consequences have [illegible]
thus.—
Fear not, Macbeth; no man [illegible]
Shall e'er have power upon thee [illegible]
false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

[illegible]

face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

[illegible]

Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh [be hack'd.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
[illegible]
Must minister to himself. [of it.—

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs,—I'll none
Come, put mine armour [illegible]
staff:—

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from
me.— [cast
Come, sir, despatch.—If thou couldst, doctor,
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st
thou of them? [tion
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal prepara-
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
[*Exeunt all except* Doctor.
Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Country near Dunsinane: a Wood in view.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his* Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at
hand
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a
bough, [shadow
And bear't before him; thereby shall we
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done. [tyrant
Siw. We learn no other but the confident
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.—DUNSINANE. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the out-
ward walls;
The cry is still, *They come:* our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be
ours, [beard,
We might have met them dareful, beard to
And beat them backward home.
[*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
[*Exit.*
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with
horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story
quickly.
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and slave!
[*Striking him.*
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not
so.

Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
[illegible]
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
[illegible]
wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c., and their* Army, *with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
[illegible] we
[illegible]
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; [illegible] them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and de[illegible]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young* SIWARD *is slain.*
[illegible]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently render'd:
[illegible]
That strike beside us.
Siw. [illegible] Enter [illegible]

SCENE VIII.—[illegible] *part of the* [illegible]

[illegible] ay the Roman fool, [illegible]
[illegible] whiles I see lives [illegible]

Enter MACDUFF.

[illegible] Turn, [illegible]
Macd. Of all men else I hav[illegible]

But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,—
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope!—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough!* [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSS, LENNOX, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, MENTEITH, *and* Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And, so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH's *head.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,—
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

GUILDENSTERN, } *Courtiers.*
OSRIC,
A Gentleman,
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, } *Officers.*
BERNARDO,

FRANCISCO, *a Soldier.*

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mot'.* *of* HAMLET.
OPHELIA, *Daughter to* POLONIUS.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailor Messengers, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE,—ELSINORE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ELSINORE. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *at his post.* *Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold Yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good-night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good-night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldie
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo has my plac
Give you good-night. [*Ex*
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say.
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio:—welcome, goo Marcellus. [night

When yon same star that's westward from t pole
Had made his course to illume that part o heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,— [comes again!
Mar. Peace, break thee off; look where it

Enter Ghost, *armed.*

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's
dead. [Horatio.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it,
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it,
Horatio. [and wonder.
Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time
of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge
thee, speak!
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalks away!
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee,
speak! [*Exit* Ghost.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer. [pale:
Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange. [hour,
Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work I
know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he
that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war; [task
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant
Hamlet,— [him,—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd
compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras, [cov'nant,
Had he been vanquisher; as by the same
And carriage of the article design'd, [bras,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortin-
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other,—
As it doth well appear unto our state,—
But to recover of us by strong hand,
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.
Ber. I think it be no other, but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the
king
That was and is the question of these wars.
Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell, [dead
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climature and countrymen.—
But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Hamlet in [illegible] Sir Jo[illegible] Forbes-Robertson

Act I, Sc. [illegible]

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The bell then beating one,— [comes again!
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But to recover of us by strong hand,
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
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The source of this our watch, and the chief head
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Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!

Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—
cellus.
Mar. Shall I strike at it with
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Ber.
Hor. 'Tis here!
Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit* Ghost.
We do it
To offer
For it is,
And our
Ber.
Hor.
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

ing know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ELSINORE. *A Room of State in*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom

With mirth and funeral, and with dirge in marriage,

'or

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,

Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?
Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition; and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—
Ham. [*Aside.*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common,—all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem;
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.
King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.
[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET.
Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't,—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—

O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle, [father
My father's brother; but no more like my
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
[illegible]
It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart,—for I must

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO

[illegible]
Marcellus.
Mar. My good lord,—
Ham. I am very glad to see you.—Good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know y[illegible]
But what is your affair in E[illegible]
We'll teach you to drink d[illegible]
Hor. My lord, I came [illegible] funeral. [student;
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral-bak'd meats
[illegible]
Hor. My lord, the king your father
[illegible]
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me he[illegible]
Hor. Two nights together had these gent[illegible]men,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like yo[illegible] father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pé,
[illegible]
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was th[illegible]
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where [illegible] watch'd.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I di[illegible]
But answer made it none: yet once methoug[illegible]
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
[illegible]
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, [illegible] true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it. [n[illegible]
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubl[illegible]
Hold you the watch to-night?
Mar. and Ber. We do, my lor[illegible]
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
Mar. and Ber. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Mar. and Ber. My lord, from head to foo[illegible]
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. O yes, my lord, he wore his beaver u[illegible]
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than anger
Ham. Pale or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon yo[illegible]
Hor. Most constantl[illegible]
Ham. I [illegible] I had been ther[illegible]
Hor. It would ha[illegible]'d you.
Ham. Very like, [illegible] lon[illegible]

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar. and Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw't.
Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
[*Exeunt* HOR., MAR., *and* BER.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* POLONIUS'S *House.*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood:
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The pérfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.
Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long:—but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, fo [shame
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessin with you!
[*Laying his hand on* LAERTES'S *hea*
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou charácter. Give thy thoughts tongue,
Nŏr any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tr
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of ste
But do not dull thy palm with entertainme
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. ware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of th
Give every man thine ear, but few thy vo

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

[illegible]

Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so,—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly

[illegible]

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a [illegible]
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

[illegible]

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.
Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,

[illegible]

Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season

[illegible] to-night, and [illegible]

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observ-

[illegible]

phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chances in particular men

That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else,—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do? [Ghost *beckons* HAMLET.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—
Go on; I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.— [Ghost *beckons.*
Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;— [*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.
I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt* Ghost *and* HAMLET.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A more remote part of the Platform.*

Enter Ghost *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak I'll go no farther.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to waste in fires
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

Ham. Murder!

...ith,

Ham. O my prophetic soul! mine
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that
beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with
O wicked wit and gifts that have the
So to seduce!—won to his shameful
The will of my most seeming virtuous
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was the
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline

The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man

With all my imperfections on my head:

what else? [heart;
And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, my

Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.—
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bir

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be secret?
Hor. and Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is;—and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray. [my lord.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words,
Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio, [here,—
much offence too. Touching this vision
t is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Hor. and Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear't.
Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny?— [age,—
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellar-
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear. [ground.—
Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear. [earth so fast?
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends. [strange!
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. [Horatio,
There are more things in heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;—
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *Well, well, we know;*—or, *We could, an if we would;*— [*they might;*—
Or, *If we list to speak;*—or, *There be, an if*
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint:—O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!—
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* POLONIUS'S *House.*

Enter POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord. [Reynaldo,
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,

What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord.
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—you may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another
That he is open to inconti
That's not my meaning:
so quaintly

Pol. Wherefore should
Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.
Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,

Of

What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
About to say something:—where did I leave?
Rey. At *closes in the consequence,*

not?
you

well.
Rey. Good my lord!
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.
Rey. Well, my lord.
Pol. Farewell! [*Exit* REYNALDO.

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But truly I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstacy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and* Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.
Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good-will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.
Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.
Guil. We both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.
King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.
Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much-changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.
Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!
Queen. Ay, amen!
[*Exeunt* ROS., GUIL., *and some* Attendants.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think,—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do,—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit* POLONIUS.
He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,—
His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.
King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
[illegible]
To give the assay of arms against your majesty
[illegible]
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Gives a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.
King. It likes us well:
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour:
[illegible]
Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
[illegible]
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter,—have whilst she is mine,—
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.
[*Reads.*
To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,—*beautified* is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus:
[*Reads.*
In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.
Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful. [*Reads.*
Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
[illegible]
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET.
This, in obedience, hath my daughter show'd me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.
Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might
[illegible]
Queen. It may be, very likely.
Pol. Hath there been such a time,—I'd fain know that,—
That I have positively said, *'Tis so,*
When it prov'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.
[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and* Attendants.

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well; you're a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a [man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god-kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to 't.

Pol. How say you by that?—[*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my [lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical slave says here that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal,—except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*To* POLONIUS.] God save you, sir!
[*Exit* POLONIUS.

Guil. Mine honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not overhappy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's [grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, anything—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties

know the

t let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no?

lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof

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t not

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you

humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in,—the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of

pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should

grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was for awhile no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—

One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. [*Aside.*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why—

As by lot, God wot,

and then, you know,

It came to pass, as most like it was,—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! Thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play.* What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, —but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was,—as I received it, and others whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine,—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One

speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line;—let me see, let me see:—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,

—it is not so:—it begins with Pyrrhus:—

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.—

So proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him [sword,
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique
[illegible]

Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
[illegible]

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you

In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel, [heaven,
And bowl the round knave down the hill of
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, say on.—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on; come to Hecuba.

1 *Play.* But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen,—

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; *mobled queen* is good.

1 *Play.* Run barefoot up and down,
[illegible]
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,—
Unless things mortal move them not at all,—
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pray you, no
[illegible]
be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time; after your death
[illegible]

Ham. We'll [illegible] to-morrow night. You

could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines which I would set down and insert in't? could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit* First Player.] —My good friends [*to* ROS. *and* GUIL.], I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.

Ham. Ay, so God b' wi' ye!—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wan'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba, [do,
That he should weep for her? What would he
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this, ha?
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal:—bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
A scullion! [heard
Fie upon't! foh!—About, my brain! I have
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak [players
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,—
As he is very potent with such spirits,—
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this:—the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted; [speak.
But from what cause he will by no means

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players [him;
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter. [content me

King. With all my heart; and it doth much



Photo Alfred Ellis & W[illegible]

Hamlet in "Hamlet" (Sir John Martin Harvey)

"There is [illegible] [illegible] thinking makes it so."

Act II, Sc. II.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not born me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry,—be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers,—quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING *and* POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET *and certain* Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your

but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. and Guil. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man

Get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you played once i' the university, you say? [*To* POL.

Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music! come, the recorders!—

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why, then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter the Players, *with* Recorders.

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.
Ham. Or like a whale?
Pol. Very like a whale.
Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.
Pol. I will say so.
Ham. By and by is easily said. [*Exit* POLONIUS.]—Leave me, friends.

To give them seals never, my soul, conse

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Castle*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUII STERN.

Out of his lunacies.
Guil. We will ourselves

That spirit upon whose weal depend
The lives of many. The cease of ma

voyage;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Ros. and Guil. We will haste us.
[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself [home

A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,

murder!—

not?
it?
death!
assay:
ngs
of steel,

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

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Pol. It is backed like a weasel.
Ham. Or like a whale?
Pol. Very like a whale.
Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.
Pol. I will say so.
Ham. By and by is easily said. [*Exit*

Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.—
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. I

Hazard so
Out of his lunacies.
Guil. We will ourselves

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[*Exit* POLONIUS.
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,—

murder!—

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't;—and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng'd:—that would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May; [heaven?
And how his audit stands who knows save
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him: and am I, then, reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;—
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*
[*The* KING *rises and advances.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN *and* POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him: [with,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I'll warrant you:
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS *goes behind the arras.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended. [offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue. [tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife; [mother.
And,—would it were not so!—you are my

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?—
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help, help, help!

Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*
Dead, for a ducat, dead!
[*Makes a pass through the arras.*

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain!
[*Falls and dies.*

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king? [*Draws forth* POLONIUS.

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this! [mother,

Ham. A bloody deed!—almost as bad, good
As kill a king and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
[*To* POLONIUS.
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,



Photo Johnston & H ?n London

Hamlet in "Hamlet" the late Mr H B. Irv…

The satirical slave says here that old men have gray b…

Act II



Photo W. & D. Downey, London.

Ophelia in "Hamlet" (Miss Maud Fealy).

"How should I your true love know?"

Act IV., Sc. V., p. 1157.

With tristful visage, as against the doom,

eyes?

O shame! where is thy blush?

If thou canst mutine in a matro

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—

A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe

e, and hover o'er me with your wings,
avenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

n. Alas, he's mad!

. Do you not come your tardy son to [chide,
ıps'd in time and passion, lets go by
portant acting of your dread command?

'. Do not forget: this visitation
o whet thy almost blunted purpose.

e?

ok?
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es,
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on

ce for

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [*Exit* Ghost.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain

And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,—
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord
[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.
I do repent: but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good-night.—
I must be cruel only to be kind:
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.—
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,—
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard: and't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—
Mother, good-night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—
Good-night, mother.
[*Exeunt severally;* HAM. *dragging out* POL.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.
[*To* ROS. *and* GUIL., *who go out.*
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat, a rat!*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.
King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:

Transports his poison'd shot, may
And hit the woundless air.—O, come
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

again.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.
Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing,—
Guil. A thing, my lord!
Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

nd

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stowed.
Ros and Guil. [*Within.*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Ros. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befallen?
Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, w ’s Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper! wh
Ham. Not where he he is eaten: a certain convoc

are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service,—two dishes, but to one table: that 's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some* Attendants.

Ham. He will stay till ye come. [*Exeunt* Attendants.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.—Come, for England! [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for everything is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste. [*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *and* Forces *marching.*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king:
Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exeunt* FOR. *and* Forces.

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *&c.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God b' wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before. [*Exeunt all but* HAMLET.
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason

To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do;*
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
means

[illegible]

Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—ELSINORE. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN *and* HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

[illegible]

she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and
beats her heart; [doubt,
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own
thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures
yield them, [thought,
Indeed would make one think there might be
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
'Twere good she were spoken with; for she
may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit* HORATIO.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO *with* OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of
Denmark?
Queen. How now, Ophelia!
Oph. How should I your true love know [*Sings.*
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.
Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this
song?
Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady, [*Sings*
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass green turf,
At his heels a stone.
Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—
Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain [*Sings.*
snow,

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.
Oph. Larded with sweet flowers; [*Sings*
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers
King. How do you, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!
King. Conceit upon her father.
Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this;
when they ask you what it means, say you

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day [*Sings.*
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!
Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make
an end on't:
By Gis and by Saint Charity, [*Sings.*
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach!—Good-night, ladies; good-night, sweet ladies; good-night, good-night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO.
O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalias! First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France;
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? let them guard the door.

Enter a Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, *Choose we, Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

Enter LAERTES, *armed; Danes following.*

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Gertrude:—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation:—to this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

[illegible] OPHELIA, *fantastically dressed with*

[illegible]

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier; [*Sings.*
Hey no nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And on his grave rain'd many a tear,—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his [illegible]

[illegible]

violets, but they withered all when my father died:—they say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,— [*Sings.*

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again? [*Sings.*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow
All flaxen was his poll.

[illegible]

And of all [illegible]
b' wi' ye.

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:

[illegible]

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter HORATIO *and a* Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.— [*Exit* Servant.
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads.*] *Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they* [illegible] *am to do a good turn* [illegible] *have the letters I have* [illegible] *to me with as much* [illegible] *y death. I have words* [illegible] *ll make thee dumb; yet*

are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING *and* LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which,—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,—
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio,—he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—
Leave us. [*Exit* Messenger.

[*Reads.*] *High and mighty,—You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.* HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character:—*Naked,*—
And in a postscript here, he says, *alone.*
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes

The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months
since,

Come short of wh

Laer.

King. A Norm

Laer. Upon my

King

Laer. I know
indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confess
And gave you such a maste

nation,

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your
father;
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,

For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much: that we would do
We should do when we would; for this *would*
changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh
That hurts by easing. But to the quick o' the
ulcer:—

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. I will do't:

point

see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't.
When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd
him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter QUEEN

How now, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's
heel, [Laertes.
So fast they follow:—your sister's drown'd,

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Churchyard.*

Enter two Clowns *with spades, &c.*

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clo. It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

1 Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes,—mark you that: but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 Clo. But is this law?

1 Clo. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.

2 Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 Clo. Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian.—Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

2 Clo. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clo. Why, he had none.

1 Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself,—

2 Clo. Go to.

1 Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

1 Clo. To't.

2 Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *at a distance.*

1 Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.
[*Exit* Second Clown.

In youth, when I did love, did love, [*Digs and sings.*
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clo.* But age, with his stealing steps, [*Sings.*
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipp'd me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.
[*Throws up a skull.*

[illegible]

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou,*

[illegible]

these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

1 *Clo.* A pick axe and a spade, a spade, [*Sings*
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.
[*Throws up another*

[illegible]

cut assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 *Clo.* Mine, sir.—
O, a pit of clay for to be made [*Sings.*
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 *Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say

[illegible]

1 *Clo.* For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

[illegible]

How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born,—he that is mad, and sent

[illegible]

tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*]—Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[*Throws down the skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!—
But soft! but soft! aside.—Here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c., *in procession; the Corpse of* OPHELIA, LAERTES *and* Mourners *following;* KING, QUEEN, *their* Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile and mark.

[*Retiring with* HOR.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her,
Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest.* No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[*Leaps into the grave.*

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

All. Ge

Hor.

Ham.

him — [*Exit* HORATIO.
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech; [*To* LAERTES.
We'll put the matter to the present push —

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now let me see the other;

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and know of these contents,

Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.
Hor. How was this seal'd?
Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next [day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.
Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go [to't.
Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.
Hor. Why, what a king is this!
Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon,—
He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my [mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage,—is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be [damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?
Hor. It must be shortly known to him from [England
What is the issue of the business there.
Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say One.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.
Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure,
I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit.
Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 't were,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember,—

[HAMLET *moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and it but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of [him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all' golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant,—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, you did, it would not much approve me.— Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what exc lence Laertes is,—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I sho

compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has [illegible]

conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the [illegible]

sides: I would it might be hangers till then. [illegible]

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him he shall not ex- [illegible]

your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit* OSRIC.]—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he,—and many more of the same bevy, that I know the drossy age dotes on,—only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they [illegible]

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit* Lord.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France I have been in continual practice: I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not [illegible] heart: but [illegible] such a kind [illegible] 's trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say [illegible]

[illegible] a whit, we defy augury: there's [illegible] idence in the fall of a sparrow. [illegible]

[*The* KING *puts* LAERTES'S *hand into* HAMLET'S.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong:
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, hono[illegible] exception
Roughly awake, I here [illegible]
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[HAMLET *moves him to put on his hat.*

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Ham. Of him, sir.

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Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is,—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should

[illegible]

he's unfellowed [illegible]

[illegible]

conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the [illegible]

[illegible]

called carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: why is this imponed, as you call it?

[illegible]

gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit* OSRIC.]—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell [on his head.

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Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty [illegible]

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

[illegible] [*Exit* Lord.

[illegible] my lord.

[illegible] he went into [illegible] practice: I [illegible] wouldst not [illegible] heart: but

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a [illegible]

[illegible] r mind dislike anything, obey [illegible] stall their repair hither, and say [illegible]

[illegible] whit, we defy augury: there's [illegible] idence in the fall of a sparrow. [illegible]

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, *and* Attendants *with foils, &c.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The* KING *puts* LAERTES'S *hand into* HAMLET'S.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong:
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement
Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice and precedent of peace
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star in the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both;
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table,—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well;—again.

King. Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.—
[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*
Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—
Come.—Another hit; what say you? [*They play.*

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. [*Aside.*] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. [*Aside.*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence:
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now!
[LAER. *wounds* HAM.; *then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and* HAM. *wounds* LAER.

King. Part them; they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again. [*The* QUEEN *falls.*

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—
The drink, the drink!—I am poison'd. [*Dies.*
Ham. O villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out.
Laer. It is here, Hamlet:
slain;
No medicine in the world can
In thee there is not half an h
The treacherous instrument is
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd:
I can no more:—the king, the king's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too!—
Then venom to thy work. [*Stabs the* KING.
Osr. and Lords. Treason! treason!
King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous,

thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—

But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As thou'rt a m
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have't.—
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—
[*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?
Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart.—Good

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the* English Ambassadors, *and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it you would see?

proud

al;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you
He never gave commandment for their death
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.
Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
Hor. Of that I shall have also

And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild: lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldier's music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies.—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead march.*
[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, *a Senator.*
Other Senators.
GRATIANO, *Brother to* BRABANTIO.
LODOVICO, *Kinsman to* BRABANTIO.
[illegible] *Venice.*
[illegible]

MONTANO, OTHELLO'S *predecessor in the government of Cyprus.*

Clown, *Servant to* OTHELLO.
Herald.

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to* BRABANTIO, *and Wife to* OTHELLO.
EMILIA, *Wife to* IAGO.
BIANCA, *Mistress to* CASSIO.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messenger, Musicians, Herald, Sailor, Attendants, *&c.*

SCENE,—*The First Act in* VENICE; *during the rest of the Play at a Seaport in* CYPRUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—VENICE. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO.

Rod. Never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this,—

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him:—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:—
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war:
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators; for, *Certes,* says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
[illegible] bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, God bless the mark! his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

[illegible]
For naught but provender; and when he's old, cashier'd.
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd their coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor I would not be Iago:
In following him I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father.
Rouse him:—make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house: I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO *appears above at a window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors locked?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors;
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,—
As partly I find it is,—that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber or your house
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—

souls,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell
[*Exit.*

Enter below, BRABANTIO, *and* Servants *with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;

a father! [ceives me
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, she de-
Past thought.—What said she to you?—G-
more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, thir
you?
Rod. Truly, I think they are.
Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—
treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Rodengo,
Of some such thing?
Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.
Bra. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
Some one way some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo:—I'll deserve your pains.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—VENICE. *Another Street.*

Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

sir,

My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,—

Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?
Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.
Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO *and certain* Officers *with torches.*

Oth. The servants of the duke and my lieutenant.—
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Cas. The duke does greet you, general;

And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance
Even on the instant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.
Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*
Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Cas. I do not understand.
Iago. He's married.
Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers *with torches and weapons.*

Oth. Holla! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion:—I'll have 't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?
Bra. To prison; till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.
Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him.
1 Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior;
The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.
Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—VENICE. *A Council-chamber.*

The DUKE *and* Senators *sitting at a table;* Officers *attending.*

Duke. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.
1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.
Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.
2 Sen. And mine two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor. [*Within.*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
1 Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now,—what's the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,

[illegible]

Rhodes.

1 Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

[illegible]

Roderigo, *and* Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; [*To* Brabantio.
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

[illegible]

son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,

[illegible]

patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold:
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good-night to every one.—And, noble signior, [*To* BRABANTIO.
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.

Oth. My life upon her faith!—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO *and* DESDEMONA.

Rod. Iago,—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me:—go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed: I'll go sell all my land.

[*Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery,—How, how?—Let's see:—
After some time to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thin...
And will as ...
As asses ...
I have't; ...
Must brir...

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Seaport Town in Cyprus. A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO *and two* Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?
1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail.

th
Can hold t...
2 Gent. ...

And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.
Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

...
Ha... seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.
Mon. How! is this true?
3 Gent. The ship is here put in,

A Veronese; Michael Cassio,
...
speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
...

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks you, the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
...
pilot
his
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
...

[*Guns within.*
2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least.
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
2 Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*
Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
...

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?
2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. Has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling [winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful [breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd: nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship:—but, hark! a sail.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail! [*Guns within.*

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.— [*Exit* Gentlemen.
Good ancient, you are welcome:—welcome, mistress:— [*To* EMILIA.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your [kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay—There's one gone to the [harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my inven- [tion
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—
It plucks out brains and all: but my muse [labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise,—fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and [witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed,—one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, *Now I may;*
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind;

See su'tors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small [beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! —Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liber[illegible] counsellor?

Cas. He speaks hom[illegible] relish him more in the s[illegible] scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He tak[illegible] ay, well said, whisper: [illegible] this will I ensnare as [illegible]

[illegible]

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO *and* Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. [illegible]

[illegible]
death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [*Aside.*] O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote

[illegible]

telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what de-

[illegible]

delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,—who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and [illegible]

[illegible] a devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites [illegible] that folly and green minds look after, [illegible] complete knave; and the woman [illegible] him already.

Rod. I cannot belie[illegible] she is full of most blessed condi[illegible]

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and haply with his truncheon may strike at you: provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor,—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust,—though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,—
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter a Herald *with a proclamation;* People *following.*

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial:—so much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good-night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,— [*To* DESDEMONA.
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.—
Good-night.
[*Exeunt* OTH., DES., *and* Attend.

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an

poor and unhappy brains for drink ...
well wish courtesy would invent ...
custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; b... I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick

That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing c...
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst ... of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some a...
That may offend the isle:—b...

If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and strea...

Re-enter CASSIO, *with him* MONTANO *and* Gentlemen, *followed by* Servant *with wine.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [*Sing*
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier 's a man;
O, man's life 's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was and a worthy peer, [*Sing*
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country ...
Then take th... auld cloak ...

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a ...
than the other

Iago. Will you h...

Cas. No, for I ... unworthy o...
his place th... Well,—
heaven's a... souls mus...
be saved ... be sav...

right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone [before;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How, now, Roderigo! [*Aside to him.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit* ROD.

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island;
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil.—But, hark! what noise? [*Cry within,*—"Help! help!"

Re-enter CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking* RODERIGO.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry a mutiny! [*Aside to* ROD., *who goes out.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir:—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed! [*Bell rings.*
Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.

Re-enter OTHELLO *and* Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant,—sir,—Montano, [—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth [this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know:—friends all but now, [even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed; and then, but now,—
As if some planet had unwitted men,—
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night.



[illegible] Robertson)

[illegible] speech

[illegible] peace

Act I., Sc. [illegible]



Photo: L. Caswall Smith, London.

Othello and Desdemona in "Othello" (Mr. Hubert Carter and Miss Tita Brand).

"If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy."

Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

To manage private and domestic quarrel,

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth

Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd it
From him that fled some strange indignity
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Re-enter DESDEMONA, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up!—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.

—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

As I am an honest man, I thought you ceived some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you

we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how come you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this

d not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again,—he nall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many nouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop hem all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good-night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good-night, honest Iago. [*Exit.*

Iago. And what's he, then, that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not [patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio;
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* ROD.]—Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—CYPRUS. *Before the Castle.*

Enter CASSIO *and some* Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here,—I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow, general. [*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

1 *Mus.* How, sir, how!

[illegible]

that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

1 *Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

[illegible]

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll awa[illegible]

Cas. [illegible]

Clo. [illegible] hear you.

[illegible]

Enter Iago.

[illegible]

Procure me some a[illegible]

Iago. I[illegible]

And I'll devise a[illegible]

[illegible]

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good-morrow, good Lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the saf'st occasion by the front
[illegible]

Yet, I beseech you,—
[illegible] it may be done,—
[illegible] some brief discourse
[illegible]

Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

[illegible] II.—Cyprus. *A Room in the Castle.*

[illegible]*ter* Othello, Iago, *and* Gentlemen.

[illegible]

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Cyprus. *The Garden of the Castle.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, *and* Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

[illegible] my husband
[illegible]
love
[illegible] ur'd
[illegible] well
[illegible]
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,

If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle everything he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.

[*Exit* CASSIO.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:—
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of the best,—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more; let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exit with* EMILIA.

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord!
Oth. Think, my lord!

And didst contract and purse thy brow to-

honesty, [breath,—
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:

none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why, then,

and false,—

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and of my jealousy
Shape faults that are not,—that your wisd

my lord,

And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in yo hand;

Oth. O misery! [enoug
Iago. Poor and content is rich, and r
But riches fineless is as poor as winter

doubt
Is once to be resolv'd: exchange me for a go

am glad of it; for now I shall have
eason
he love and duty that I bear you
ker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
t from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
your wife; observe her well with
Cassio;
ur eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
not have your free and noble nature,
self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
our country disposition well;
ice they do let heaven see the pranks
are not show their husbands; their best
conscience
to leave undone, but keep unknown.
h. Dost thou say so? [you;
go. She did deceive her father, marrying
when she seem'd to shake and fear your
looks,
lov'd them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to, then;
e that, so young, could give out such a
seeming,
o seal her father's eyes up close as oak,—
le thought 'twas witchcraft,—But I am much
to blame;
humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your
spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love; but I do see you're
mov'd:—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
Which my thoughts aim'd not. Cassio's my
worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you're mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd:
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you
to think so! [self,—
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from it-
Iago. Ay, there's the point:—as,—to be
bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends,—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul dispro[portion]...
But pardon me: I do not in p[osition]
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature
doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he
unfolds.
Iago. [*Returning.*] My lord, I would I might
entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,—
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the meantime
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-
strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much,—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great
ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe't.

Re-enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Des. Faith, that's ...
... again:
Let me but bind it hard, within ...
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is ...
[*He puts the handker...*
and she d...
Let it alone. Come, I'll go ...
Des. I am very sorry tha...
[*Exeu...*
Emil. I am glad I have ...
This was her first remembra...
My wayward husband hath ...
Woo'd me to steal it; b...
token,—
For he conjur'd her she ...
That she reserves it ev...
To kiss and talk to. ...
out,
And give't Iago:
What he'll do with ...
I nothing but to pl...

Iago. How n...
Emil. Do n...
you.
Iago. A thin...
Emil. Ha!
Iago. To h...
Emil. O, ...
For that s...
Iago.
Emil. W...
Why, th...
That w...
Iago
E...
A-...
Look...

Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why do you speak so fai
Are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead h
Des. Faith, that's with watching; away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little;
from him.

Woo'd me to steal
token,—
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,—
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago:
What he'll do with it heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?
Emil. Do not you chi
you.
Iago. A thing for me
Emil. Ha!
Iago. To have a fool
Emil. O, is that all?
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?

Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench; give it me.
Emil. What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest

Go, leave me. [*Exit* EMILIA.
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmations strong
this may do something.

Burn like the
so:— [dragora,
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor man-
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?
Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.
Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know't a little.
Iago. How now, my lord!
Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?

Farewell the neighing
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
ide, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
nd, O *you mortal engines, whose rude throats*
he immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
arewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
Iago. Is't possible, my lord?—
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,— [*Taking him by the throat.*
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
better have been born a dog

't come to this?
at the least, so

ge nor loop
upon thy life!

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;

Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up close as oak,—
He thought 'twas witchcraft,—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love; but I do see you're mov'd:—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
Which my thoughts aim'd not. Cassio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you're mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd:
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point:—as,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends,—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural:—
But pardon me: I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. [*Returning.*] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,—
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the meantime
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the win
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversatior
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'c
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much,
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriag
That we can call these delicate creatures ou
And not their appetites! I had rather be a to
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of g ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Desdemona come
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itse
I'll not believe't.

Re-enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Des. How now, my dear Ot
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to b'

Des.

Are you not well

Oth. I have a

Des. Faith, t

away ag

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,—
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,—
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago:
What he'll do with it
I nothing but to pleas

Re en

Iago. How now! w

Emil. Do not you
you.

Iago. A thing for me

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foo

Emil. O, is that all

And, to the advantage
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air

Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:— [dragora,

an-

ie?

of

:—

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?

whore,— [*Taking him by the throat.*

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse:

On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?—
God b' wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty 's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure 't.—Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on,—
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: damn them, then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where 's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say, *Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry, *O sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried, *Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!*

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,—
I am sure it was your wife's,—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives,—
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.—[*Kneels.*

To wrong'd Othello's service! ... him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—CYPRUS. *Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Clown.

Des. Can anything be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

doing it. [*Exit.*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my [purse
Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor
Is true of m...
As jealous c...
To put him

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no [sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:—
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours re- [quires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may indeed say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;
...r new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

What promise, chuck?

I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends [me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.
That handkerchief

... while
... ther
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies...

To lose't or give't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is't possible?
Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work; [silk;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the
And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.
Des. Indeed! is't true?
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.
Des. Then would to God that I had never
seen't!
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startingly and
rash? [the way?
Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of
Des. Heaven bless us!
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?
Oth. How!
Des. I say, it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind
misgives.
Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you,—
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit.*
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food:
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us.—Look you,—Cassio and my
husband.

Enter Cassio *and* Iago.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must
do't:
And, lo, the happiness! go and importune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the
news with you? [you
Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.
Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must awhile be
patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the
cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet
him:
There's matter in't indeed if he be angry.
Des. I pr'ythee, do so. [*Exit* Iago.] Some-
thing, sure, of state,—
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practic
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit, and in such case
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis eve
so;
For let our finger ache, and it endues
Our other healthful members even to that sen
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not go
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emi
I was,—unhandsome warrior as I am,—
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness
And he's indicted falsely. [you th
Emil. Pray heaven it be state matter
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.
Des. Alas the day, I never gave him c
Emil. But jealous souls will not be an
so;

They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself. [mind!
Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
Emil. Lady, amen. [about:
Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk here-
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall in a more continuate time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her* DESDEMONA'S *handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.
Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good truth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not neither: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded,—
As like enough it will,—I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CYPRUS. *Before the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
Oth. What then? [being hers,
Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that? [seen;
Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not
They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,— [forgot it:—
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good now.
Iago. What,
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab,—
Oth. Hath he said anything?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.
Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lie,—
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

To lose't or give't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work; [silk;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the
And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to God that I had never seen't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash? [the way?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. How!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you,—

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [*Exit.*

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food:
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us.—Look you,—Cassio and my husband.

Enter CASSIO *and* IAGO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:
And, lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you? [you

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him:
There's matter in't indeed if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so. [*Exit* IAGO.] Something, sure, of state,—
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit, and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it endues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
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Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely. [you think,

Emil. Pray heaven it be state matters, as
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

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Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;

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Emil. Lady, amen. [about:
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If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
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From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
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I like the work well: ere it be demanded,—
As like enough it will,—I'd have it copied:
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And think it no addition, nor my wish,
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And say if I shall see you soon at night.

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To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
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And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.
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Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.
Des. Then would to God that I had never seen 't!
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash? [the way?
Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out of
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You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.
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Des. A man that all his time
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And stood within the blank of his displeasure
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And he 's indicted falsely. [you think,
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Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause!
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And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Enter BIANCA.

Cassio.
What, keep a week away? seven nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' ... hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;

Cas. I know not neither: I found it in my chamber.

Bian. But that you do not love me
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

bring

rcum-
eunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CYPRUS. *Before the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,
To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed

heaven.

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab,—

Oth. Hath he said anything?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he 'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie,—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say lie on her when they belie her.—Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour;—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus:—pish!—noses, ears, and lips. —Is't possible?—Confess,—handkerchief!—O devil!— [*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.
[*Exit* CASSIO.
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief,—
A passion most unsuiting such a man,—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But,—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[OTHELLO *withdraws.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguil'd by one:—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From [illegible]:—here he comes:—
As he [illegible] hall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour
Quite in the wrong.

Re-enter CASSIO.

How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. [*Aside.*] Look, how he laughs already!

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Oth. [*Aside.*] Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. [*Aside.*] Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er:—go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [*Aside.*] Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry her!—what, a customer! I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome:—ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [*Aside.*] So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. [*Aside.*] Have you scored me? Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. [*Aside.*] Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble, and falls thus about my neck,—

[illegible]

yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? [illegible]

[illegible]

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are [illegible]

[illegible]

Cas. I will, I [illegible]

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Oth. [*Coming forward.*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing. —A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.—O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

[illegible] that's not your way.

[illegible] g her! I do but say what she is:— [illegible] with her needle!—an admirable [illegible] O, she will sing the savageness out [illegible] Of so high and plenteous wit and [illegible]

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times:—and then of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night. [illegible]

very good.

Iago. And for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

Oth. Excellent good. [*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and* Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!
Oth. With all my heart, sir.
Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a packet.*
Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [*Opens the packet and reads.*
Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus. [Cassio?
Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant
Iago. Lives, sir. [my lord
Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My lord? [*will,—*
Oth. [*Reads.*] *This fail you not to do as you*
Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed!
Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. Why, sweet Othello,—
Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*
Des. I have not deserv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much:
Make her amends; she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight!
Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress!
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord? [her turn:
Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!
I am commanded home.—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!
[*Exit* DESDEMONA.
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together:
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys! [*Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient?—Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He is that he is: I may not breathe my censure. [not,—
What he might be,—if what he might he is
I would to heaven he were!
Lod. What, strike his wife!
Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!
Lod. *Is it his use?*
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—CYPRUS. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?
Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard [them.
Each syllable that breath made up between
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil. Never. [nor nothing?
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,

If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither.—Go. [*Exit* EMILIA.
She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA *with* DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, mistress; [*To* EMIL.
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. You wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.
Oth. Co
Lest, being like
themselve
Should fear to seize
Swear thou art honest.

Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost
Why, I have lost him too.

The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads [there
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexio
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Des. I hope my noble lord esteems m
honest.
Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in th
shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O tho
weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—would tho
hadst ne'er been born!
Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodl
book,

winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay you!
We have done our course; there's money for
your pains:
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[*Exit.*
Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman con-
ceive?— [lady?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good
Des. Faith, half asleep. [my lord?
Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with
Des. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.
Des. Who is thy lord?
Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-
night [ber;—
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remem-
And call thy husband hither.
Emil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*
Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter EMILIA *with* IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How
is't with you? [young babes
Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What's the matter, lady?
Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd
her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her
As true hearts cannot bear.
Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.
Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his
drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.
Iago. Why did he so? [such.
Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep:—alas, the
day! [matches,
Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one
weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for't!
How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd
else. [possible.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is im-
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon
him! [his bones!
Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her
company?
What place? what time? what form? what likeli-
hood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous
knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy
fellow:—
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!
Iago. Speak within door.
Emil. O, fie upon him! some such squire
he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Des. Alas, Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of
heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do
much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say whore,—
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.
Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his
humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.
Des. If 'twere no other,—
Iago. It is but so, I warrant.
[*Trumpets within.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Photo Berlin Photographic Co. London

the Senate ("Othello")
"My noble father
...ded duty"

Act I, Sc. III





Photo H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

Miranda in "The Tempest" (Lady Benson).

"O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer!"

Act I., Sc. II., p. 2

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

... in the contrary?

... y than ... hope. I will, indeed, no longer ... r am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already ...

... half have corrupted a votarist: ... me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect ...

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, ...

... engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some ... none can be so determinate ...

... of him?

Iago. Why, by making ... apable of Othello's place,—knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit ...

... ing thence, ... between twelve and one,—you may ... your pleasure: I will be near to ...

... necess... yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—CYPRUS. *Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?— O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* OTH., LOD., *and* Attendants.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent: He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was ... Emilia ... Give me my nig... We must not no...

mil. I would you had never seen him!
es. So would not I: my love doth so approve him, [frowns,—
t even his stubbornness, his checks, his
ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them. [on the bed.
Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me
Des. All's one.—Good faith, how foolish are our minds!—
I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
n one of those same sheets.
Emil. Come, come, you talk.
Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of *willow;*
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.—Pr'ythee, despatch.
Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?
Des. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.
Emil. A very handsome man.
Des. He speaks well.
Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree, [*Sings.*
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her and soften'd the stones;—

Lay by these:—
Sing willow, willow, willow;— [*Sings.*
Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon:—
Sing all a green willow must be my garland. [*Sings.*
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that knocks?
Emil. It's the wind.
Des. I call'd my love false love; but what said he then? [*Sings.*
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.—
So, get thee gone; good-night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?
Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.
Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?
Emil. There be some such, no question.
Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this heavenly light!
Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.
Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. The world's a huge thing: it is a great price
For a small vice.
Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.
Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.
Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.
Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.
Des. I do not think there is any such woman.
Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they play'd for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies, [us,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know
The ills we do their ills instruct us to.
Des. Good-night, good-night: heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—CYPRUS. *A Street.*

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us or it mars us; think on that,
[illegible] thy resolution.

[illegible]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large

[illegible]

No, he must die.—But, so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest!
[*Rushes out, and makes a pass at* CASSIO.

Cas. That thrust had been *mine enemy* indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.
[*Draws, and wounds* RODERIGO.

Rod. O, I am slain!

[illegible]

Enter OTHELLO *at a distance.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he:—O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hath such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me,—minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unbless'd fate hies.—Strumpet, I come!
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[*Exit.*

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO *at a distance.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan:—it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Re-enter IAGO *with a light.*

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

[illegible]

ously!

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that *one of them* is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help. [*To* LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO.

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[*Stabs* RODERIGO.

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio!

Iago. How is't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen:—I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?

Iago. Who is't that cried!

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints!—O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face or no?
Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him! ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he.—O, that's well said;—the chair:— [*A chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress, [*To* BIANCA.
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world: nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To* BIAN.] What, look you pale?—
O, bear him out o' the air.—
[CAS. *and* ROD. *are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?—
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd:
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on afore?—[*Aside.*] This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—CYPRUS. *A Bedchamber in the Castle:* DESDEMONA *in bed asleep; a light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster. [*Takes off his sword.*
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.— [*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I [illegible]
And love thee after.—One more, an[d this] the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must w[eep,]
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. [illegible]

Oth. [illegible]

Des. [illegible]

Oth. [illegible]
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—heaven forfend!—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

[illegible]
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
[illegible]

Oth. I say, amen.

[illegible]
hand.
[illegible]

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.
[illegible]
revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour!

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer!

Oth. It is too late. [*Smothers her.*

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—
So, so.

Emil. [*Within.*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!

Oth. Yes:—'tis Emilia.—by and by.—She's dead.—
[illegible]

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done!

Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young [Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas, what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out and alas! that was my lady's [voice.—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [*Dies.*

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself it was not I.

Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks [with love!—
My husband say that she was false!

Oth. He, woman;
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were bes

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to
me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,-
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee know
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help,
help! [murd
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! murd

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAG

Mon. What is the matter?—How
general!

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have
That men must lay their murders on your

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou b
He says thou told'st him that his wife was
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a v
Speak, for my heart is full. [n

Iago. I told him what I thought; an
Than what he found himself was apt an

Emil. But did you ever tell him she wa

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious,
lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio!—Did you s
Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go t
your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:

[illegible]

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany, villany!—
I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villany!—
I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief:—
O villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Hanging over his wife.*

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For though hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*

[illegible]

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobance.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north:
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[IAGO *offers to stab his wife.*

Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;

[illegible]

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.—
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[IAGO *stabs* EMILIA, *and then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure he hath kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay:—O, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

[illegible]

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music:—*Willow, willow, willow.*— [*Sings.*
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;

[illegible]

cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day

That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires:—where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemon! dead, Desdemon! dead! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a chair, and* Officers, *with* IAGO *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello;—here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet,—but that's a fable.—
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[*Wounds* IAGO.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, anything:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain *Roderigo*;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, *Iago in the interim*
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd but even now
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't;—
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; *of one* whose hand,
Like the base Júdean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

[illegible] this;

Lod. [*To* IAGO.] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work:—the object poisons sight;

[illegible]

VENUS AND ADONIS.

'Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.'—OVID.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn;
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set I'll smother thee with kisses;

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a full disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens; (O how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears

one,

Till either gorge be stuff'd, or ... he;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;

flowers, [shower
So they were dew'd with such distillin

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
... she tunes her tale;

all we
And one

Never did passenger in summer's heat [turn:
More thirst for drink, than she for this good
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
'O, pity,' 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
...er did bow,
..., in every jar;
and my slave,
...ou unask'd shalt

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
... his uncontrolled crest

'Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
... steel his stronger strength

those fair lips of thine,
fair, yet are they red.)
...wn as well as mine:—
ground? hold up thy

..., there thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,
I will wink, so shall the day seem night;
keeps his revels where there are but twain;
old to play, our sport is not in sight:
...ese blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted;
... age of time, let not advantage slip;

'Were I hard favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,

But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkl... my brow;
Mine eyes are grey, a...
turning;

My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
  My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
  Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will *enchant* thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
  Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
  Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie!
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn to night, even where I list to sport me:
  Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
  That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand *seize love upon* thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine [illegible] on theft.
  Narcissu[illegible],
  And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
ainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things *growing to themselves are* growth's abuse:
  Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty,
  Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
  And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
  In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, 'tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
  Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
  So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
  Souring his cheeks, cries, 'Fie, no more of love!
  The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ah me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind!
What bare excuses mak'st thou to begone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
  I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
  If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have *from thence* doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:
  And were I not immortal, life were done,
  Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou *obdurate*, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a *woman's son*, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
  O had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
  She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss;
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
  Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
  And one *for* interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
  Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
  For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
  And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
  And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;

Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here,
[illegible]

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
[illegible]
striking?
[illegible]

Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
'Pity'—she cries,—'some favour—some remorse—'
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

[illegible]
tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
[illegible]
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

[illegible]
ing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whe'r he run, or fly, they knew not whether;
For thro' his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him as if she [illegible]

Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print
As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing:
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou feel it?'
'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it;
O give it me lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it;
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 't is your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone:
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,

And, once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it:
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

young

flattery;
For where a
battery.'

'What! canst tho
a tongue?

'Say that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,

by smelling.

Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast!

Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

Whose beams upon his hairless
As if from thence they borrow'd

Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
But hers, which thro' the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she, 'in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say the plague is banished by thy breath.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lip imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years;
Before I know myself seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

'Now let me say "good night," and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
'Good night,' quoth she; and, ere he says 'adieu,'
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glued,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that 's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then wooes best when most his choice is froward.

pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all
at last.

'Sweet boy,' she says,
sorrow,
For my sick heart comma
Tell me, love's master, sh
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the
match?'
He tells her, no;
To hunt the boar

'The boar!' quoth s

missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy,
ere this, [boar.
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth
fret:
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can
enter;

rushes.

But having thee at vantage, (wondrous dread!)
Would root these beauties as he roots the
mead.

'Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not

rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my
breast.

As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,

This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee I thy death should fear:

'And, more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer;
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?'—'No matter where,' quoth he;
'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent.'—'Why, what of that?' quoth she.
'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.'
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.

'But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves: so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

'And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay
Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again

nurse, [worse.
Your treatise makes me like you worse and

And will not let a false sound enter there;

No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;

Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
'Ah me!' she cries, and twenty times, 'woe, woe!'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth
bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee I thy death should fear:

'And, more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
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The hot scent-snuff
doubt,
Ceasing their clamo
With much ado th
Then do they
replies,
As if another c

'By this, poor
Stands on his h

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it—

heart.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou
such weeping?

rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsmen hollo:
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well

pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish groun
Who is but drunken when she seeme
drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!

wrought;

kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did bu
jest;

''Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd m
tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done the
wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman y
Could rule them both, without ten women
wit.'

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind,

To wail his death who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves,
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes:
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound,
The mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead;
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or anything ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves to rob him of his fair;

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep:
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him:
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him:
If he had spoke the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,

... where is no cause of fear;

... toward,
fear to valour, courage to the coward.

... confess

... upon his lips ...

... where herself herself beheld

light.

'Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

Strike the wise dumb, ...
speak.

... too full of riot.

... with
treasures:
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise,
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,)

... ood

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure her... not be seen.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof [illegible], without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your [illegible], not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater my duty would show greater: meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness,

Your Lordship's in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending by their secret and sudden arrival to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily despatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and, finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and, bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhapp'ly set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

O
Ar

Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

be

The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue

eam on

Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:

est,
'd:

hooks,
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her hus
Won in the fields of fruitful

And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory;
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd.

ose that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battles' rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
'As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise;
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine!
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine!
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave;
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eyesore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.'

down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's ...cund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes ... hours;
And as their captain, so th... ...th grow,
Paying more slavish tribut...
By reprobate desire thu...
The Roman lord marche...

And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory;
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battles' rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
'As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise;
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lu
And justly thus controls his thoughts u

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend
To darken her whose light excelleth thi
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before y
With your uncleanness that which is di
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
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A martial man to be soft fancy's sla
True valour still a true respect shou
Then my digression is so vile, so
That it will live engraven in my

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,

Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,

The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

'Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving;
I'll beg her love;—but she is not her own;
The worst is but denial, and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,

First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear;

Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd retires his ward;
But as they open they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard,
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him
there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him
stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth
scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the neeld his finger pricks:
As who should say this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haste;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay
him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay
him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingering stay his course doth
let,
'Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates,
shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heaven should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair
fair,
That they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts:—quoth he, 'I must de-
flower;
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution: [tried,
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide:
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watchword to his hand
soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver m

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves ou
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes be
To wink, being blinded with a greater
Whether it is that she reflects so brigh
That dazzleth them, or else some
supposed;
But blind they are, and keep thems

O, had they in that darksome prison
Then had they seen the period of th
Then Collatine again by Lucrece' si
In his clear bed might have reposed
But they must ope, this blessed lea
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to
Must sell her joy, her life, her wo

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies
Cozening the pillow of a lawful k
Who therefore angry, seems to
Swelling on either side to want
Between whose hills her head e
Where, like a virtuous monu
To be admir'd of lewd unhal

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with breath;

out.

chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mother's groans respecting,
Sw

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;

His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his [stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!)
May feel her heart, poor citizen, distress'd,

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
a parley to his heartless foe.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face

Thy never-conquer'd fo time,'
For those thine eyes be

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting:
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can Affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wing's shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite:

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his boldfast foot the weak mouse panteth;
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,

By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
[illegible] teeth

Quoth she, '*Reward not hospitality* [tended;
With such black payment as thou hast pre-
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended:
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;
[illegible] for thine own sake leave me:
[illegible]
heave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart;
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
[illegible]

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
[illegible]
[illegible] thee only lov'd for fear,
[illegible]
[illegible] he book, [look.
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
[illegible] ad lectures of such shame:
[illegible] wherein it shall discern
[illegible] warrant for blame.
[illegible]

'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say, [way?
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the

[illegible] e it were
[illegible] another.
Men's faults do seldom [illegible] selves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother,
O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes!

[illegible] to thee my heav'd-up hands appeal,
[illegible]
[illegible] uncontrolled tide
[illegible] ures
And with the [illegible]
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

[illegible] king;
[illegible]

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;

H

And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.

again;

So should I have copartners in my pai

And fellowship in woe doth woe ass

As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

'Where now I have no one to blush with me,

Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

tation,

ted:

ne,

As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,

In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,

And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

To ruinate p [illegible]
And smear [illegible]
towers;

'To fill with [illegible]
[illegible]
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

'To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
[illegible]

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
[illegible]

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;

[illegible]

'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad!
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill:
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

[illegible]
day.
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

[illegible]
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
[illegible]

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife;
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

'O! that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy;
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;—
I will not wrong thy true affection so
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

'I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping,
To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,
Why pryest thou through my window? leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what 's done by night.'

Thus cavils she with everything she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company:
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows:
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!
(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:)
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress like dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear:
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
W[illegible] to affright mine eye;
W[illegible]
ment.

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
W[illegible]

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
[illegible] which way to fly,
[illegible]
debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack! what were it,
[illegible] my poor soul's pollution?
[illegible]
takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine.
[illegible]

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
[illegible]
[illegible]oted,
[illegible]

If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

'[illegible] I'll bequeath unto the knife
[illegible]
So of shame's ashes shall my [illegible] red;
For in my death I murther shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
[illegible]
And, for my sake, serve [illegible] so.

'This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

'[illegible] Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
[illegible]
Yield to my hand; my hand [illegible];
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

[illegible] of death when sadly she had laid,
[illegible]
For fleet-wing[illegible]
flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,

And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery,)
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd!
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses! those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild Patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went'—(and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan) 'Tarquin from hence?'
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,
'The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.'
'O peace!' quoth Lucrece; 'if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to te

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say?—One of my husband's
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it
The cause craves haste, and it will so writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to
First hovering o'er the paper with her
Conceit and grief an eager combat figh
What wit sets down is blotted straight
This is too curious-good, this blunt ar
Much like a press of people at a d
Throng her inventions, which shall

At last she thus begins:—'Thou w
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth
Health to thy person! next vouchs
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou w
Some present speed to come and v

So I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,

excuse.

the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear
told;

He

she deems;
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

imagi
For L
shame;

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:

Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;
She thought he blush'd as knowing Tarquin's lust,

in,
gone.
d groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,

paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!

Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds;
[illegible]
with me.
Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
[illegible] his own weight goes:
[illegible]
doth borrow.

[illegible] her eyes about the painting round,
[illegible]
[illegible] with his skill
[illegible]
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
[illegible] whose enchanting story
[illegible]
their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
[illegible] wondrous skill;
[illegible]

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—
(She would have said) 'can lurk in such a look;'
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue '*can lurk*' *from* '*cannot*' took;
'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: '*It cannot be, I find,*
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
[illegible] and so mild,
[illegible] he had fainted,)
[illegible]

[illegible] Priam wets his eyes,
[illegible]
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
[illegible]
flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.'

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest;
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
'Fool! fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds w[illegible] not be sore.'

[illegible] ebbs and flows the current of her [illegible]
time doth weary time with her complain[illegible]

She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:

'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:—
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

'For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

'With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word:
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

'O teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
... new-waxen pale begins to blow
...
... up again.
... the violent roaring tide
...
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
... frenzy thus awaketh:
... deth
... ceth.
...
More feeling-painful ... e
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.
...
... lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you, fair lords,' quoth she
...
... e;
...
... ladies' harms.
...
But she, that yet ... d,
The protestation stops. 'O speak,' quoth she ... me?
'How ...

'What is ...
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance ...'

May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
... smile she turns away
... ears
... after
living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says, [speak;
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: 'He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:
... the deep unrest
... eath'd:
... bequeath'd
... her wounds
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
... ce,
... se;
...
... stand.
About the mourning and congealed face
...

And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,
'That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children predecease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a barebon'd death by time outworn;
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

'O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay,
The father says, 'She's mine,' 'O, mine she is,'
Replies her husband: 'do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'
'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife,
I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd'
'My daughter!' and 'My wife!' with clamours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, 'My daughter!' and 'My wife!'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise;
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
(Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,)
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
[illegible] rights in Rome maintain'd,

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,

[illegible] ce;

And so to publish [illegible]
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

SONNETS.

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF
THESE . INSUING . SONNETS .
MR. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .
PROMISED .
BY .
OUR . EVER-LIVING . POET .
WISHETH .
THE . WELL-WISHING .
ADVENTURER . IN .
SETTING .
FORTH .

T. T.

I.

OM fairest creatures we desire increase,
at thereby beauty's rose might never die,
t as the riper should by time decrease,
s tender heir might bear his memory:
t thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
ed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
aking a famine where abundance lies,
yself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
ou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
nd only herald to the gaudy spring,
ithin thine own bud buriest thy content,
nd, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

hen forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
nd dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
hy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Vill be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
hen being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Vhere all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer—'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new-made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
The unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

For never-resting t
To hideous winter,
Sap check'd with
gone,

Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet, [sweet.

depart,

The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy,
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?

one,
Sings this to thee, 'thou single wilt prove none.'

IX.

X.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st, [convertest.
Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase:
Without this folly, age, and cold decay.

If all were minded so the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look whom she best endow'd, she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish;
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourself: but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts:—Dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I deriv
And (constant stars) in them I read such
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst conv
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge state presenteth nought but s
Whereon the stars in secret influence comm
When I perceive that men as plants incre
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decr
And wear their brave state out of memory
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sig
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied ni
And, all in war with Time, for love of yo
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rh
Now stand you on the top of happy hours
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your li flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pe
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still
And you must live, drawn by your own s skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to com
If it were fill'd with your most high desert
Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a t
Which hides your life, and shows not half parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your gra
The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd ea faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rag
And stretched metre of an antique song:

But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
[illegible]
By chance, or nature's changing course, trimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
[illegible]

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false woman's fashion; [rolling,
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in
Gilding the object whereupon it [illegible]
A man in hue, all hues in his co[illegible]
Which steals men's eyes, and [illegible] amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure, [treasure.
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare.
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems, [rare
[illegible]
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

[illegible]
heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O let my books be, then, the eloquence
[illegible]
O learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;

My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work 's expir'd:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night.

And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.

XXXII.

A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous da
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud tho break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the di grace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
hough thou repent, yet I have still the loss
ne offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
o him that bears the strong offence's cross,
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy lov sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

o more be griev'd at that which thou ha done:

me.

XXXVI.

ve

I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good re-

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow dost such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious [days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,)
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain!

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman wooes, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ah me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth;
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And, losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here 's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed;
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!

How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That, to my use, it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek—my weary travel's end

Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one's shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for con
heart.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous s
By that sweet ornament which truth doth
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds closes:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours
And so of you, beauteous and lovely yout
When that shall fade, by verse distils
truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful
But you shall shine more bright in th
Than unswept stone, besmear'd
time.
When wasteful war shall statu
And broils root out the work
Nor Mars his sword nor w
burn
The living record of yo
'Gainst death and all
Shall you pace forth
room,
Even in the eyes
That wear this
So, till the ju
You live in t

Sweet love
Thy edg
Which
To-mo
So, l
Thy

T
T

... like the ocean be

new
ee
;

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebble shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
... with that which goes before

... mine eye awake,
doth my rest defeat,
... for thy sake:
t thou dost wake else
...
thers all-too-near.

L.

h all mine eye,
... rt;

... ne,
th of such account,
... worth to define.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
... for invention bear amiss

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd h
brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his you

Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them, still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth v
Want nothing that the thought of hearts
mend:
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee tha
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes comm
Thine outward thus with outward pra
crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee s
own,
In other accents do this praise confoun
By seeing farther than the eye hath sho
They look into the beauty of thy mind
And that, in guess, they measure by th
Then (churls) their thoughts, although
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell
But why thy odour matcheth not th
The solve is this,—that thou dost com

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,

ms

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite

My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.

LXXIII.

sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,

As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st which makes thy love

The very part was consecrate to thee.

The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

pleasure:

LXXVI.

unds
strange?
ite I still all one, ever the same,
p invention in a noted weed,
ry word doth almost tell my name,
their birth, and where they did proceed?

O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent;
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall ha
Though I, once gone, to all the world must d
The earth can yield me but a common gra
When you entombed in men's eyes shall li
Your monument shall be my gentle verse.
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-rea
And tongues to be, your being shall rehe
When all the breathers of this world are
You still shall live (such virtue hath m
Where breath most breathes,—even
mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my
And therefore mayst without attaint
The dedicated words which writers
Of their fair subject, blessing every
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in
Finding thy worth a limit past my
And therefore art enforc'd to seek
Some fresher stamp of the time-b
And do so, love; yet when they
What strained touches rhetoric
Thou truly fair wert truly symp
In true plain words, by thy tru
And their gross painting mig
Where cheeks need blood; in

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did pa
And therefore to your fair n
I found, or thought I foun
The barren tender of a po
And therefore have I slep
That you yourself, being e

How far a modern quill doth come too short,

praises worse.

LXXXV.

hearse, [grow?

Making their tomb the womb wherein

As victors, of my silence cannot boast;

is line,

mine.

ssessing,

LXXXVIII.

sworn:

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cro

O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent;
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehears
When all the breathers of this world are de
You still shall live (such virtue hath my p
Where breath most breathes,—even in mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my mus
And therefore mayst without attaint o'er
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every boo
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue
Finding thy worth a limit past my prai
And therefore art enforc'd to seek ane
Some fresher stamp of the time-better
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In true plain words, by thy true-tell
And their gross painting might be
Where cheeks need blood; in thee

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting
And therefore to your fair no pai
I found, or thought I found, you
The barren tender of a poet's de
And therefore have I slept in yo
That you yourself, being extant,

How far a modern quill doth come too short,

Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

words,

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?

LXXXVII.

LXXXVIII.

sworn :
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
part I can set down a story

Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,

Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks and horses be;
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show?

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by th
deeds:
Lilies that fester smell far worse than wee

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make thes
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding na
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins en
That tongue that tells the story of thy
Making lascivious comments on thy sp
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of prai
Naming thy name blesses an ill repor
O, what a mansion have those vices
Which for their habitation chose out
Where beauty's veil doth cover ever
And all things turn to fair, that eye
Take heed, dear heart, of this lar
The hardest knife ill-used doth l

XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, som
Some say thy grace is youth and
Both grace and faults are lov
less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that
As on the finger of a throned
The basest jewel will be well
So are those errors that in th
To truths translated, and for
How many lambs might the
If like a lamb he could his

How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,

From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long

CI.

The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augers mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thin
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bro
Where time and outward form would sh
dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qu
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast
That is my home of love: if I have ra
Like him that travels, I return again
Just to the time, not with the time exc
So that myself bring water for my st
Never believe, though in my nature
All frailties that besiege all kinds of
That it could so preposterously be s
To leave for nothing all thy sum of
For nothing this wide universe I
Save thou, my rose; in it thou a

CX.

best,
Even to thy *pure* and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
thence my nature is subdued

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems *seeing*, but *effectually* is out;

For it no form delivers to the heart

Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,

'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie;
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
'Now I love you best,'

grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on *tempests*, and is nev

It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecs foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No.—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or at the least so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child
It might for Fortune's bastard be
As subject to Time's love, or to T
Weeds among weeds, or flowers gather'd.

O t
Do

back,

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;

reap,

Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress when she walks, treads on the ground;
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan?
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And will to boot, and will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,

And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
... for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.

ie,
prove;

st be;
hold
That nothing me, ... thee;
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is [Will.

CXXXVII.

have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now trans- [ferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

... love swears that she is made of truth,

What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
... have been mine enemies;

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
... better it were

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
... e to be invited
... alone,

... I count my gain,
... sin, awards me pain.

dear virtue hate,

Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But, being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said, 'I hate,'
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet:
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—'not you.'

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,

ing;

In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,

ness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

CLIV.

The little love-god, lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to

Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it
saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of Heaven's fell
rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd
age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe h[illegible] ...ered in tears,
And often reading [illegible] ...ts it bears;
As often shrieking [illegible] ...'d w[illegible]
In clamours of all [illegible]

Sometimes her lev[illegible]
As they did battery [illegible]
Sometimes diverted [illegible]
To the orbed earth:
Their view right on [illegible]
To every place at on[illegible]
The mind and sight [illegible]

Her hair, nor loose, [illegible]
Proclaim'd in her a c[illegible]
For some, untuck'd, [illegible]
Hanging her pale and [illegible]
Some in her threaden fil[illegible]
[illegible] true to bondage, [illegible]
[illegible]ence.
[illegible] slackly braided i[illegible]

from [illegible]
and [illegible]

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the
flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet mo letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secresy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often gave to tear;
Cried, 'O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned
here!'
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of h[illegible]
woe.

[illegible] slides he down upon his grained bat,
[illegible] mel[illegible] ...tant sits he by her side;
[illegible] desires her, being sat,
[illegible] e [illegible] ...th his hearing to divide:
[illegible] re may be aught applie[illegible]
[illegible] ...ng ecstasy assuage,
[illegible] ...rity of age.

[illegible] ...gh in me you bel[illegible]
[illegible] ...ting hour,
[illegible] ...t I am old;
[illegible] ...e hath power[illegible]
[illegible] reading flow[illegible]
[illegible] applied
[illegible] beside.

[illegible] ...nded
[illegible] grac[illegible]
[illegible] me[illegible]
[illegible] his f[illegible]

[illegible] abi[illegible]
[illegible] diffe[illegible]

Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,

Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace

To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

And labouring in mo pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe

Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'For further I could say, This man's untrue,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;

'All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not; with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

'Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
On my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

'Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

'And lo! behold the talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

'The diamond, why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold; each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

'Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender:
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

'O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white bears down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

'Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

'But O, my sweet, what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?
Paling the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves:
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

'O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

'How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

'My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
Who, disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

'When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth,
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

F
A
T
L
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.

encloses.

'For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,

thing he sought he would exclaim
ost burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
pure maid, and prais'd cold cha

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,

Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

o not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
ainst whom the world could not hold argument,
ersuade my heart to this false perjury?
ows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath, to win a paradise?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

III.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him:
He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;
O Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood?

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd
Between each kiss her oaths of true love sw
How many tales to please me hath she c
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fe
Yet in the midst of all her pure protest
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and a
jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire
She burn'd out love, as soon as
burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she
She bade love last, and yet she fell
Was this a lover, or a lecher whet
Bad in the best, though excellent

VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and
me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spencer to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
... chiefly drown'd,

... n;
One knight ... in thee
remain.

VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,

grounds;
Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a
boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the
sore:
She *showed* hers; he saw more wounds than
one,
And blushing fled, and left her all *alone.*

VIII.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon
vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
F

be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

IX.

Venus, with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try
her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd
me;
And then she clipp'd *Adonis in her arms*:
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd
me;
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
And with *her lips on his* did act the *seizure*;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her
pleasure.
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

X.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is *full* of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou *stay'st* too long.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
... that vadeth suddenly;
... bud;
... wer,
... our.

And as goods lost are seld *or never found,*
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground
As broken glass no ceme
So beauty, blemish'd on
In spite of physic, pain

XII.

Good night, good rest Ah! neither be my share:
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow;
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XIII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

I.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three, [be.
That liked of her master as well as well might
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did fight, [kni

away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

II.

On a day (alack the day!),
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas, my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet,
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

III.

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:
Love is dying,
Faith 's defying,
Heart's denying,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,

Wrought all my loss,
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see,
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,

With sighs so deep,
Procures to weep,
In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth; they die:
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully.
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,

Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:

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My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:
Love is dying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's denying,
Causer of this
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
[illegible] love is lost, God wot:

[illegible] me!
For now I see,
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(O cruel speeding!)
[illegible]

[illegible] it.

[illegible] fight!
[illegible] bloody

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth; they die:
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully.
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
[illegible]

For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:

Poor Coridon
Must live alone,
Other help for him I see that there is none.

IV.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial might:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell;
(A cripple soon can find a halt:)
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set her person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
'Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft; enough,—too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song;
She'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

V.

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee mov
Then live with me, and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were yo
And truth in every shepherd's ton
These pretty pleasures might me
To live with thee and be thy lov

VI.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles ma
Beasts did leap, and birds di
Trees did grow, and plants
Everything did banish moa
Save the nightingale alone
She, poor bird, as all forlo
Lean'd her breast up-till a
And there sung the dolef
That to hear it was grea
Fie, fie, fie, now would
Teru, Teru, by and by
That to hear her so co
Scarce I could from te

For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah thought I, thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion, he is dead:

No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call:
And with such-like flattering
'Pity but he were a king.'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou, shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-curret of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen;
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight:
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd;
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together;
To themselves yet either-neither,
Simple were so well compounded

That it cried how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love;
As chorus to their tragic scene.

Threnos.

Beauty, truth, and rarity.
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be:
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a pra

INDEX TO THE CHARACTERS

IN

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS

Aaron,	A Moor, beloved by Tamora,	Titus Andronicus.
Abbot of Westminster,	. . . .	Richard II.
Abergavenny, Lord,	. . . .	King Henry VIII.
Abhorson,	An Executioner,	Measure for Measure.
Abram,	Servant of Montague,	Romeo and Juliet.
Achilles,	A Grecian Commander,	Troilus and Cressida.
Adam,	Servant to Oliver,	As You Like It.
Adrian,	A Lord of Naples,	Tempest.
Adriana,	Wife of Antipholus of Ephesus,	Comedy of Errors.
Ægeon,	A Merchant of Syracuse,	Comedy of Errors.
Æmilia,	An Abbess at Ephesus,	Comedy of Errors.
Æmilius,	A Noble Roman,	Titus Andronicus.
Æmilius Lepidus,	A Roman Triumvir,	Julius Cæsar.
Æneas,	A Trojan Commander,	Troilus and Cressida.
Agamemnon,	A Grecian General,	Troilus and Cressida.
Agrippa,	A Friend of Cæsar,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Agrippa, Menenius,	Friend of Coriolanus,	Coriolanus.
Ague-Cheek, Sir Andrew,	. . . .	Twelfth Night.
Ajax,	A Grecian Commander,	Troilus and Cressida.
Alarbus,	Son of Tamora,	Titus Andronicus.
Albany, Duke of,	. . . .	King Lear.
Alcibiades,	An Athenian General,	Timon of Athens.
Alencon, Duke of,	. . . .	King Henry VI., Part I.
Alexander,	Servant to Cressida,	Troilus and Cressida.
Alexander Iden,	A Kentish Gentleman,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Alexas,	Attendant on Cleopatra,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Alice,	Attendant on Princess Katharine,	King Henry V.
Alonso,	King of Naples,	Tempest.
Amiens,	A Lord attendant on the Exiled Duke,	As You Like It.
Andromache,	Wife of Hector,	Troilus and Cressida.
Andronicus, Marcus,	Tribune, Brother of Titus,	Titus Andronicus.
Andronicus, Titus,	General against the Goths,	Titus Andronicus
Angelo,	A Goldsmith,	Comedy of Errors.
Angelo,	Deputy of Duke of Vienna,	Measure for Measure.
Angus,	A Scottish Nobleman,	Macbeth.
Anne, Lady,	Widow of Edward Prince of Wales,	King Richard III.
Anne Bullen,	Afterwards Queen,	King Henry VIII
Antenor,	A Trojan Commander,	Troilus and Cressida.
Antigonus,	A Sicilian Lord,	Winter's Tale.
Antiochus,	King of Antioch,	Pericles.
Antiochus, Daughter of,	. . . .	Pericles.
Antipholus of Ephesus, *Antipholus of Syracuse,*	Twin Brothers; *Sons of Ægeon,* but unknown to each other,	Comedy of Errors.
Antonio,	The Merchant of Venice,	Merchant of Venice.
Antonio,	Usurping Duke of Milan,	Tempest.
Antonio,	A Sea Captain,	Twelfth Night.
Antonio,	Brother of Leonato,	Much Ado About Nothing.

Antonio,	Father of Proteus,	Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Antony, Marc,	A Triumvir,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Apemantus,	A Churlish Philosopher,	Timon of Athens.
Apothecary, An,		Romeo and Juliet.
Archbishop of Canterbury,	Cranmer,	King Henry VIII.
Archbishop of Canterbury,	Cardinal Bouchier,	King Richard III.
Archbishop of Canterbury,		King Henry II.
Archbishop of York,	Scroop,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Archbishop of York,	Thomas Rotherham,	King Richard III.
Archduke of Austria,		King John
Archibald,	Earl of Douglas,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Archidamus,	A Bohemian Lord,	Winter's Tale.
Ariel,	An Airy Spirit,	Tempest.
Armado, Don Adriano de,	A Fantastical Spaniard,	Love's Labour's Lost.
Arragon, Prince of,	Suitor to Portia,	Merchant of Venice.
Arthur,	Elder Brother of King John,	King John.
Artimidorus,	A Sophist of Cnidos,	Julius Cæsar.
Arviragus,	Son of Cymbeline,	Cymbeline.
Audrey,	A Country Wench,	As You Like It.
Aufidius, Tullus,	Volscian General,	Coriolanus.
Aumerle, Duke of,	Son of Duke of York,	King Richard II.
Autolycus,	A Rogue,	Winter's Tale.
Auvergne, Countess of,		King Henry VI., Part I.
Bagot,	"Creature" of Richard II.,	King Richard II.
Balthazar,	A Merchant,	Comedy of Errors.
Balthazar,	Servant to Portia,	Merchant of Venice.
Balthazar,	Servant to Don Pedro,	Much Ado About Nothing.
Balthazar,	Servant to Romeo,	Romeo and Juliet.
Banquo,	A General,	Macbeth.
Banished Duke,		As You Like It.
Baptista,	A Rich Gentleman of Padua,	Taming of the Shrew.
Bardolph,	Soldier in King's Army,	King Henry II.
Bardolph,	A Follower of Falstaff,	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Bardolph,	Follower of Sir John Falstaff,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Bardolph, Lord,	Enemy to the King,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Barnardine,	A dissolute Prisoner,	Measure for Measure.
Basset,	Of the Red Rose Faction,	King Henry VI., Part I.
Bassanio,	Friend of Antonio, the Merchant of Venice,	Merchant of Venice.
Bassianus,	Brother of Saturninus,	Titus Andronicus.
Bastard of Orleans,		King Henry VI., Part I.
Bates,	Soldier in King's Army,	King Henry V.
Beatrice,	Niece of Leonato,	Much Ado About Nothing.
Beau, Le,	A Courtier,	As You Like It.
Beaufort, Cardinal,	Bishop of Winchester,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Beaufort, Henry,	Bishop of Winchester,	King Henry VI., Part I.
Beaufort, John,	Earl of Somerset,	King Henry VI., Part I.
Beaufort, Thomas,	Duke of Exeter,	King Henry VI., Part I.
Bedford, Duke of,	Brother of Henry V.,	King Henry V.
Bedford, Duke of,	Regent of France,	King Henry VI., Part I.
Belarius,	A Banished Lord,	Cymbeline.
Belch, Sir Toby,	Uncle of Olivia,	Twelfth Night.
Benedick,	A Young Lord of Padua,	Much Ado About Nothing.
Benvolio,	Friend of Romeo,	Romeo and Juliet.
Berkley, Earl,		King Richard II.
Bernardo,	An Officer,	Hamlet.

Bertram,	Count of Rousillon,	All's Well that Ends Well.
Bianca,	Mistress of Cassio,	Othello.
Bianca,	Sister of Katharine,	Taming of the Shrew.
Bigot, Robert,	Earl of Norfolk,	King John.
Biondello,	Servant of Lucentio,	Taming of the Shrew.
Biron,	A Lord Attendant on the King of Navarre,	Love's Labour's Lost.
Bishop of Carlisle,		King Richard II.
Bishop of Ely,		King Henry V.
Bishop of Ely,	John Morton,	King Richard III.
Bishop of Lincoln,		King Henry VIII.
Bishop of Winchester,	Gardiner,	King Henry VIII.
Blanch,	Niece of King John,	King John.
Blunt, Sir James,		King Richard III.
Blunt, Sir Walter,	Friend of Henry IV.,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Bolingbroke,	A Conjuror,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Bolingbroke,	Afterwards Henry IV.,	King Richard II.
Bona,	Sister of the French Queen,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Borachio,	Follower of Don John,	Much Ado About Nothing.
Bottom,	The Weaver,	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Boult,	A Servant,	Pericles.
Bourbon, Duke of,		King Henry V.
Bouchier, Cardinal,	Archbishop of Canterbury,	King Richard III.
Boyet,	A Lord attending on the Princess of France,	Love's Labour's Lost.
Brabantio,	A Senator,	Othello.
Brakenbury, Sir Robert,	Lieutenant of the Tower,	King Richard III.
Brandon,		King Henry VIII.
Brutus, Junius,	Tribune of the People,	Coriolanus.
Brutus, Marcus,	A Roman Conspirator,	Julius Cæsar.
Buckingham, Duke of,		King Richard III.
Buckingham, Duke of,	Of the King's Party,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Buckingham, Duke of,		King Henry VIII.
Bullcalf,	A Recruit,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Bullen, Anne,	Afterwards Queen,	King Henry VIII.
Burgundy, Duke of,		King Henry V.
Burgundy, Duke of,		King Henry VI., Part I.
Burgundy, Duke of,		King Lear.
Bushy,	"Creature" of Richard II.,	King Richard II.
Butts, Dr.	Physician to Henry VIII.,	King Henry VIII.
Cade, Jack,	A Rebel,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Cadwal,	Arviragus in Disguise,	Cymbeline.
Cæsar, Octavius,	A Triumvir,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Caithness,	A Scottish Nobleman,	Macbeth.
Caius, Dr.,	A French Physician,	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Caius, Lucius,	General of Roman Forces,	Cymbeline.
Caius Marcius Coriolanus,	A Noble Roman,	Coriolanus.
Calchas,	A Trojan Priest,	Troilus and Cressida.
Caliban,	A Savage and Deformed Slave,	The Tempest.
Calphurnia,	Wife of Cæsar,	Julius Cæsar.
Cambridge, Earl of,	A Conspirator,	King Henry V.
Camillo,	A Sicilian Lord,	Winter's Tale.
Campeius, Cardinal,		King Henry VIII.
Canidius,	Lieutenant-General of Antony,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Canterbury, Archbishop of,	Cardinal Bouchier,	King Richard III.
Canterbury, Archbishop of,		King Henry V.

Bertram,	Count of Rousillon,	All's Well that Ends Well.
Bianca,	Mistress of Cassio,	Othello.
Bianca,	Sister of Katharine,	Taming of the Shrew.
Bigot, Robert,	Earl of Norfolk,	King John.
Biondello,	Servant of Lucentio,	Taming of the Shrew.
Biron,	A Lord Attendant on the King of Navarre,	Love's Labour's Lost.
Bishop of Carlisle,		King Richard II.
Bishop of Ely,		King Henry V.
Bishop of Ely,	John Morton,	King Richard III.
Bishop of Lincoln,		King Henry VIII.
Bishop of Winchester,	Gardiner,	King Henry VIII.
Blanch,	Niece of King John,	King John.
Blount, Sir James,		King Richard III.
Blunt, Sir Walter,	Friend of Henry IV.,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Bolingbroke,	A Conjuror,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Bolingbroke,	Afterwards Henry IV.,	King Richard II.
Bona,	Sister of the French Queen,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Borachio,	Follower of Don John,	Much Ado About Nothing.
Bottom,	The Weaver,	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Boult,	A Servant,	Pericles.
Bourbon, Duke of,		King Henry V.
Bouchier, Cardinal,	Archbishop of Canterbury,	King Richard III.
Boyet,	A Lord attending on the Princess of France,	Love's Labour's Lost.
Brabantio,	A Senator,	Othello.
Brakenbury, Sir Robert,	Lieutenant of the Tower,	King Richard III.
Brandon,		King Henry VIII.
Brutus, Junius,	Tribune of the People,	Coriolanus.
Brutus, Marcus,	A Roman Conspirator,	Julius Cæsar.
Buckingham, Duke of,		King Richard III.
Buckingham, Duke of,	Of the King's Party,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Buckingham, Duke of,		King Henry VIII.
Bullcalf,	A Recruit,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Bullen, Anne,	Afterwards Queen,	King Henry VIII.
Burgundy, Duke of,		King Henry V.
Burgundy, Duke of,		King Henry VI , Part I.
Burgundy, Duke of,		King Lear.
Bushy,	"Creature" of Richard II.,	King Richard II
Butts, Dr.	Physician to Henry VIII.,	King Henry VIII.
Cade, Jack,	A Rebel,	King Henry VI , Part II.
Cadwal,	Arviragus in Disguise,	Cymbeline
Cæsar, Octavius,	A Triumvir,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Caithness,	A Scottish Nobleman,	Macbeth.
Caius, Dr.,	A French Physician,	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Caius, Lucius,	General of Roman Forces,	Cymbeline.
Caius Marcius Coriolanus,	A Noble Roman,	Coriolanus
Calchas,	A Trojan Priest,	Troilus and Cressida.
Caliban,	A Savage and Deformed Slave,	The Tempest.
Calphurnia,	Wife of Cæsar,	Julius Cæsar
Cambridge, Earl of,	A Conspirator,	King Henry V.
Camillo,	A Sicilian Lord,	Winter's Tale.
Campeius, Cardinal,		King Henry VIII.
Canidius,	Lieutenant-General of Antony,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Canterbury, Archbishop of,	Cardinal Bouchier,	King Richard III.
Canterbury, Archbishop of,		King Henry V.

Canterbury, Archbishop of,	Cranmer,	King Henry VIII.
Caphis,	A Servant,	Timon of Athens.
Capucius,	Ambassador from Charles V.,	King Henry VIII.
Capulet,	At variance with Montague,	Romeo and Juliet.
Capulet, Lady,	Wife of Capulet,	Romeo and Juliet.
Cardinal Beaufort,	Bishop of Winchester,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Cardinal Bouchier,	Archbishop of Canterbury,	King Richard III.
Cardinal Campeius,		King Henry VIII.
Cardinal Pandulph,	The Pope's Legate,	King John.
Cardinal Wolsey,		King Henry VIII.
Carlisle, Bishop of,		King Richard II.
Casca,	A Roman Conspirator,	Julius Cæsar.
Cassandra,	Daughter of Priam,	Troilus and Cressida.
Cassio,	Lieutenant to Othello,	Othello.
Cassius,	A Roman Conspirator,	Julius Cæsar.
Catesby, Sir William,		King Richard III.
Cato, Young,	Friend of Brutus and Cassius,	Julius Cæsar.
Celia,	Daughter of Frederick,	As You Like it.
Ceres,	A Spirit,	The Tempest.
Cerimon,	A Lord of Ephesus,	Pericles.
Charles,	A Wrestler,	As You Like it.
Charles,	The Dauphin,	King Henry VI., Part I.
Charles VI.,	King of France,	King Henry V.
Charmian,	Attendant on Cleopatra,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Chatillon,	Ambassador from France,	King John.
Chiron,	Son of Tamora,	Titus Andronicus.
Chorus,	As a Prologue,	King Henry V.
Christopher Sly,	A Drunken Tinker,	Taming of the Shrew.
Christopher Urswick,	A Priest,	King Richard III.
Cicero,	A Roman Senator,	Julius Cæsar.
Cinna,	A Poet,	Julius Cæsar.
Cinna,	A Roman Conspirator,	Julius Cæsar.
Clarence, Duke of,	Brother of Edward IV.,	King Richard III.
Clarence, Thomas, Duke of	Son of Henry IV.,	King Henry IV., Part II.,
Claudio,	A Young Gentleman,	Measure for Measure.
Claudio,	A Young Florentine Lord,	Much Ado About Nothing.
Claudius,	King of Denmark,	Hamlet.
Claudius,	Servant of Brutus,	Julius Cæsar.
Cleomenes,	A Sicilian Lord,	Winter's Tale.
Cleon,	Governor of Tharsus,	Pericles.
Cleopatra,	Queen of Egypt,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Clifford, Lord,	Of the King's Party,	Henry VI., Parts II. & III.
Clifford, Young,	Son of Lord Clifford,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Clitus,	Servant of Brutus,	Julius Cæsar.
Cloten,	Son of the Queen,	Cymbeline.
Clown,	Servant to Mrs. Overdone,	Measure for Measure.
Clown,	Servant to Olivia,	Twelfth Night.
Cobweb,	A fairy,	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Colville, Sir John,	Enemy to the King,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Cominius,	General against the Volscians,	Coriolanus.
Conrade,	Follower of Don John,	Much Ado About Nothing.
Constable of France,		King Henry V.
Constance,	Mother of Arthur,	King John.
Cordelia,	Daughter of Lear,	King Lear.
Corin,	A Shepherd,	As You Like it.
Coriolanus,	A Noble Roman,	Coriolanus.
Cornelius,	A Courtier,	Hamlet.

Cornelius,	A Physician,	Cymbeline.
Cornwall, Duke of,		King Lear.
Costard,	A Clown,	Love's Labour's Lost.
Count of Rousillon,		All's Well that Ends Well.
Countess of Auvergne,		King Henry VI., Part I.
Countess of Rousillon,	Mother to Bertram,	All's Well that Ends Well.
Court,	Soldier in King's Army,	King Henry V.
Cranmer,	Archbishop of Canterbury,	King Henry VIII.
Cressida,	Daughter to Calchas,	Troilus and Cressida.
Cromwell,	Servant to Wolsey,	King Henry VIII.
Curan,	A Courtier,	King Lear.
Curio,	Attendant on the Duke of Illyria,	Twelfth Night.
Curtis,	Servant to Petruchio,	Taming of the Shrew.
Cymbeline,	King of Britain,	Cymbeline.
Dame Quickly,	Hostess of a Tavern,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Dardanius,	Servant to Brutus,	Julius Cæsar.
Dauphin, The,	Louis,	King John.
Davy,	Servant to Shallow,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Decius Brutus,	A Roman Conspirator,	Julius Cæsar.
Deiphobus,	Son to Priam,	Troilus and Cressida.
Demetrius,	Friend to Antony,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Demetrius,	In Love with Hermione,	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Demetrius,	Son to Tamora,	Titus Andronicus.
Dennis,	Servant to Oliver,	As You Like it.
Denny, Sir Anthony,		King Henry VIII.
Dercetas,	Friend to Antony,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Desdemona,	Wife to Othello,	Othello.
Diana,	Daughter to Widow,	All's Well that Ends Well.
Diana,		Pericles.
Dick,	A Follower of Jack Cade,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Diomedes,	A Grecian Commander,	Troilus and Cressida.
Diomedes,	Attendant on Cleopatra,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Dion,	A Sicilian Lord,	Winter's Tale.
Dionyza,	Wife to Cleon,	Pericles.
Doctor Butts,	Physician to Henry VIII.,	King Henry VIII.
Doctor Caius,	A French Physician,	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Dogberry,	A Foolish Officer,	Much Ado About Nothing.
Doll Tearsheet,	A Bawd,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Dolabella,	Friend to Cæsar,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Domitius Enobarbus,	Friend to Antony,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Don Adriano de Armado,	A Fantastical Spaniard,	Love's Labour's Lost.
Don John,	Bastard Brother to Don Pedro,	Much Ado About Nothing.
Don Pedro,	Prince of Arragon,	Much Ado About Nothing.
Donalbain,	Son to King Duncan,	Macbeth.
Dorcas,	A Shepherdess,	Winter's Tale.
Dorset, Marquis of,		King Richard III.
Douglas, Earl of,	Archibald,	King Henry IV., Part I.
Dromio of Ephesus,	Twin Brothers: Attendants on the two Antipholuses,	Comedy of Errors.
Dromio of Syracuse,		
Duchess of Gloster,		King Richard II.
Duchess of York,		King Richard II.
Duchess of York,	Mother to King Edward IV.,	King Richard III.
Duke, The,	Living in Exile,	As You Like it.
Duke of Albany,		King Lear.
Duke of Alencon,		King Henry VI., Part I.
Duke of Aumerle,	Son to Duke of York,	King Richard II.

Duke of Bedford,	Brother to King Henry V.,	King Henry V.
Duke of Bedford,	Regent of France,	King Henry VI., Part I.
Duke of Bourbon,		King Henry V.
Duke of Buckingham,		King Richard III.
Duke of Buckingham,	Of the King's Party,	King Henry VI., Part I.
Duke of Buckingham,		King Henry VIII.
Duke of Burgundy,		King Lear.
Duke of Burgundy,		King Henry V.
Duke of Burgundy,		King Henry VI., Part I.
Duke of Clarence,	Brother to King Edward IV.,	King Richard III.
Duke of Clarence, Thomas,	Son to King Henry IV.,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Duke of Cornwall,		King Lear.
Duke of Exeter,	Uncle to King Henry V.,	King Henry V.
Duke of Exeter,	Of the King's Party,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Duke of Florence,		All 's Well that Ends Well.
Duke of Gloster,	Afterwards King Richard III.,	King Richard III.
Duke of Gloster,	Brother to King Henry V.,	King Henry V.
Duke of Gloster,	Uncle and Protector to King Henry VI.,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Duke of Lancaster,	Uncle to King Richard II.,	King Richard II.
Duke of Milan,	Father to Silvia,	Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Duke of Norfolk,	Thomas Mowbray,	King Richard II.
Duke of Norfolk,		King Richard III.
Duke of Norfolk,	Of the Duke's Party,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Duke of Norfolk,		King Henry VIII.
Duke of Orleans,		King Henry V.
Duke of Oxford,	Of the King's Party,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Duke of Somerset,	Of the King's Party,	Henry VI., Parts II., III.
Duke of Suffolk,	Of the King's Party,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Duke of Suffolk,		King Henry VIII.
Duke of Surrey,		King Richard II.
Duke of Venice,		Merchant of Venice.
Duke of Venice,		Othello.
Duke of York,	Cousin to the King,	King Henry V.
Duke of York,	Uncle to King Richard II.,	King Richard II.
Duke of York,	Son to King Edward IV.,	King Richard III.
Dull,	A Constable,	Love's Labour 's Lost.
Dumain,	A Lord attendant on the King of Navarre,	Love's Labour 's Lost.
Duncan,	King of Scotland,	Macbeth.
Earl Berkley,		King Richard II.
Earl of Cambridge,	A Conspirator,	King Henry V.
Earl of Douglas,	Archibald,	King Henry IV., Part I.
Earl of Essex,	Geoffrey Fitz-Peter,	King John.
Earl of Gloster,		King Lear.
Earl of Kent,		King Lear.
Earl of March,	Edward Mortimer,	King Henry IV., Part I.
Earl of March,	Afterwards King Edward IV.,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Earl of Northumberland,		King Richard II.
Earl of Northumberland,	Henry Percy,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Earl of Northumberland,	Enemy to the King,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Earl of Northumberland,	Of the King's Party,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Earl of Oxford,		King Richard III.
Earl of Pembroke,	William Mareshall,	King John.
Earl of Pembroke,	Of the Duke's Party,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Earl of Richmond,		King Richard III.

Earl of Salisbury,	William Longsword,	King John.
Earl of Salisbury,	. . . . . .	King Richard II.
Earl of Salisbury,	. . . . . .	King Henry V.
Earl of Salisbury,	Of the York Faction,	King Henry VI., Pts. I., II.
Earl of Suffolk,	. . . . . .	King Henry VI., Part I.
Earl of Surrey,	Son to Duke of Norfolk,	King Richard III.
Earl of Surrey,	. . . . . .	King Henry VIII.
Earl of Warwick,	Of the King's Party,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Earl of Warwick,	. . . . . .	King Henry V.
Earl of Warwick,	Of the York Faction,	Henry VI., Pts. I., II., III.
Earl of Westmoreland,	Friend to King Henry IV.,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Earl of Westmoreland,	. . . . . .	King Henry V.
Earl of Westmoreland,	Of the King's Party,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Earl of Worcester,	Thomas Percy,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Earl Rivers,	. . . . . .	King Richard III.
Edgar,	Son to Gloster,	King Lear.
Edmund,	Earl of Rutland,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Edmund,	Bastard Son to Gloster,	King Lear.
Edmund Mortimer,	Earl of March,	King Henry IV., Part I.
Edmund Mortimer,	Earl of March,	King Henry VI., Part I.
Edmund of Langley,	Duke of York,	King Richard II.
Edward,	Prince of Wales,	King Richard III.
Edward,	Son to Plantagenet,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Edward Prince of Wales,	Son to King Henry VI.,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Edward IV., King,	. . . . . .	King Richard III.
Edward Earl of March,	Afterwards King Edward IV.,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Egeus,	Father to Hermia,	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Eglamour,	Agent for Silvia,	Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Elbow,	A Simple Constable,	Measure for Measure.
Eleanor,	Duchess of Gloster,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Elinor,	Mother to King John,	King John.
Elizabeth,	Queen to King Edward IV.,	King Richard III.
Ely, Bishop of,	John Morton,	King Richard III.
Ely, Bishop of,	. . . . . .	King Henry V.
Emilia,	Wife to Iago,	Othello.
Emilia,	A Lady,	Winter's Tale.
Enobarbus, Domitius,	Friend to Antony,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Eros,	Friend to Antony,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Erpingham, Sir Thomas,	Officer in the King's Army,	King Henry V.
Escalus,	A Lord of Vienna,	Measure for Measure.
Escalus,	Prince of Verona,	Romeo and Juliet.
Escanes,	A Lord of Tyre,	Pericles.
Essex, Earl of,	Geoffrey Fitz-Peter,	King John.
Euphronius,	An Ambassador,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Evans, Sir Hugh,	A Welsh Parson,	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Exeter, Duke of,	Uncle to Henry V.,	King Henry V.
Exeter, Duke of,	Of the King's Party,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Exiled Duke,	. . . . . .	As You Like It.
Fabian,	Servant to Olivia,	Twelfth Night.
Falconbridge, Lady,	Mother to Robert and Philip,	King John.
Falconbridge, Philip,	Bastard Son to King Richard I.,	King John.
Falconbridge, Robert,	Son to Sir Robert Falconbridge,	King John.
Falstaff, Sir John,	. . . . . .	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Falstaff, Sir John,	. . . . . .	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Fang,	A Sheriff's Officer,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Fastolfe, Sir John,	. . . . . .	King Henry VI., Part I.

Feeble,	A Recruit,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Fenton,	A Young Gentleman,	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Ferdinand,	King of Navarre,	Love's Labour 's Lost.
Ferdinand,	Son to the King of Naples,	The Tempest.
Fitz-Peter, Geoffrey,	Earl of Essex,	King John.
Fitzwater, Lord,		King Richard II.
Flaminius,	Servant to Timon,	Timon of Athens.
Flavius,	A Roman Tribune,	Julius Cæsar.
Flavius,	Steward to Timon,	Timon of Athens.
Fleance,	Son to Banquo,	Macbeth.
Florence, Duke of,		All 's Well that Ends Well.
Florence, Widow of,		All 's Well that Ends Well.
Florizel,	Son to Polixenes,	Winter's Tale.
Fluellen,	Officer in King's Army,	King Henry V.
Flute,	The Bellowsmender,	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Ford, Mr.,	A Gentleman Dwelling at Windsor,	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Ford, Mrs.,		Merry Wives of Windsor.
Fortinbras,	Prince of Norway,	Hamlet.
France, King of,		All 's Well that Ends Well.
France, King of,		King Lear.
France, Princess of,		Love's Labour 's Lost.
Francisca,	A Nun,	Measure for Measure.
Francisco,	A Soldier,	Hamlet.
Francisco,	A Lord of Naples,	The Tempest.
Frederick,	Brother to the Exiled Duke,	As You Like It.
Friar John,	A Franciscan,	Romeo and Juliet.
Friar Lawrence,	A Franciscan,	Romeo and Juliet.
Froth,	A Foolish Gentleman,	Measure for Measure.
Gadshill,	Follower of Sir John Falstaff,	King Henry IV., Part I.
Gallus,	Friend to Cæsar,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Gardiner,	Bishop of Winchester,	King Henry VIII.
Gargrave, Sir Thomas,		King Henry VI., Part I.
Geoffrey Fitz-Peter,	Earl of Essex,	King John.
George,	A Follower of Cade,	King Henry VI., Part II.
George,	Duke of Clarence,	King Henry VI., Part III.
George,	Duke of Clarence,	King Richard III.
Gertrude,	Queen of Denmark,	Hamlet.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father,		Hamlet.
Glansdale, Sir William,		King Henry VI., Part I.
Glendower, Owen,		King Henry IV., Part I.
G[illegible], Duchess of,		King Richard II.
[illegible] of,	Brother to King Henry V.,	King Henry V.
[illegible] of,	Uncle and Protector to King [illegible]ry VI.,	King Henry VI., Part III.
[illegible]	[illegible]ards King Richard [illegible],	King Richard III.
[illegible]		King Lear.
[illegible]	[illegible] Henry IV.	King Henry IV., Part II.
[illegible]	[illegible]ylock,	Merchant of Venice.
[illegible]	[illegible] G	Merchant of Venice.
[illegible]	[illegible] Le[illegible]	King Lear.
G[illegible]	[illegible]	The Tempest.
G[illegible]	[illegible]	Pericles.
G[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]ing Henry IV., Part II.
G[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]ing Henry V.
G[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]ing Henry V.
G[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]llo[illegible]

Gratiano,	Friend to Antonio and Bassanio,	Merchant of Venice.
Green,	"Creature" to King Richard II.,	King Richard II.
Gregory,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Gremio,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Grey, Lady,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Grey, Lord,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Grey, Sir Thomas,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Griffith,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Grumio,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Guiderius,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Guildenstern,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Guildford, Sir Henry,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Gurney, James,	Servant to Lady Falconbridge,	King John.
Hamlet,	Prince of Denmark,	Hamlet.
Harcourt,	Of the King's Party,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Hastings, Lord,	Enemy to the King,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Hastings, Lord,	Of the Duke's Party,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Hastings, Lord,		King Richard III.
Hecate,	A Witch,	Macbeth.
Hector,	Son to Priam,	Troilus and Cressida.
Helen,	Woman to Imogen,	Cymbeline.
Helen,	Wife to Menelaus,	Troilus and Cressida.
Helena,	A Gentlewoman,	All's Well that Ends Well.
Helena,	In Love with Demetrius,	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Helenus,	Son to Priam,	Troilus and Cressida.
Helicanus,	A Lord of Tyre,	Pericles.
Henry,	Earl of Richmond,	King Richard III.
Henry Bolingbroke,	Afterwards King Henry IV.,	King Richard II.
Henry, Earl of Richmond,	A Youth,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Henry Percy,	Son to Earl of Northumberland,	King Richard II.
Henry Percy (Hotspur),	Son to Earl of Northumberland,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Henry Percy,	Earl of Northumberland,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Henry, Prince,	Son to King John,	King John.
Henry, Prince of Wales,	Son to King Henry IV.,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Henry IV., King,		King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Henry V., King,		King Henry V.
Henry VI., King,		King Henry VI., Pts. I., II.
Henry VIII., King,		King Henry VIII.
Herbert, Sir Walter,		King Richard III.
Hermia,	Daughter to Egeus,	*Midsummer Night's Dream.*
Hermione,	Queen to Sicilia,	Winter's Tale.
Hero,	Daughter to Leonato,	Much Ado About Nothing.
Hippolyta,	Queen of the Amazons,	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Holofernes,	A Schoolmaster,	Love's Labour's Lost.
Horatio,	Friend to Hamlet,	Hamlet.
Horner, Thomas,	An Armourer,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Hortensio,	Suitor to Bianca,	Taming of the Shrew.
Hortensius,	A Servant,	Timon of Athens.
Hostess,	Character in the Induction,	Taming of the Shrew.
Hostess Quickly,	Hostess of a Tavern,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Hotspur (Henry Percy),	Son to Earl of Northumberland,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Hubert de Burgh,	Chamberlain to King John,	King John.
Hume,	A Priest,	King Henry VI.
Humphrey, Duke of Gloster,	Uncle to King Henry VI.,	King Henry V[illegible]
Humphrey, Prince of Gloster,	Son to Henry IV.,	King Henry I[illegible]
Huntsmen,	Characters in the Induction,	Taming of [illegible]

Lady Montague,	Wife to Montague,	Romeo and Juliet.
Lady Mortimer,	Daughter to Glendower,	King Henry IV., Part I.
Lady Northumberland,	. . . . . .	King Henry IV., Part II.
Lady Percy.	Wife to Hotspur,	King Henry IV., Part I.
Laertes,	Son to Polonius,	Hamlet.
Lafeu,	An Old Lord,	All's Well that Ends Well.
Lancaster, Duke of	Uncle to King Richard II.,	King Richard II.
Lancaster, Prince John of	Son to King Henry IV.,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Launce,	Servant to Proteus,	Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Launcelot Gobbo,	Servant to Shylock,	Merchant of Venice.
Lawrence, Friar,	A Franciscan,	Romeo and Juliet.
Lavinia,	Daughter to Titus,	Titus Andronicus.
Lear,	King of Britain,	King Lear.
Le Beau,	A Courtier,	As You Like It.
Lennox,	A Scottish Nobleman,	Macbeth.
Leonardo,	Servant to Bassanio,	Merchant of Venice.
Leonato,	Governor of Messina,	Much Ado About Nothing.
Leonatus, Posthumus,	Husband to Imogen,	Cymbeline.
Leonine,	Servant to Dionyza,	Pericles.
Leontes,	King of Sicilia,	Winter's Tale.
Lepidus, M. Æmilius,	A Triumvir,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Ligarius,	A Roman Conspirator,	Julius Cæsar.
Lincoln, Bishop of,	. . . . . .	King Henry VIII.
Lion,	A Character in the Interlude	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Lodovico,	Kinsman to Brabantio,	Othello.
Longaville,	A Lord attendant on the King of Navarre,	Love's Labour's Lost.
Longsword, William,	Earl of Salisbury,	King John.
Lord, A.	Character in the Induction,	Taming of the Shrew.
Lord Abergavenny,	. . . . . .	King Henry VIII.
Lord Bardolph,	Enemy to the King,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Lord Chief-Justice,	Of the King's Bench,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Lord Clifford,	Of the King's Party,	King Henry VI., Pts. II., III.
Lord Fitzwater,	. . . . . .	King Richard II.
Lord Grey,	Son to Lady Grey,	King Richard III.
Lord Hastings,	. . . . . .	King Richard III.
Lord Hastings,	Enemy to the King,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Lord Hastings,	Of the Duke's Party,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Lord Lovel,	. . . . . .	King Richard III.
Lord Mowbray,	Enemy to the King,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Lord Rivers,	Brother to Lady Grey,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Lord Ross,	. . . . . .	King Richard II.
Lord Sands,	. . . . . .	King Henry VIII.
Lord Say,	. . . . . .	King Henry VI., Part II.
Lord Scales,	Governor of the Tower,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Lord Scroop,	A Conspirator,	King Henry V.
Lord Stafford,	Of the Duke's Party,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Lord Stanley,	. . . . . .	King Richard III.
Lord Talbot,	Afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury,	King Henry VI., Part I.
Lord Willoughby,	. . . . . .	King Richard II.
Lorenzo,	The Lover of Jessica	Merchant of Venice.
Louis, the Dauphin,	. . . . . .	King John.
Louis, the Dauphin,	. . . . . .	King Henry V.
Louis XI.,	King of France,	King Henry VI.
Lovel, Lord,	. . . . . .	King Rich[illegible]
Lovell, Sir Thomas,	. . . . . .	King He[illegible]
Luce,	Servant to Luciana,	[illegible]

Iachimo,	Friend to Philario,	Cymbeline.
Iago,	Ancient to Othello,	Othello.
Iden, Alexander,	A Kentish Gentleman,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Imogen,	Daughter to Cymbeline,	Cymbeline.
Iras,	Attendant on Cleopatra,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Iris,	A Spirit,	The Tempest.
Isabel,	Queen of France,	King Henry V.
Isabella,	Sister to Claudio,	Measure for Measure.
Jack Cade,	A Rebel,	King Henry VI., Part II.
James Gurney,	Servant to Lady Falconbridge,	King John.
Jamy,	Officer in King's Army,	King Henry V.
Jaquenetta,	A Country Wench,	Love's Labour 's Lost.
Jaques,	Son to Sir Rowland de Bois,	As You Like It.
Jaques,	A Lord attendant on Exiled Duke,	As You Like It.
Jessica,	Daughter to Shylock,	Merchant of Venice.
Joan la Pucelle,	Joan of Arc,	King Henry VI., Part I.
John,	A Follower of Cade,	King Henry IV., Part II.
John, Don,	Bastard Brother to Don Pedro,	Much Ado About Nothing.
John, Friar,	A Franciscan,	Romeo and Juliet.
John, King,		King John.
John of Gaunt,	Duke of Lancaster,	King Richard II.
John, Prince of Lancaster,	Son to King Henry IV.,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
John Talbot,	Son to Lord Talbot,	King Henry VI., Part I.
Jourdain, Margery,	A Witch,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Julia,	A Lady of Verona,	Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Juliet,		Measure for Measure.
Juliet,	Daughter to Capulet,	Romeo and Juliet.
Julius Cæsar,		Julius Cæsar.
Junius Brutus,	Tribune of the People,	Coriolanus.
Juno,	A Spirit,	The Tempest.
Justice Shallow,	A Country Justice,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Katharina,	The Shrew,	Taming of the Shrew.
Katharine,	A Lady attending on the Princess of France,	Love's Labour 's Lost.
Katharine, Princess,	Daughter to Chas. VI., King of France,	King Henry V.
Katharine, Queen,	Wife to King Henry VIII.,	King Henry VIII.
Kent, Earl of,		King Lear.
King Edward IV.,		King Richard III.
King Henry IV.,		King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
King Henry V.,		King Henry V.
King Henry VI.,		Henry VI., Pts. I., II., III.
King Henry VIII.,		King Henry VIII.
King John,		King John.
King of France,		All 's Well that Ends Well.
King of France,		King Lear.
King Richard II.,		King Richard II.
King Richard III.,		King Richard III.
Lady Anne,	Widow to Edward Prince of Wales,	King Richard III.
Lady Capulet,	Wife to Capulet,	Romeo and Juliet.
Lady Falconbridge,	Mother to Robert and Philip Falconbridge,	King John.
Lady Grey,	Afterwards Queen to King Edward IV.,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Lady Macbeth,	Wife to Macbeth,	Macbeth.
Lady Macduff,	Wife to Macduff,	Macbeth.

Lady Montague,	Wife to Montague,	Romeo and Juliet.
Lady Mortimer,	Daughter to Glendower,	King Henry IV., Part I.
Lady Northumberland,	. . . .	King Henry IV., Part II.
Lady Percy.	Wife to Hotspur,	King Henry IV., Part I.
Laertes,	Son to Polonius,	Hamlet.
Lafeu,	An Old Lord,	All's Well that Ends Well.
Lancaster, Duke of	Uncle to King Richard II.,	King Richard II.
Lancaster, Prince John of	Son to King Henry IV.,	King Henry IV., Pts. I., II.
Launce,	Servant to Proteus,	Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Launcelot Gobbo,	Servant to Shylock,	Merchant of Venice.
Lawrence, Friar,	A Franciscan,	Romeo and Juliet.
Lavinia,	Daughter to Titus,	Titus Andronicus.
Lear,	King of Britain,	King Lear.
Le Beau,	A Courtier,	As You Like It.
Lennox,	A Scottish Nobleman,	Macbeth.
Leonardo,	Servant to Bassanio,	Merchant of Venice.
Leonato,	Governor of Messina,	Much Ado About Nothing.
Leonatus, Posthumus,	Husband to Imogen,	Cymbeline.
Leonine,	Servant to Dionyza,	Pericles.
Leontes,	King of Sicilia,	Winter's Tale.
Lepidus, M. Æmilius,	A Triumvir,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Ligarius,	A Roman Conspirator,	Julius Cæsar.
Lincoln, Bishop of,	. . . .	King Henry VIII.
Lion,	A Character in the Interlude	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Lodovico,	Kinsman to Brabantio,	Othello.
Longaville,	A Lord attendant on the King of Navarre,	Love's Labour's Lost.
Longsword, William,	Earl of Salisbury,	King John.
Lord, A,	Character in the Induction,	Taming of the Shrew.
Lord Abergavenny,	. . . .	King Henry VIII.
Lord Bardolph,	Enemy to the King,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Lord Chief Justice,	Of the King's Bench,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Lord Clifford,	Of the King's Party,	King Henry VI., Pts. II., III.
Lord Fitzwater,	. . . .	King Richard II.
Lord Grey,	Son to Lady Grey,	King Richard III.
Lord Hastings,	. . . .	King Richard III.
Lord Hastings,	Enemy to the King,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Lord Hastings,	Of the Duke's Party,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Lord Lovel,	. . . .	King Richard III.
Lord Mowbray,	Enemy to the King,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Lord Rivers,	Brother to Lady Grey,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Lord Ross,	. . . .	King Richard II.
Lord Sands,	. . . .	King Henry VIII.
Lord Say,	. . . .	King Henry VI., Part II.
Lord Scales,	Governor of the Tower,	King Henry VI., Part II.
Lord Scroop,	A Conspirator,	King Henry V.
Lord Stafford,	Of the Duke's Party,	King Henry VI., Part III.
Lord Stanley,	. . . .	King Richard III.
Lord Talbot,	Afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury,	King Henry VI., Part I.
Lord Willoughby,	. . . .	King Richard II.
Lorenzo,	The Lover of Jessica	Merchant of Venice.
Lewis, the Dauphin,	. . . .	King John.
Lewis, the Dauphin,	. . . .	King Henry V.
Louis XI,	King of France,	King Henry VI.
Lovel, Lord,	. . . .	King Richard III.
Lovell, Sir Thomas,	. . . .	King
Luce,	Servant to Luciana,	Com

Lucentio,	Son to Vincentio,	Taming of the Shrew.
Lucetta,	Waiting-woman to Julia,	Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Luciana,	Sister to Adriana,	Comedy of Errors.
Lucilius,	Friend to Brutus and Cassius,	Julius Cæsar.
Lucilius,	Servant to Timon,	Timon of Athens.
Lucio,	A Fantastic,	Measure for Measure.
Lucius,	A Lord: Flatterer of Timon,	Timon of Athens.
Lucius,	A Servant,	Timon of Athens.
Lucius,	Servant to Brutus,	Julius Cæsar.
Lucius,	Son to Titus,	Titus Andronicus.
Lucullus,	A Lord: Flatterer of Timon,	Timon of Athens.
Lucy, Sir William,		King Henry VI., Part I.
Lychorida,	Nurse to Marina,	Pericles.
Lysander,	In Love with Hermione,	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Lysimachus,	Governor of Mitylene,	Pericles.
Macbeth,	General of the King's Army,	Macbeth.
Macbeth, Lady,	Wife to Macbeth,	Macbeth.
Macduff,	A Scottish Nobleman,	Macbeth.
Macduff, Lady,	Wife to Macduff,	Macbeth.
Macmorris,	Officer in King's Army,	King Henry V.
Malcolm,	Son to King Duncan,	Macbeth.
Malvolio,	Steward to Olivia,	Twelfth Night.
Mamillius,	Son to Leontes,	Winter's Tale.
Marc Antony,	A Triumvir,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Marcellus,	An Officer,	Hamlet.
March, Earl of,	Edward Mortimer,	King Henry IV., Part I.
Marcius, Young,	Son to Coriolanus,	[illegible]lanus.
Marcus Andronicus,	[illegible]ribune: Brother [illegible]	[illegible]dronicus.
Marcus Antonius,	Roman Trium[illegible]	[illegible]
Marcus Brutus,	[illegible]man Cons[illegible]	[illegible]
Mardian,	[illegible]nt on C[illegible]	[illegible]copatra.
Mareshall, Will[illegible]	Pembro[illegible]	[illegible]
Margarelon,	Son to [illegible]	[illegible]a.
Margaret,	[illegible] to K[illegible]	[illegible]
Margaret,	Kin[illegible]	[illegible]
Margaret,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Margaret, Qu[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Margaret,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Margery Jour[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Maria,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Maria,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mariana,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mariana,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Marina,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Marquis of [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Marquis of [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Martext, Sir [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Martius,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Marullus,	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Melun,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Menas,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Menecrates,	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Menteith, . . .	A Scottish Nobleman, . .	Macbeth.
Mercade, . . .	A Lord attending on the Princess of France, ...	Love's Labour 's Lost.
Mercutio, . . .	Friend to Romeo, . . .	Romeo and Juliet.
Messala, . . .	Friend to Brutus and Cassius, .	Julius Cæsar.
Metellus Cimber, . .	A Roman Conspirator, . .	Julius Cæsar.
Michael, . . .	A Follower of Cade, . .	King Henry VI., Part II.
Michael, Sir, . .	Friend to Archbishop of York, .	King Henry IV., Parts I., II.
Milan, Duke of, . .	Father to Silvia, . . .	Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Miranda, . . .	Daughter to Prospero, . .	The Tempest.
Mr. Ford, . . .	A Gentleman dwelling at Windsor,	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Mrs. Ford, . . .	. . . .	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Mrs. Overdone, . .	A Bawd, ...	Measure for Measure.
Mr. Page, . . .	A Gentleman dwelling at Windsor, ...	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Mrs. Page, . . .	. . . .	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Mrs. Anne Page, . .	Daughter to Mrs. Page, . .	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Mrs. Quickly, . .	Hostess of a Tavern, . .	King Henry IV., Parts I., II.
Mrs. Quickly, . .	A hostess: Wife to Pistol, .	King Henry V.
Mrs. Quickly, . .	Servant to Dr. Caius, . .	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Montague, . . .	At variance with Capulet, . .	Romeo and Juliet.
Montague, Marquis of, .	Of the Duke's Party, . .	King Henry VI., Part III.
Montague, Lady, . .	Wife to Montague, . . .	Romeo and Juliet.
Montano, . . .	Othello's Predecessor in Office, .	Othello.
Montgomery, Sir John, .	. . . .	King Henry VI., Part III.
Moonshine, . . .	A Character in the Interlude, .	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Mopsa, . . .	A Shepherdess, . . .	Winter's Tale.
Morgan, . . .	Belarius in disguise, . . .	Cymbeline.
Morocco, Prince of, . .	Suitor to Portia, . . .	Merchant of Venice.
Mortimer, Edmund, .	Earl of March, ...	King Henry IV., Part I.
Mortimer, Edmund, .	Earl of March, ...	King Henry VI., Part I.
Mortimer, Lady, . .	Daughter to Glendower, . .	King Henry IV., Part I.
Mortimer, Sir Hugh, .	Uncle to Duke of York, . .	King Henry VI., Part III.
Mortimer, Sir John, .	Uncle to Duke of York, . .	King Henry VI., Part III.
Morton, John, . .	Bishop of Ely, ...	King Richard III.
Morton, . . .	Servant to Northumberland, .	King Henry IV., Part II.
Moth, ...	A Fairy, ...	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Moth, ...	Page to Armado, . . .	Love's Labour 's Lost.
Mouldy, . . .	A Recruit, ...	King Henry IV., Part II.
Mountjoy, . . .	A French Herald, . . .	King Henry V.
Mowbray, Thomas, .	Duke of Norfolk, . . .	King Richard II.
Mowbray, Lord, . .	Enemy to the King, . . .	King Henry IV., Part II.
Mustardseed, . . .	A Fairy, ...	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Mutius, . . .	Son to Titus, ...	Titus Andronicus.
Nathaniel, Sir, . .	A Curate, ...	Love's Labour 's Lost.
Nerissa, . . .	Waiting-maid to Portia, . .	Merchant of Venice.
Nestor, . . .	A Grecian Commander, . .	Troilus and Cressida.
Norfolk, Duke of, . .	. . . .	King Richard II. and III.
Norfolk, Duke of, . .	Of the Duke's Party, . .	King Henry VI., Part III.
Norfolk, Duke of, . .	. . . .	King Henry VIII.
Northumberland, Lady, .	. . . .	King Henry IV., Part II.
Northumberland, Earl of,	. . . .	King Richard II.
Northumberland, Earl of,	Enemy to the King, . . .	King Henry IV., Part II.
Northumberland, Earl of,	Henry Percy, ...	King Henry IV., Parts I., II.
Northumberland, Earl of,	Of the King's Party, . . .	King Henry VI., Part III.
Nurse of Juliet, . .	. . . .	Romeo and Juliet.

Philip Falconbridge,	Bastard Son to King Richard I.,	King John.
Philo,	Friend to Antony,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Philostrate,	Master of the Revels,	Midsummer Night's Drea
Philotus,	A Servant,	Timon of Athens.
Phrynia,	Mistress to Alcibiades,	Timon of Athens.
Pierce, Sir, of Exton,		King Richard II.
Pinch,	A Schoolmaster and Conjurer,	Comedy of Errors.
Pindarus,	Servant to Cassius,	Julius Cæsar.
Pisanio,	Servant to Posthumus,	Cymbeline.
Pistol,	A Follower of Sir John Falstaff,	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Pistol,	A Follower of Sir John Falstaff,	King Henry IV., Part II
Pistol,	A Soldier in King's Army,	King Henry V.
Plantagenet, Richard,	Duke of York,	Henry VI., Pts. I., II., I
Players,	Characters in the Induction,	Taming of the Shrew.
Players,	Characters in	Hamlet.
Poins,	A Follower of Sir John Falstaff,	King Henry IV., Pts. I.,
Polixenes,	King of Bohemia,	Winter's Tale.
Polonius,	Lord Chamberlain,	Hamlet.
Polydore,	Guiderius in Disguise,	Cymbeline.
Pompeius Sextus,	Friend to Antony,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Popilius Lena,	A Roman Senator,	Julius Cæsar.
Portia,	A Rich Heiress,	Merchant of Venice.
Portia,	Wife to Brutus,	Julius Cæsar.
Posthumus Leonatus,	Husband to Imogen,	Cymbeline.
Priam,	King of Troy,	Troilus and Cressida.
Prince Henry,	Son to King John,	King John.
Prince Humphrey of Gloster,	Son to King Henry IV.,	King Henry IV., Part II.
Prince John of Lancaster,	Son to King Henry IV.,	King Henry IV., Part II
Prince of Arragon,	Suitor to Portia,	Merchant of Venice.
Prince of Morocco,	Suitor to Portia,	Merchant of Venice.
Prince of Wales,	Son to King Edward IV.,	King Richard III.
Prince of Wales, Henry,	Afterwards King Henry V.,	King Henry IV., Part II
Princess Katharine,	Daughter to King Charles VI.,	King Henry V.
Princess of France,		Love's Labour's Lost.
Proculeius,	Friend to Cæsar,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Prophetess,	Cassandra,	Troilus and Cressida.
Prospero,	Rightful Duke of Milan,	The Tempest.
Proteus,	A Gentleman of Verona,	Two Gentlemen of Veron
Publius,	A Roman Senator,	Julius Cæsar.
Publius,	Son to Marcus,	Titus Andronicus.
Pucelle, Joan la,	Joan of Arc,	King Henry VI., Part I.
Puck,	A Fairy,	Midsummer Night's Drea
Pyramus,	A Character in the Interlude,	Midsummer Night's Drea
Queen,	Wife to Cymbeline,	Cymbeline.
Queen Elizabeth,	Queen to King Edward IV.,	King Richard III.
Queen Katharine,	Wife to King Henry VIII.,	King Henry VIII.
Queen Margaret,	Wife to King Henry VI.,	King Henry VI., Part II
Queen of King Richard II.,		King Richard II.
Quickly, Mrs.,	Hostess of a Tavern,	King Henry IV., Pts. I.,
Quickly, Mrs.,	A Hostess: Wife to Pistol,	King Henry V.
Quickly, Mrs.,	Servant to Dr. Caius,	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Quince,	The Carpenter,	Midsummer Night's Drea
Quintus,	Son to Titus,	Titus Andronicus.
Rambures,	A French Lord,	King Henry V.
Ratcliff, Sir Richard,		King Richard III.

Shallow,	A Country Justice,	Merry Wives of Windsor
Shylock,	A Jew,	Merchant of Venice.
Sicinius Velutus,	Tribune of the People,	Coriolanus.
Silence,	A Country Justice,	King Henry IV., Part I
Silius,	An Officer of Ventidius's Army,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Silvia,	Daughter to the Duke of Milan,	Two Gentlemen of Vero
Silvius,	A Shepherd,	As You Like It.
Simonides,	King of Pentapolis,	Pericles.
Simpcox,	An Impostor,	King Henry VI., Part I
Simple,	Servant to Slender,	Merry Wives of Windsor
Sir Andrew Aguecheek,		Twelfth Night.
Sir Anthony Denny,		King Henry VIII.
Sir Henry Guildford,		King Henry VIII.
Sir Hugh Evans,	A Welsh Parson,	Merry Wives of Windsor
Sir Hugh Mortimer,	Uncle to Duke of York,	King Henry VI., Part I
Sir Humphrey Stafford,		King Henry VI., Part I
Sir James Blount,		King Richard III.
Sir James Tyrrel,		King Richard III.
Sir John Coleville,	Enemy to the King,	King Henry IV., Part I
Sir John Falstaff,		King Henry IV., Pts. I.,
Sir John Falstaff,		Merry Wives of Windsor
Sir John Fastolfe,		King Henry VI., Part I.
Sir John Montgomery,		King Henry VI., Part I
Sir John Mortimer,	Uncle to Duke of York,	King Henry VI., Part I.
Sir John Somerville,		King Henry VI., Part I
Sir John Stanley,		King Henry VI., Part I
Sir Michael,	Friend to Archbishop of York,	King Henry IV., Pts. I.,
Sir Nathaniel,	A Curate,	Love's Labour's Lost.
Sir Nicholas Vaux,		King Henry VIII.
Sir Oliver Martext,	A Vicar,	As You Like It.
Sir Pierce of Exton,		King Richard II.
Sir Richard Ratcliff,		King Richard III.
Sir Richard Vernon,		King Henry IV., Part I.
Sir Robert Brakenbury,	Lieutenant of the Tower,	King Richard III.
Sir Stephen Scroop,		King Richard II.
Sir Thomas Erpingham,	Officer in King's Army,	King Henry V.
Sir Thomas Gargrave,		King Henry VI., Part I.
Sir Thomas Grey,	A Conspirator,	King Henry V
Sir Thomas Lovell,		King Henry VIII.
Sir Thomas Vaughan,		King Richard III.
Sir Toby Belch,	Uncle to Olivia,	Twelfth Night.
Sir Walter Blunt,	Friend to King Henry IV.,	King Henry IV., Pts. I.,
Sir Walter Herbert,		King Richard III.
Sir William Catesby,		King Richard III.
Sir William Glansdale,		King Henry VI., Part I.
Sir William Lucy,		King Henry VI., Part I.
Sir William Stanley,		King Henry VI., Part II
Siward,	Earl of Northumberland,	Macbeth.
Siward, Young,	Son to Siward,	Macbeth.
Slender,	Cousin to Justice Shallow,	Merry Wives of Windsor.
Smith the Weaver,	A Follower of Cade,	King Henry VI., Part II
Snare,	A Sheriff's Officer,	King Henry IV., Part II
Snout,	The Tinker,	Midsummer Night's Drea
Snug,	The Joiner,	Midsummer Night's Drea
Solinus,	Duke of Ephesus,	Comedy of Errors.
Somerset, Duke of,	Of the King's Party,	Henry VI., Pts. II., III.
Somerville, Sir John,		King Henry VI., Part II

Valeria,	Friend to Virgilia,	Coriolanus.
Varrius,	Friend to Pompey,	Antony and Cleopatra.
Varrius,	Servant to Duke of Vienna,	Measure for Measure.
Varro,	Servant to Brutus,	Julius Cæsar.
Vaughan, Sir Thomas,		King Richard III.
Vaux,		King Henry VI., Part II.
Vaux, Sir Nicholas,		King Henry VIII.
Velutus, Junius,	Tribune of the People,	Coriolanus.
Venice, Duke of,		Othello.
Venice, Duke of,		Merchant of Venice.
Ventidius,	[illegible]	Timon of Athens.
Ventidius,	[illegible]	Antony and Cleopatra.
Verges,	[illegible]	Much Ado About Nothing.
Vernon,	[illegible]	King Henry VI., Part I.
Vernon, Sir Richard,	[illegible]	King Henry IV., Part I.
Vincentio,	[illegible]	Measure for Measure.
Vincentio,	[illegible]	[illegible] Shrew.
Viola,	[illegible]	[illegible] Ends Well.
Violenta,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Virgilia,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Volumnius,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Volumnia,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wart, Henry [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Waltor Whitmore,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wart,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Warwick, Earl of,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Westmoreland, Earl of,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Whitmore, Walter	[illegible]	[illegible]
William	[illegible]	[illegible]
Worcester, Earl of,	[illegible]	[illegible]
York, Duke of,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Young Cato,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Young Clifford,	[illegible]	[illegible]

GLOSSARY.

ABATE, to depress, sink, subdue
ABC-book, a catechism
Able, to qualify or uphold
Absolute, highly accomplished, perfect
Aby, to pay retribution for
Abysm, abyss
Action, direction by mute signs, charge or accusation
Action-taking, litigious
Additions, titles or descriptions
Address, to make ready
Addressed or *addrest*, ready
Adversity, contrariety
Advertisement, admonition
Advertising, attentive
Advise, to consider, recollect
Advised, not precipitant, cautious
Affect, love
Affection, affectation, imagination, disposition, quality
Affections, passions, desires
Affeered, confirmed
Affied, betrothed
Affined, joined by affinity
Affront, to meet or face
Affy, to betroth in marriage
Aglet-baby, a diminutive being
Agnize, acknowledge, confess
A-good, in good earnest
Aim, guess, encouragement, suspicion
Alder-liefest, most dear of all things
Ale, a merry meeting
Allow, to approve
Allowance, approbation
Ames-ace, lowest chance of the dice
Amort, sunk and dispirited
Anchor, anchoret
Ancient, an ensign
Anight, in the night
Answer, retaliation
Antick, the fool of the old farces
Antiquity, old age
Antres, caves and dens
Appeal, to accuse
Appointment, preparation
Apprehensive, quick to understand
Approbation, entry on probation
Approof, proof, approbation
Approve, to justify, to make good, to establish, to recommend to approbation
Approved, felt, convicted by proof
Approvers, persons who try
Aqua-vitæ, brandy, *eau-de-vie*
Arch, chief
Argentine, silvery
Argier, Algiers
Argosies, great ships, galleons
Argument, subject for conversation, evidence, proof
Arm, to take up in the arms
Aroint, avaunt, begone
A-row, successively, one after another
Articulate, to enter into articles
Articulated, exhibited in articles
Artificial, ingenious, artful
Aspersion, sprinkling
Assinego, a he-ass
Assurance, conveyance or deed
Assured, affianced
Astringer, a falconer
Ates, instigation from Ate, the mischievous goddess that incites bloodshed
Atomies, minute particles discernable in a stream of sunshine that breaks into a darkened room, atoms
Attasked, reprehended, corrected
Attended, waited for
Attent, attentive
Attorney, deputation
Attorneyship, the discretional agency of another
Attornied, supplied by substitution of embassies
Avaunt, contemptuous dismission
Audacious, spirited, animated
Audrey, a corruption of Etheldreda
Authentic, an epithet applied to the learned

Baccare, stand back, give place
Bale, misery, calamity
Bateful, baneful
Balked, bathed or piled up
Balm, the oil of consecration
Band, bond
Bank, to sail along the banks
Bar, barrier
Barbed, caparisoned in a warlike manner
Barful, full of impediments
Barn or *bairn*, a child
Base, a rustic game, called prison-base
Bases, a kind of dress used by knights on horseback
Basilisks, a species of cannon
Basta, Spanish, 'tis enough
Bastard, raisin wine

Bat, a club or staff
Bate, strife, contention
Bate, to flutter as a hawk
Batlet, an instrument used by washers of clothes
Battle, army
Bavin, brushwood
Bawcock, a jolly cock
Bay, the space between the main beams of a roof
Beak, the forecastle, or the boltsprit
Beard, to oppose in a hostile manner, to set at defiance
Bearing cloth, a mantle used at christenings
Beat, in falconry, to flutter
Beetle, to hang over the base
Being, abode
Belongings, endowments
Be-mete, be measure
Be moiled, bedraggled, bemired
Bending, unequal to the weight
Benefit, beneficiary
Bent, the utmost degree of any passion
Best, bravest
Bestowed, left, stowed, or lodged
Bestraught, distraught or distracted
Beteem, to give, to pour out, to permit [illegible] suffer
Bewray, betray, discover
Bezonian, a term of reproach
Biding, place, dwelling
Biggin, a kind of cap
Bilbo, a Spanish blade of [illegible] excellence
Bilboes, a species of fetters
Bill, a weapon [illegible] watchmen
Bird bolt, a species of arrow
Bisson, blind
Blank, the white mark at which an arrow [illegible] shot
Blast, burst
Blear, to deceive
Blench, to start off
Blent, blended, mixed
Blood boltered, daubed with blood
Blows, swells
Blunt, stupid, [illegible]
Board, to accost, to address
Bobb, to trick, to make a fool of
Bodged, boggled, made bungling work
Bolting hutch, the receptacle in which the meal is bolted
Bombard, or *bumbard*, a barrel
Bombast, the stuffing of clothes
Bona robas, strumpets
Bond, bounden duty
Book, paper of conditions
Bore, demeaned
Bore, the calibre of a gun
Bores, stabs or wounds
Bosom, wish, heart's desire
Bots, worms in the stomach of a horse
Bourn, boundary, rivulet
Bow, yoke
Brace, armour for the arm, state of defence
Brach, a species of hound
Braid, crafty or deceitful
Bravery, showy dress
Brawl, a kind of dance
Breach, of the sea, breaking of the sea
Breast, voice, surface
Breathed, inured by constant practice
Breathing, complimentary
Breeched, sheathed
Breeching, liable to school-boy punishment
Brize, the gad or horse-fly
Broached, spitted, transfixed
Broke, to deal with a pander
Broken, toothless
Broker, a matchmaker, a procuress or pimp
Brow, height
Bruited, reported with clamour
Bruise, detrition, decay
Buckle, to bend, to yield to pressure
Bugs, bugbears, terrors
Bulk, the body
Bunting, a bird like a skylark
Burgonet, a kind of helmet
Bush, the sign of a public house
Butt shaft, an arrow [illegible] at butts
Buxom, [illegible]
By'r lakin, by our ladykin, or little lady
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Care, inclination
Careires, the motion of a horse
Carkanet, necklace or chain
Carl, clown or husbandman
Carlot, peasant
Carren, a critic
Carpet-consideration, on a carpet, a festivity
Carriage, import
Carry, to prevail over
Case, skin, outside garb
Case, to strip naked
Cast, to empty, to dismiss or reject
Castilian, an opprobrious term
Castiliano vulgo, a term of contempt
Cataian, some kind of sharper
Catling, a lute-string made of catgut
Cautelous, insidious, cautious
Cavaleroes, airy, gay fellows
Caviare, a delicacy made of the roe of sturgeon
Cease, decease, die, to stop
Censure, to judge
Centuries, companies of an hundred
Ceremonies, honorary ornaments, tokens of respect
Ceremonious, superstitious
Cess, measure
Chace, a term at tennis
Chair, throne
Chamber, ancient name for London
Chamber, a species of great gun
Chamberers, men of intrigue
Character, to write, to infix strongly
Charactery, the matter with which letters are made
Chares, taskwork
Charge-house, the free-school
Charitable, dear, endearing
Charneco, a sort of sweet wine
Chaudron, entrails
Cheater, escheator, an officer in the exchequer, a gamester
Check, command, control
Cheer, countenance
Cherry-pit, a play with cherry-stones
Cheveril, soft or kid leather
Chew, to ruminate, consider
Chewet, a noisy chattering bird
Chide, to resound, to echo
Chiding, sound
Childing, unseasonably pregnant
Chopin, a high shoe or clog
Christom, the white cloth put on a new-baptized child
Chrystals, eyes
Chuck, chicken, a term of endearment
Chuff, rich, avaricious
Cite, to incite, to show, to prove
Civil, grave or solemn
Civil, human creature, anything human
Clack-dish, a beggar's dish
Claw, to flatter
Clinquant, glittering, shining
Clip, to embrace, to infold
Clout, the mark archers aim at
Coach-fellow, one who draws with a confederate
Coasting, conciliatory, inviting
Cobloaf, a crusty, uneven loaf
Cock, cock-boat
Cockle, a weed
Cockled, inshelled like a cockle
Cockshut-time, twilight
Codling, anciently an immature apple
Coffin, the cavity of a raised pie
Cog, to falsify, to lie. to defraud
Coigne, corner
Coil, bustle, stir
Collect, to assemble by observation
Collection, corollary, consequence
Collied, black, smutted with coal
Collier, a term of the highest reproach
Colt, to fool, to trick
Co-mart, a joint bargain
Combinate, betrothed
Comforting, aiding
Commended, committed
Commonty, a comedy
Compact, made up of
Company, companion
Comparative, a dealer in comparisons
Compassed, round
Compliments, accomplishments
Complexion, humour
Comply, to compliment
Compose, to come to a composition
Composition, contract or bargain, cons[...] concordancy
Composture, composition, compost
Comptible, submissive
Con, to know
Conclusions, experiments
Concupy, concupiscence
Condolement, sorrow
Coney-catched, cheated
Coney-catcher, a cheat, or sharper
Confession, profession
Conject, conjecture
Confound, to destroy, to expend
Confounded, worn or wasted
Consigned, sealed
Consist, to stand upon
Continent, the thing which cont[...]
Continents, banks of rivers
Contraction, marriage contract
Contrive, to spend and wear o[...]

Control, to confute
Convent, to serve or agree
Convented, cited, summoned
Converse, interchange
Convey, to perform sleight-of-hand
Conveyance, theft, fraud
Convince, to overpower, subdue, convict
Convive, to feast
Cope, covering
Copped, rising to a cope, or head
Copy, theme
Coragio, a word of encouragement
Corinthian, a wencher
Corky, dry, withered, husky
Corollary, surplus
Corrigible, corrected
Costard, the head
Coster-monger, meanly, mercenary
Cote, to overtake
Coted, quoted, observed, or regarded
Cotsale, Cotswold in Gloucestershire
Covered, hollow
Count Confect, a specious nobleman
Countenance, false appearance, hypocrisy
Counterpoints, counterpanes
County, count, earl
Couver, to sink by bending the hams
Cowl staff, a staff for carrying a tub
Coy, to soothe or stroke
Coyed, condescended unwillingly
Coystril, a coward cock, a mean or drunken fellow
Cozier, a tailor or botcher
Crack, dissolution
Crack, a boy, or child, a boy-child
Cranks, windings
Crants, chants
Crare, a small trading vessel
Create, compounded, or made up
Credit, a light set upon a beacon
Crescive, increasing
Crestless, having no right to arms
Crisp, curling, winding, curled, bent
Critic, cynic
Crosses, money stamped with a cross
Crow keeper, a scarecrow
Crown, to conclude
Crowned, dignified, adorned
Crownet, last purpose
Cry, a troop or pack
Cue, in stage cant, the la[illegible] ing speech
Cuisses, armour for the t[illegible]
Cullion, a despicable fell[illegible]
Cunning, sagacity, knowledge
Curb, to bend or truckle
Curiosity, finical delicacy, scrupulousness or captiousness

Curious, scrupulous
Curled, ostentatiously dressed
Currents, occurrences
Curst, crabbed, shrewish, angry
Curtail, a cur of little value
Curtal, a docked horse
Curtle-axe, or *cutlass*, a short sword
Custard-coffin, the crust of a pie
Customer, a common woman
Cut, a horse
Cyprus, a transparent stuff

Daff, or *doff*, to do off, to put aside
Danger, reach or control
Danskers, natives of Denmark
Dark-house, a house made gloomy by discontent
Darraign, to arrange, put in order
[illegible]
Decay, [illegible]
[illegible], to grant
Denay, denial
Denier, the twelfth [illegible]
[illegible]
Descant, a term in mus[illegible]
Dich, dit or do it
Dickon, familiarly for [illegible]
Die, gaming
Diffused, extravagant, [illegible]
[illegible]
Discontenting, discontent[illegible]
Discour[illegible]
Disc[illegible]ssness, disco[illegible]
Dis[illegible]ayings

Disgrace, hardship, injury
Dislimns, unpaints, obliterates
Dispose, to make terms, to settle matters
Distaste, to corrupt, to change to a worse state
Distemper, intoxication
Distemperature, perturbation
Distractions, detachments, separate bodies
Division, the pauses or parts of musical composition
Doctrine, skill
Dole, lot, allowance
Dolphin, the Dauphin of France
Don, to do on, to put on
Dotant, dotard
Dout, to do out, extinguish
Dowle, a feather
Down-gyved, hanging down like what confines the fetters round the ankles
Drab, whoring
Drawn, embowelled, exenterated
Dread, epithet applied to kings
Drew, assembled
Dribbling, a term of contempt
Drive, to fly with impetuosity
Drollery, a show performed by puppets
Drugs, drudges
Drumble, to act lazily and stupidly
Ducdame, duc ad me, bring him to me
Dudgeon, the handle of a dagger
Due, to endue, to deck, to grace
Dump, a mournful elegy
Dup, to do up, to lift up

Eager, sour, sharp, harsh
Eanlings, lambs just dropped
Ear, to plough
Easy, slight, inconsiderable
Eche, to eke out
Ecstasy, alienation of mind, madness
Effects, affects, actions, deeds effected
Eftest, deftest, readiest
Egypt, a gipsy
Eld, old time or persons
Element, initiation, previous practice
Embossed, enclosed, swollen, puffy
Embowelled, exhausted
Embraced, indulged in
Empery, dominion, sovereign command
Emulous, jealous of higher authority
Encave, to hide
Engross, to fatten, to pamper
Engrossments, accumulations
Enmew, to coop up
Ensconce, to protect as with a fort
Enseamed, greasy
Entertain, to retain in service
Entertainment, the pay of an army, admission to office
Ephesian, a cant term for a toper
Equipage, stolen goods
Erring, wandering
Escoted, paid
Esil, a river so called, or vinegar
Esperance, the motto of the Percy family
Essential, existent, real
Estimate, price
Estimation, conjecture
Excrement, the beard
Excrements, the hair, nails, feathers of birds, etc.
Execute, to employ, to put to use
Execution, employment of exercise
Executors, executioners
Exercise, exhortation, lecture, or confession
Exhale, hale or lug out
Exhibition, allowance
Exigent, end
Expedient, expeditious
Expiate, fully completed
Exposture, exposure
Express, to reveal
Expulsed, expelled
Exsufflicate, contemptible, abominable
Extend, to seize
Extent, in law, violence in general
Extravagant, wandering
Eyases, young nestlings
Eyas musket, infant lilliputian
Eye, a small shade of colour
Eyliads, glances, looks. See *Oeiliads*
Eyne, eyes

Face, to carry a foolish appearance
Facinorous, wicked
Fact, guilt
Factious, active
Faculties, medicinal virtues, office, exercise of power
Fadge, to suit or fit
Fading, the burthen of a song
Faithful, not an infidel
Faitors, traitors, rascals
Fall, an ebb
Falsing, falsifying
Fancy, love
Fans, ancient
Fap, drunk
Far, extensively
Farced, stuffed
Fashions, farcens or farcy
Fast, determined, fixed
Fat, dull
Favour, countenance, features, indulgence, pardon, appearance

Grave, to entomb
Graves, or *greaves*, armour for the legs
Greasily, grossly
Greek, a bawd or pander
Greenly, awkwardly, unskilfully
Greets, pleases
Grise, a step
Grossly, palpably
Groundlings, the frequenters of the pit in the playhouse
Growing, accruing
Guard, to fringe or lace
Guarded, ornamented
Guards, badges of dignity
Guinea-hen, a prostitute
Gules, red, a term in heraldry
Gulf, the swallow, the throat
Gun-stones, cannon-balls
Gust, taste, rashness
Gyve, to catch, to shackle

Haggard, a species of hawk
Hair, complexion or character
Hardiment, bravery, stoutness
Harlocks, wild mustard
Harlot, a cheat
Harrow, to conquer, to subdue
Harry, to use roughly, to harass
Having, estate or fortune
Haunt, company
Hay, a term in the fencing-school
Head, body of forces
Heart, the most valuable part
Heat, violence of resentment
Heavy, slow
Hebenon, henbane
Hefted, heaved
Hefts, heavings
Hell, an obscure dungeon in a prison
Helmed, steered through
Hent, seized or taken possession of
Hereby, as it may happen
Hermits, beadsmen
Hest, behest, command
Hight, called
Hilding, a paltry cowardly fellow
Hiren, a harlot
His, often used for *its*
Hit, to agree
Hold, to esteem
Holla, a term of the manege
Holy, faithful
Home, completely, in full extent
Honey-stalks, clover flowers
Hoop, a measure
Hox, to hamstring
Hull, to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder

Humorous, changeable, humid, moist
Hungry, sterile, unprolific
Hunt-counter, base tyke, worthless dog
Hunt-sup, the name of a tune
Hurly, noise
Hurtling, merry with impetuosity
Husbandry, thrift, frugality
Huswife, a jilt

Images, children, representatives
Imbare, to lay open or display to view
Immanity, barbarity, savageness
Immediacy, close connection
Imp, to supply
Imp, progeny
Impair, unsuitable
Impartial, sometimes used for partial
Imperious, imperial
Impeticos, to impetticoat or impocket
Importance, importunacy
Importance, the thing imported
Impress, a device or motto
Incapable, unintelligent
Incarnardine, to stain of a red colour
Incensed, incited, suggested
Inclip, to embrace
Include, to shut up, to conclude
Incony, or *kony*, fine, delicate
Incorrect, ill-regulated
Indent, to bargain and article
Index, something preparatory to
Indifferent, sometimes for different, impartial
Indite, to convict
Induction, entrance, preparations
Indurance, delay, procrastination
Ingaged, sometimes for unengaged
Inkhorn-mate, a book-mate
Inkle, tape, crewel, or worsted
Inland, civilized, not rustic
Insconce, to fortify
Insuit, solicitation
Intend, to pretend
Intending, regarding
Intendment, intention or disposition
Intenible, incapable of retaining
Intention, eagerness of desire
Interessed, interested
Intrenchant, that which cannot be cut
Intrinse, intrinsicate
Inwardness, intimacy, confidence
Iron, clad in armour
Irregulous, lawless, licentious

Jack, a term of contempt
Jack-a-lent, a puppet thrown at in Lent
Jack guardant, a jack in office
Jaded, treated with contempt, worthless

r, the noise made by the pendulum of a clock
uncing, jaunting
sses, straps of leather by which the hawk is held on the fist
it, to play a part in a mask
t, to strut
vial, belonging to Jove
urnal, daily
imp, to agree with, to agitate
imp, hazard, to venture at
imp, just
Cam, awry, crooked
Ceech, a solid lump or mass
Ceel, to cool
Ceisar, Cæsar
Cerns, light-armed Irish foot
Key, the key for tuning
Kicksy-wicksy, a wife
Kiln-hole, a place into which coals are under a stove
Kind, nature, species, child
Kindless, unnatural
Kindly, naturally
Kindly, kindred
Kinged, ruled by
Kirtle, part of a woman's dress
Knave, servant
Knots, figures planted in box
Know of, to consider

Labras, lips

and-damn, to destroy in som
ands, landing places
arge, licentious
atch, to lay hold of
atched, or *letched*, licked over
atten, thin as a lath
avoltas, a kind of dances
aund, lawn
ay, a wager
eather-coats, a species of apple
eave, to part with, to give away
eech, a physician
eer, feature, complexion
eet, court-leet, or court of the manor
egerity, lightness, nimbleness
eges, alleges
eiger, resident
enten, short and spare
envoy, moral, or conclusion of a poem
et, to hinder
ethe, death

Libbard, or *lubbar*, a leopard
Liberal, licentious or gross in language
Liberty, libertinism
License, an appearance of licentiousness
Liefest, dearest
Lifter, a thief
Light o' love, a dance tune
Livelihood, appearance of life
Lodged, laid by the wind
Loffe, to laugh
Loggats, a game played with pins of wood
Longly, longingly
Loof, to bring a vessel close to the wind
Lop, the branches
Lot, a prize
Lottery, allotment
Lowted, treated with contempt

Made, enriched
Magnificent, glorying, boasting
Make, to bar, to shut
Makest, dost

Meazels, lepers
Medicine, a she-physician
Meet, a match

Mere, mere
Mermaid, syren
Messes, degrees about court
Micher, a truant, a lurking thi
Misery, avarice
Mistress, the jack in bowling
Mobled, or *mabled*, vailed,

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Jauncing, jaunting
Jesses, straps of leather by which the hawk is held on the fist
Jest, to play a part in a mask
Jet, to strut
Jovial, belonging to Jove
Journal, daily
Jump, to agree with, to agitate
Jump, hazard, to venture at
Jump, just

Kam, awry, crooked
Keech, a solid lump or mass
Keel, to cool
Kesar, Cæsar
Kerns, light-armed Irish foot
Key, the key for tuning
Kicksy-wicksy, a wife
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Kindly, naturally
Kindly, kindred
Kinged, ruled by
Kirtle, part of a woman's dress
Knave, servant
Knots, figures planted in box
Know of, to consider

Labras, lips
Laced mutton, a woman of the town

Lavoltas, a kind of dances
Laund, lawn
Lay, a wager
Leather-coats, a species of apple
Leave, to part with, to give away
Leech, a physician
Leer, feature, complexion
Leet, court-leet, or court of the manor
Legerity, lightness, nimbleness
Leges, alleges
Leiger, resident
Lenten, short and spare
L'envoy, moral, or conclusion of a poem
Let, to hinder
Lethe, death

Libbard, or *lubber*, a leopard
Liberal, licentious or gross in language
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Longly, longingly
Loof, to bring a vessel close to the wind
Lop, the branches
Lot, a prize
Lottery, allotment
Lowted, treated with contempt
Lowts, clowns
Lozel, worthless, dishonest
Lullaby, sleeping-house, *i.e.*, cradle
Lunes, lunacy, frenzy
Lurch, to win
Lustick, lusty, cheerful, pleasant
Lym, a species of dog

Made, enriched
Magnificent, glorying, boasting
Make, to bar, to shut
Makest, dost

Mephistophilus, the name of a spirit or familiar
Mercatantè, a merchant
Mered, mere
Mermaid, syren
Messes, degrees about court
Micher, a truant, a lurking thief
Misery, avarice
Mistress, the jack in bowling
Mobled, or *mabled*, vailed, grossly covered

Modern, trite, common, meanly pretty
Modesty, moderation
Moe, to make mouths
Mome, a blockhead, a dolt
Month's mind, a popish anniversary
Mortal-staring, that which stares fatally
Motion, a kind of puppet-show
Motion, divinatory agitation
Motions, indignation
Mouse-hunt, a weasel
Mousing, gorging, devouring
Moy, a piece of money or a measure of corn
Much, an expression of disdain
Much, strange, wonderful
Muleters, muleteers
Mummy, balsamic liquor
Mure, a wall
Musit or *Muset*, a gap in a hedge
Muss, a scramble

Nay-word, a watchword or by-word
Neat, finical
Neeld, needle
Neglection, neglect
Neif, fist
Nephew, a grandson, or any lineal descendant
Nether-stocks, stockings
Nicely, scrupulously
Nick, reckoning or count
Nick, to set a mark of folly on
Nicked, emasculated
Night-rule, frolic of the night
Nill, will not
Nine men's morris, a game
Noble, a coin
Noddy, a game at cards; also, a noodle
Noise, music
Nonce, on purpose, for the turn
Nook-shotten, that which shoots into capes
Northern man, vir borealis, a clown
Novum, some game at dice
Nowl, a head
Nuthook, a thief

Ob, *obolum*, a halfpenny
Obidicut, a fiend
Obsequious, serious, as at funeral obsequies, careful of
Observing, religiously attentive
Obstacle, obstinate
Oddly, unequally
Odds, quarrel
Od's pittikins, God me pity
Oe, a circle
Oeillad, a cast or glance of the eye
O'er-raught, over-reached
Of, through
Offering, the assailant
Old, frequent, more than enough
Oneyers, accountants, bankers,
Opinion, obstinacy, conceit, character
Opposition, combat
Or, before
Orbs, circles made by the fairies on the ground
Order, to take, to adapt measures
Orient, pellucid, lustrous
Ordinance, rank
Orgulous, proud, disdainful
Orts, scraps
Ostent, show, ostentation
Ousel-cock, the blackbird
Overblow, to drive away, to keep off
Overlook, to bewitch
Oversee, to execute, to superintend
Ouph, fairy, goblin
Out, full, complete
Outlook, to face down
Outvied, a term at the game of gleek
Outward, not in the secret of affairs
Owches, bosses of gold set in diamonds

Packed, confederate
Paddock, a toad
Pagan, a loose vicious person
Paid, punished
Pajock, peacock
Palabras, words
Pale, to empale, encircle with a crown
Palliament, a robe
Palter, to juggle or shuffle
Pantaloon, the Italian
Paper, to write down, or appoint by writin
Paper, written securities
Parcel, reckon up
Parcel-gilt, gilt only on certain parts
Parish-top, a large top formerly kept in village to be whipped for exercise
Paritor, an apparitor, an officer of the b court
Parle, speech
Parlous, keen, shrewd
Partake, to impart, to participate
Parted, endowed with parts
Partisan, a pike
Parts, party
Pash, a head
Pash, to strike with violence
Pashed, bruised, crushed
Pass, to decide, to assure or conv
Passed, excelling, past all express
Passes, what has passed
Passing, eminent, egregious
Passionate, a prey to mournful s
Passioning, being in a passion

Passy-measure, a dance
Pastry, the room where pastry was made
Patch, a term of reproach
Patchery, roguery, villany
Patine, a dish used in the Eucharist
Pavin, a dance
Paucas, few
Pay, to beat, to hit
Peat, a pet
Pedant, a schoolmaster
Pedascule, a pedant
Peise, to balance, to keep in suspense
Pelting, paltry, petty, inconsiderable
Penthesilea, Amazon
Perfections, liver, brain, and heart
Periapts, charms worn about the neck
Perjure, a perjurer
Pestered, impeded
Pheeze, to teaze, comb, or curry
Philip, a name for the sparrow
Physical, medicinal
Pick, to pitch
Pickers, the hands
Picking, piddling, insignificant
Pickt-hatch, a place noted for brothels
Pied ninny, a jester, a fool
Piel'd, shaven
Pight, pitched, fixed
Pilcher, an outer garment of leather
Pin and web, disorders of the eye
Placket, a petticoat
Plain song, the chant, *in plano cantu*
Planched, made of brands
Plant, the foot
Plantage, the moon's influence over plants
Plates, silver coin
Platforms, plans, schemes
Pleached, folded together
Plurisy, repletion
Point, hook for the hose or breeches
Point-device, with the utmost exactness
Poise, weight or moment
Polacks, Polanders
Pomander, a ball of perfume
Pomewater, a species of apple
Porpentine, porcupine
Port, show, state, appearance
Portage, portholes
Portance, carriage, behaviour
Potch, to push violently
Poulter, a poulterer
Pouncet-box, a small box for perfumes
Powder, to salt
'*Praise*, to appraise
Prank, to dress ostentatiously, to plume
Precedent, original draft
Precepts, warrants

Pregnancy, readiness
[illegible] apposite
[illegible]
Pretence, design, device
Pretty, petty, little
Prevent, to anticipate
Pricks, prickles, skewers
Prime, prompt
Primero, a game at cards
[illegible] first or principal of women
[illegible]
Pugging, [illegible]
Pun, to pound
Purchase, stolen goods
Purchased, acquired by unjust methods

Quaint-mazes, a game running the figure of eight
Quaintly, clever, adroit
Quality, confederates
Quarry, a pile of slaughtered game
Quart d'ecu, fourth of a French crown
Quat, a pimple
[illegible] to destroy
[illegible]
Quick, [illegible]
Quiddits, subtilties
Quillets, law chicane
Quilt, a flock bed
Quintain, post for various exercises
Quit, to requite
Quittance, requital, to make requital
Quiver, nimble, active

Rabato, an ornament for the neck
Rack, to exaggerate
Rack, the fleeting away of the clouds
Racking, in rapid motion

Rag, a term of contempt
Rank, rate or pace
Rapture, a fit
Rascal, applied to lean deer
Raught, reached
Ravined, glutted with prey
Rayed, bewrayed
Razed, slashed, opened
Razes, roots
Rear-mouse, a bat
Reason, to discourse
Rebeck, an old musical instrument
Receiving, ready apprehension
Rechedle, a sound to call back dogs
Reck, to care for, to mind, to attend to
Record, to sing
Recorder, a kind of flute or flageolet
Recure, to recover
Rede, counsel, advice
Red-lattice, the sign of an alehouse
Reduce, to bring back
Reechy, discoloured by smoke, *greasy*
Refell, to refute
Regard, reflection
Regret, exchange of salutation
Reguerdon, recompense, return
Remembered, reminded
Remotion, removal or remoteness
Removed, remote, private
Render, a confession, an account
Renege, to renounce
Repeal, to recall from exile
Reports, reporters
Reproof, confutation
Repugn, to resist
Reputing, boasting of
Resolve, to dissolve
Respective, cool, considerate
'Rest, arrest
Retire, to withdraw
Reword, to echo
Rib, to enclose
Rigol, a circle
Rim, a part of the intestines
Rivage, the bank or shore
Rivality, equal rank
Rivals, partners
Romage, rummage
Ronyon, a scurvy woman
Rook, to squat down
Ropery, roguery
Rope-tricks, abusive language
Rounded, whispered
Roundel, a country dance
Rondure, circle
Rouse, a draught of jollity
Roynish, mangy or scabby
Ruddock, the redbreast
Rudesby, blusterer, swaggerer
Ruff, the folding of the tops of boots
Ruffle, to riot, to create disturbance
Ruth, pity, compassion

Sacred, accursed
Sag, or *swagg*, to sink down
Sallet, a helmet
Saltiers, corruption of satyrs
Saucy, lascivious
Saw, the whole tenor of any discourse
Say, silk, a sample, a taste, or relish
Scaffoldage, gallery of the theatre
Scald, a word of contempt, poor, filthy
Scaling, weighing
Scall, an old word of reproach
Scamels, or *sea-mells*, sea-birds
Scotched, cut slightly
Scrimers, fencers
Scroyles, scabby fellows
Sculls, numbers of fish together
Scutched, whipped, carted
Seam, lard
Sear, to stigmatize, to close
Sect, a cutting in gardening
Secure, to assure
Seeling, blinding
Septentrion, the north
Sequester, a separation
Serpigo, a kind of tetter
Serve, to accompany
Set, a term in music
Setebos, a species of devil
Shale, a case, a shell
Shard-borne, borne by scaly wings
Shards, broken pots, a beetle's wings
Sheer, pellucid, transparent
Shent, ruined, rebuked, ashamed
Shot, shooter
Shoughs, shocks, a species of dog
Siege, stool, seat, rank
Sightless, unsightly
Single, weak, small, void of guile
Sink-a-pace, cinque-pace, a dance
Sir-reverence, save-your-reverence
Sithence, thence
Sizes, allowances of victuals
Skains-mates, loose companions
Skill, cunning, design, reason
Skills not, is of no importance
Skirr, to scour, to ride hastily
Sledded, riding in a sled or sledge
Sliver, to cut a piece or slice
Slower, more serious
Smoke, to discover
Smoothed, fawned on

Sneap, to check or rebuke, a rebuke
Sneaping, nipping
Sneck-up, cant phrase, "go hang yourself"
Snipe, a fool, a blockhead
Snuffs, tiffs
Solicit, to excite
Solidares, ancient coin
Sooth, sweetness
Sort, the lot
Sort and suit, figure and rank
Sot, a fool
Sowl, to pull by the ears
Speak to, to aspire or lay claim to
Sped, done, settled
Speed, event
Sperr, to shut up, defend by bars, etc.
Spotted, wicked
Sprag or *sprack*, apt to learn
Sprighted, haunted
... ghostly

... continual

Subscribe, to yield, to s...
Sur-reined, over-worked, or ridden
Swashing, noisy, bullying
Swath, the dress of a new-born child
Sway, the whole weight, momentum
Sweeting, a species of apple
Swinge-bucklers, rakes, rioters

Table, the palm of the hand extended
Table, a picture
Tables, table-books, memoranda
Tabourines, drums
Take, to strike with a disease, to blast
Take up, to contradict, call to account
Take-up, to levy
Talents, riches
Tallow keech, the fat of an ox or cow
Tarre, to stimulate, to excite, provoke
Tartar, Tartarus, the fabled place of future punishment
Task, to keep busied with scruples
Taurus, heart in medical astrology
Taxation, censure or satire
Teen, sorrow, grief
Tent, to take up residence
Tercel, the male hawk
Testern, to gratify with a sixpence
... a peace-officer

Tib, a strumpet
Tickle-brain, some strong liquor
Tightly, briskly, promptly
Tilly-valley, an interjection of contempt
Tire, to fasten, to fix the talons on
Tod, to yield a tod, or 28 pounds
Tokened, spotted as in the plague
Touch, exploit, particle, touchstone
Touches, features
Touched, tried
Toys, rumours, idle reports, fancies
Toze, to pull or pluck
Tranect, a ferry
Tray-trap, some kind of game
Treachers, treacherous persons
Trick, peculiarity of voice, face, etc.
Trick, smeared, painted, in heraldry
Tricking, dress
Trojan, cant word for a thief
Troll-my-dames, a game
Turleygood, or *turlupin*, a gipsy
Turn, to become sour
Twangling, an expression of contempt
Twigging, wickered

Umbered, discovered by gleam of fire
Unbolt, to explain
Unaccustomed, unseemly, indecent
Unaneled, without extreme unction
Unbarbed, untrimmed, unshaven
Unbated, not blunted
Unbolted, coarse
Uncoined, real, unrefined, unadorned
Under generation, the antipodes
Under-skinker, a tapster
Undertaker, one who takes upon himself the quarrel of another
Uneath, scarcely, not easily
Unhappy, waggish, unlucky
Unhoused, free from domestic cares

Unhouseled, not having received the sacrament
Union, a species of pearl
Unmastered, licentious
Unproper, common
Unqualitied, disarmed of his faculties
Unrough, smooth-faced, unbearded
Unsisted, untried
Unsisting, always opening, never at rest
Unsquared, unadapted to their subject
Unstanched, incontinent
Untented, unsearchable
Untraced, singular, not in common use
Utis, a merry festival
Utterance, a phrase in combat

Valanced, fringed with a beard
Vantbrace, armour for the arm
Vaunt, the avaunt, what went before
Velure, velvet
Venew, a bout, a term in fencing
Venies, hits in fencing
Via, a cant phrase of exultation
Virtue, the most efficacious part, valour
Virtuous, salutiferous
Vixen, or *fixen*, a female fox
Vozaments, advisements

Wannion, vengeance
Warden, a species of pears
Watch, a watch-light
Water-work, water colours
Way of life, periphrasis for life
Weet, to know
Wheel, refrain, burden of a ballad
Whelked, having protuberances
Whiffler, the first in processions
Whiles, until
Whip, the crack, the best
Whipping-cheer, flogging
Whist, silent, at peace, hushed
White death, the chlorosis
Whiting-time, bleaching time, spring
Whitsters, the bleachers of linen
Whoobub, hubbub
Whooping, measure or reckoning
Wilderness, wildness
Windows, eye-lids
Winter-ground, to protect from winter
Wish, to recommend
Wistly, wistfully
Wit-snapper, one who affects repartee
Wittol, knowing, conscious of
Woman-tired, henpecked
Wondered, able to perform wonders
Wood, crazy, frantic
Woodcock, a simpleton
Woolward, a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries
Workings, labours of thought
World, to go to the, to be married
Worm, a serpent
Wrest, an instrument for tuning the harp
Writhled, wrinkled
Wroth, misfortune

Yarely, readily, nimbly
Yeild, inform, condescend, reward
Yellowness, jealousy
Yeoman, a sheriff's officer
Yerk, to jerk, to thrust with a quick motion
Yexen, or *waxen*, to hiccough
Yield, to report

Zany, a fool or gull
Zealous, pious

COLLINS' CLEAR-TYPE PRESS, LONDON AND GLASGOW.